THE LIVING AGE

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THE WORLD OVER

BRITAIN, AMERICA, AND PEACE

CLEARLY the Kellogg Peace Plan has hit England where she lives, for her entire press has instinctively rallied to the support of Sir Austen Chamberlain. Even the *Manchester Guardian* asserts that the Foreign Secretary 'makes it clear that so far as the British Empire is concerned there is no substantial ground of difference between our desires and those of the United States.'

The truth is that England finds herself in a pleasantly embarrassing position. One cardinal point of her foreign policy is not to displease the United States; another is to keep on good terms with France. The latter involves the maintenance of the present system of alliances, while the former has so far only amounted to a vague recognition of our theoretical right to naval equality. France has one specific fish to fry — in case of war between Poland and Germany she wishes to be free to intervene. America, on the other hand, only asks for a sympathetic attitude toward peace. The *Manchester Guardian* points out this fact, and laments that Sir Austen Chamberlain did not accept the American draft treaty *in toto*.

But Downing Street well understood that France would have interpreted flat acceptance of the treaty in just one way, whereas America could perhaps be satisfied with a glowing though conditional support. 'Why should we run the risk of being misunderstood by America in order to argue a French cause in which we do not believe?' asks the *Guardian*. The answer is that the risk of annoying America is less than the risk of antagonizing France.

J. L. Garvin, a sincere friend of the United States and a devoted worker for world peace, also concentrates on the cordial spirit rather than upon the conditional letter of Sir Austen's reply. To effect an understanding between Washington and Paris is the dream to which enlightened British foreign policy aspires, and if such a dream could be made real it would indeed be Downing Street's greatest achievement since Versailles.

Close scrutiny of the Parisian press introduces a much less cheerful note. Most French commentators on Sir Austen's reply point out, logically enough, that Britain does not announce

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her intention of strictly adhering to the Kellogg proposition. The *Journal des Débats* believes that 'Sir Austen clearly ranges himself on the side of France' in respect to the Continental system of alliances and all obligations therein involved. *Le Temps*, speaking for the Quai d'Orsay, says that 'what is certain is that the British thesis and the French thesis are in fundamental agreement.'

The same paper goes on to say that the time is now ripe for definite conclusion of an accord, although in the same breath it congratulates Sir Austen for having brought forth an 'absolutely new argument whose value the Americans themselves will appreciate — if they are logical — in the light of the Monroe Doctrine. In this argument England points out that there are certain parts of the world whose well-being and integrity are of vital interest to British security, and that their protection against attack constitutes a vital element in the security of the British Empire. Such a reservation is equivalent to the Monroe Doctrine, which limits the outlawry of war much more than the conditions formulated by the French Government.'

René Lara, writing in the Chauvinist *Gaulois*, goes even farther, and points out that Europe's independence is in no way guaranteed against the growing force of American imperialism. 'History will be stupefied at the surprising repudiation of French good sense and English common sense in the face of American ideology, which embraces a humanitarian pacifism strangely propitious to the political, economic, and financial plans of the United States. It is impossible to cherish any illusions on how the debate that has been poisoning the chancellories of Europe for over a year will end. The new American pact will make Europe run the risk, if we are not careful, of passing under the tutelage of America, who will arbitrate a peace which she in no way guarantees.'

Meanwhile the presidential campaign draws nearer, and if Mr. Kellogg can bring order out of the present confusion before hostilities have started he will indeed have performed a great service for God, for country, and for the Grand Old Party.

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IMPERIAL BRITAIN

WHILE plans for a German-American railroad in Persia go smoothly forward, Great Britain has put through a treaty with the Teheran Government whereby Germany will no longer enjoy her virtual monopoly of aviation and British goods will pay minimum tariffs. Not all points of friction have been eliminated, however, for Persia has not yet recognized the Irak boundary, nor has she abandoned certain claims for wartime depredations by the British. These matters will presumably be adjusted in the near future.

The clause pertaining to airways is likely to prove the most important part of the treaty. The coöperation of Persia would be essential before any airplane service could be established between India and Egypt, and the British are therefore now free to develop one of their most vital projects. The rest of the treaty merely accords to the British similar privileges to those extended to other foreigners at the same time.

While we are on the subject of imperialism it seems appropriate to inject a few words by Thomas Johnson, a Labor M. P., who cautions his supporters against taking Stanley Baldwin — the representative of Conservatism and imperialism — too lightly: —

'That "stupid Stanley" business is a mistake. He is no stuffed dummy carried about in front of the capitalist procession by cleverer and more designing men. He himself is the typical God's

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Englishman, strong in that he speaks and acts faithfully for multitudes of other average Stanley Baldwins.

'He sits by the thousand in the trains and trams going cityward of a morning. He is the respectable gentleman in every village who lectures to the Boys' Brigade once a year on the evils of opium and how Drake killed Spaniards. He is of that average, unctuous, irritating, comfortable, well-off type which is fully assured that Divine Providence has planted it and its class and its race in this rock-girt isle of Freedom — for the salvation of the world.

'When God wants a hard thing done, he tells it to his Englishman — so Mr. Baldwin blandly assured the House of Commons during a recent debate on the Simon Commission. And he meant it. He believed it. He and his have been effectually called, and their mansions in the skies are as securely reserved as are their flats in the West End.'

From Australia comes the news that the stream of foreign immigrants rises while the number of British entrants grows less. Last year some thirty-eight thousand British emigrated to the Commonwealth as against twelve thousand from other countries, chiefly Italy. The Melbourne correspondent of the London *Times* says that the English newcomer suffers under a positive handicap because of the cumbersome methods of the Commonwealth Development and Migration Commission. Italians help each other along, and, besides, they work harder and more intelligently than the British settlers, whom the Commission is all too apt to send to some impossible part of the country. Though wages are high, work is difficult to find, and the labor unions dominate industry with a heavy hand. Most immigrants would do well to follow the example of two British youths who saved one hundred pounds each while working on a dairy farm for a year and then set up a banana plantation for themselves in the western part of the continent.

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UNCERTAIN FRANCE

SINCE there are so many people in the world whose cleverness far exceeds their common sense, the cause of French Royalism enjoys a much livelier support than it really deserves. During the April elections, for instance, everyone remarked upon the unmistakable shift to the Right — which was somewhat counterbalanced, to be sure, by the success of the Communists. But not everyone agreed with the London *Outlook's* Paris correspondent, who announced that 'sweeping reforms are essential, and, if they cannot be carried with the existing régime, then it must give place to another, which, in the opinion of an increasing number of Frenchmen, can only be a return of the monarchy.'

This somewhat extravagant opinion is based on such legends as the following: —

'A Marshal of France told a friend of the writer only the other day that it was impossible for his country to go to war even with the weakest of its neighbors, since not more than fifty per cent of the reservists would obey the call to the colors, and they would be fully employed in maintaining order at home. In short, the republican régime has broken down, and it only remains to be seen whether its death is to be of the sudden or of the lingering variety, and what is to take its place.'

We also pass on this incident to our readers for whatever it may be worth:—

'The writer can vouch for the accuracy of the following case, which is typical. A girl working in one of the large Parisian dressmaking establish-

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ments gave birth to an illegitimate child, but as the law does not make the father in any way responsible in such cases the mother has to supplement her meagre salary of eight hundred francs a month by other work. This she does by selling sweets in a theatre for four hours every evening, for which she receives no pay whatsoever, but a small commission on what she sells, and if this commission amounts to fifteen francs in a night she considers herself particularly fortunate. When such conditions prevail it is hardly remarkable that Communism and Socialism are gaining ground, and one often wonders if the thousands of Anglo-Saxon visitors who flock to Paris every year have any conception of the human misery upon which the reputation of the "gay city" is based.'

But nationalism has taken its heaviest punishment in Alsace, where Communists and autonomists carried the day and aroused interested comments all over Europe. William Martin, writing from a neutral yet sympathetic point of view in the *Journal de Genève*, points out that many of the same elements now agitating against France used to be up in arms against Germany twenty years ago. He sums the matter up as follows: —

'The only thing is — and here we come to the heart of the problem — that the France which the autonomists love is not the real France; it is the France of whom the people of Alsace dreamed for half a century, the France that they wished existed. In 1918 many Alsatians sincerely believed that they would prevail against France. They thought that she would recognize the superiority of local government, of decentralization, and of their administrative methods, and that she would adopt them. At bottom the political tradition of Alsace is a tradition of democratic and local government. It is the antithesis of the revolutionary and Napoleonic conceptions of the Third Republic.'

Other reports suggest that German and Russian gold have been at work and that the Alsatian difficulties are part of a wider movement which aims to detach Britanny and Corsica as well as Alsace-Lorraine from France.

Robert Dell, an exceptionally able critic of French affairs and a consistent anti-Poincarist, announces that there will be no immediate change in regard to foreign policy. All parties except the Communists agree on fundamental principles, which Mr. Dell defines as 'the maintenance of the system of alliances, the intangibility of the Peace Treaties, and the crystallization of the European *status quo*. A few individuals, among whom are probably M. Briand and a group of young men at the Quai d'Orsay, understand that this policy is likely to lead to disaster, but they have no hope of being able to change it. Yet it might have to be changed. The matter is in the hands of the British Government, for on the decision of the British Government depends the success or failure of the Kellogg project. If the British Government accepts that project as it stands, it will go through, France will be obliged to yield, and French policy will have to be adapted to the altered conditions. If, on the other hand, the British Government makes reservations and proposes definitions, the project will fail, and French policy will continue on its present lines.'

Since these lines were written the British Government took the expected course and — ostensibly because it did not want to give the Republicans a campaign slogan — checked the immediate development of the Kellogg principle. The French, as we have pointed out elsewhere, are delighted, for, as Mr. Dell remarks, 'they rec-

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ognize that, if the Kellogg project falls through, Great Britain, not France, will be blamed in America. So, they think, instead of an estrangement between France and America, which at one time seemed likely to be the result of M. Briand's unfortunate initiative, there will be an estrangement between Great Britain and America, and they will have killed two birds with one stone.'

While Kellogg's whole attitude is interpreted by both England and America as a mere play to the political grand stand, France has devoted herself entirely to making the most of the present situation. Jacques Bainville has coolly remarked that to France security means security for the peace treaties and for the whole French conception of the League as an instrument to enforce these treaties. What Kellogg has done — probably unconsciously — is to bring out certain Anglo-French differences in regard to the League. Robert Dell concludes by demanding that Britain take the Kellogg road and show France that her fears of Anglo-American domination are ill founded.

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SOCIALISM IN GERMANY

As a result of the May elections the German Socialist Party can look forward to a period of new usefulness and activity. The previous Reichstag was dominated by a bloc of Catholic Centrists and Nationalists with Chancellor Marx at their head, whereas the new Chamber will see the Socialists taking the place of the Nationalists, while the Centre Party will exert its restraining influence. The success of the Communists is the only fly in the Socialist ointment.

The *Manchester Guardian*, commenting on Germany's future domestic policy, — for her foreign policy will remain the same, — recalls the brilliant history of the German Socialist Party, and suggests that it may return to some of its former ideals: —

'The old Socialist Party of Bebel and the elder Liebknecht had a superb organization and vast idealism. It foresaw the Great War. It held that the prestige of the German military caste would be destroyed and would be replaced by the prestige of the Socialist Party. The prophecy came true, but the war broke the party in half. It was able to take the supreme power into its hands at the most critical moment in modern German history. It ended the war abroad; it averted civil war. Perhaps it saved German civilization. But its own disunity robbed it of half its strength, and it was compelled to share power with the Centre Party and the Democrats. Modern constitutional democracy was established in a republican Germany. Socialism was sacrificed. It is only within the last twelve months that the German Socialist Party has been finding its old self again and has resumed its one-time aspiration — the advancement of Socialism.'

But over and above the brilliant success of the Socialists, the German elections definitely establish certain facts. They indicate beyond all doubt that a return to monarchy is out of the question. They show that the country stands by its present Constitution and its present foreign policy, and finally they testify to the first popular triumph of the doctrines of Karl Marx, which inspire both the Communists and the Socialists, in spite of all their partisan differences.

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POPE AND DUCE

THE insistent question of whether the Pope or Mussolini enjoys more power and prestige in Italy has again come to the fore. At moments it has looked as if relations between the Vatican and the

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Palazzo Chigi were about to enter a permanently cordial stage, but each side has always clung to several irreconcilable demands, which have been brought into bolder relief of late. We now see the State insisting upon its control of education, and the Church openly chiding some of its Fascist sons, attacking d'Annunzio, and endeavoring to support the German-speaking Catholics in the Tirol. The Rome correspondent of the London *Times* reports that the anti-Fascisti secretly sympathize with the Church, and believe that if some showdown were to occur — as in the case of the Boy Scouts, for instance — the bulk of the nation would rally to the Pope.

A similar manifestation — that is, another extension of Fascist power — is also clearly shown in a recent debate in Parliament between one of the delegates, Signor Albertini by name, and the Duce. The Government was putting through its Bill for Electoral Reform, which in effect denies all political liberty. Signor Albertini quietly pointed out that it violated the Statuto of 1848, and suggested that Mussolini would have been more logical to dissolve Parliament completely. The Prime Minister replied that the Statuto was not necessarily good for all time, and defended his measure because it represented 'the great new principle of Fascist Revolution — the recognition of the Syndicates by the State as organs of public law.' These Syndicates, it may be said, are not trade-unions or representative bodies; they are Fascist groups in which Mussolini's theories of authority are carried to a logical conclusion.

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THE HAPPY TIROL

A SPECIAL correspondent of the *Morning Post* just back from the Tirol announces that all reports of Italian brutality in that part of the world are pure German propaganda. After making a complete tour of the Upper Adige 'with a view to forming an impartial opinion on the situation,' and conversing with all sorts and conditions of men, this visitor sums the matter up as follows: —

'The whole Province breathes prosperity. Work is plentiful and there is no unemployment. Ex-Austrians and Italians coöperate for the productive betterment of the region under the guiding hand of the Central Government. The German language, as the vehicle of expressing everyday affairs of work or relaxation, flourishes without any attempt to force it out of currency. Public notices and public documents are published in that language pending the passage of time necessary for learning Italian. Italian is taught in all schools, and is a compulsory subject for native children. In the same schools German is a compulsory subject for Italian-born children. No one in the whole Province has been imprisoned or fined for teaching German. To teach German is not a crime; but to open a clandestine school is a contravention. Attendance at night classes for the teaching of the Italian language to adults is voluntary. They are largely attended.'

Where other 'impartial' investigators have given chapter and verse for numerous outrages, this reporter confines himself chiefly to generalities. Here is one of the few specific cases he quotes: —

'Church worship among the mountaineers is in no way touched. One of the most impressive sights I saw at Bolzano was the funeral service of an old ex-Austrian civic servant. Italian soldiers and officials and Blackshirts had their place in the processional ranks alongside the townsmen in their Tirolese garb, and it was by special re-

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quest that a Fascist leader was acting as one of the pallbearers. As the cortège passed from the portals of the Parish Church and moved through the town the processional crowd of followers grew and grew till it would seem that every inhabitant of Italian and Gothic blood had formed one bond that blotted out the past. No scene could have been more representative of unity of feeling and community of sympathy.'

In regard to the teaching of Italian, he points out that in 'one tiny village of two hundred and fifty inhabitants' he himself witnessed ninety-five per cent of the male population attending voluntary classes. He concludes as follows:—

'Out of the two hundred thousand German-speaking subjects now united to Italy, ninety-six per cent are admittedly content to live in their present peace and prosperity under the safeguard of the Italian nation. The remaining four per cent form the tiny element of malcontents. The Upper Adige "minority movement," therefore, represents in round figures eight thousand irreconcilables out of Italy's forty million inhabitants!'

This view is contradicted by a number of reports that appear at regular intervals in the British Liberal press, whose sympathies have perhaps been unduly disturbed by occasional outrages that the *Morning Post* blandly ignores. One must bear in mind that the foremost Tory daily in London has an instinctive sympathy for Mussolini, which its correspondent would naturally reflect.

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GREECE AND CYPRUS

THE long-sought union between Greece and Cyprus, which is supported by politicians in both countries, was recently emphasized when the annual Synod of the Church of Cyprus declared that neither Church nor nation should participate in the jubilee celebration of the occupation of the island by Great Britain, for 'they cannot celebrate what does not give satisfaction to the people.' The Pan-Hellenic movement is a strong force, and the Archbishop of the island has even urged the inhabitants to subscribe to a fund to purchase airplanes for Greece. The movement to return the Dodecanese, Rhodes, and Cyprus to Greece is largely prompted by the growth of Greek nationalists, to whom these islands represent *Grecia irredenta*. These enthusiasts hope eventually to secure Constantinople, where the Patriarchate is being maintained as a peg to their claim. So far as Cyprus itself is concerned the movement may be due partly to disappointment in British rule, which has not brought all the blessings that were expected of it.

The islanders are being encouraged to trust in the future. During the war England offered Cyprus to Greece as the reward for less tardy help than was actually given. Other Ægean islands which had never been a part of the Kingdom of Greece, and which England acquired by the fortunes of war or politics, were later placed under Athenian control.

It is estimated that about a quarter of the population are Mohammedans or Turks — a disturbing factor, since neither Greek nor Turk may be trusted to govern the other justly. Turkey and Italy, as well as Greece, covet these islands, which England now occupies with a view to using them as diplomatic pawns.

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FRANCE IN ALGERIA

FRANCE is preparing to spend a hundred and thirty million francs to celebrate the centenary of her conquest of Algeria. The climax will be reached on

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July 5, 1930, just one hundred years after General Count de Bourmont reported to his Government: 'Twenty days have sufficed to effect the destruction of this State, the existence of which has been a source of embarrassment to Europe for three centuries.' France is justly proud of her rule over Algeria, which she has maintained only because she realized the importance of holding the Sahara in order to secure the Tell and the High Plateaux.

The effect of a century of French rule may be seen in the industrial and agricultural development of the territory. Phosphate, iron ore, copper, and zinc are mined and exported in appreciable quantities. The chief source of wealth in El Maghreb lies in the vineyards, which were reintroduced by the Trappist monks after Islam had banished them. Much remains to be done in the cultivation of cereals, and in many places farming methods remain rudimentary. Algeria does not produce enough grain to support her population, and statistics show that no advance has been made in the total cereal supply for the past twelve years. Alfa or esparto grass, however, is expected to provide an important item, for its fibre is used in the manufacture of paper.

Great tracts of land which were cultivated sixteen centuries ago now lie desolate, mainly because France has not solved the problems of water supply and reafforestation. Frenchmen, moreover, do not colonize readily in North Africa. Of the three hundred concessions granted in the Aumale district in 1850, only ten now remain. Near Palestro only eight out of eighty-five concessions are still owned by Frenchmen, and at Beni-Amram three out of twenty. To fill these gaps, Spaniards, Maltese, and Israelites have been made naturalized French citizens. Colonization remains an unsolved problem in Algiers.

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GOLD COAST DEVELOPMENTS

BRITAIN is justly congratulating herself upon the completion of Takoradi Harbor on the Gold Coast Colony, where ocean liners can now dock and pick up cargo with every modern appliance. The volume of trade in this colony has increased from ten million dollars in 1900 to one billion, two hundred and fifty million in 1927, and the sixteen and one-half million dollars spent in building the new quay should therefore soon be justified, since all cargo in the past has had to be sent out in fragile surf boats and lighters. Cocoa entirely grown by natives is the chief item of export, for this one colony provides half the world's supply.

The new harbor provides the only complete shelter for ships of over thirty-foot draught on the thirteen hundred miles of surf-bound coast between Sierra Leone and Nigeria. The achievement is the result of Conservative, Liberal, and Labor coöperation, for the scheme, which originated under Lord Milner, was carried forward just as vigorously by the MacDonald Cabinet as by any other. Actual work began in 1921, and the job has been finished nine months ahead of schedule. The two breakwaters, one of them three quarters of a mile long and the other a mile and a half long, enclose two hundred and seventy acres of calm water, in which twelve ships can anchor. A model township for a hundred and fifty thousand people has been laid out on government-owned ground. Here, surely, is an impressive indication that Great Britain is still more than powerful enough not to do things by halves, even in darkest Africa.

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BUSINESS ABROAD

England's Currency

THE Currency and Bank Notes Bill introduces the plan which in principle will undoubtedly prevail for some time to come in England. It marks the final stage in England's post-war currency evolution. The Bill provides for the amalgamation of the note issues under the Bank of England instead of under both the Bank and the Treasury, and it provides a definite, though somewhat elastic, limit to the fiduciary portion of that issue. This limit, about which most of the controversy has been waged, has been set at 260 million pounds, a figure which most financial writers feel is none too liberal. Provisions are made for the Bank of England to increase the fiduciary issue for periods of six months with the permission of the Treasury. After such permission has been renewed or varied for two years, an appeal must be made to Parliament. Moreover, any Treasury minute authorizing an increase in the fiduciary issue must be laid before Parliament immediately.

A return to the 1913 system is the general aim of the plan, although it differs in several important particulars. There is to be no circulation of gold, and all holdings exceeding ten thousand pounds sterling and not intended for industrial purposes or for export must be turned into the Bank of England.

The chief merit of the Bill lies in the fact that it places the note issue under one authority. Mr. Runciman, who approves the Bill, declared that 'in future there can be no increase in the note issue on the initiative of the Bank of England, which removes the risk of inflation by a large paper currency from the region of politics and executive influence to the region of pure finance. It is the natural and inevitable corollary of our return to the gold standard, and it ought to ensure in future against the risk of inflation by any government.'

Mr. Snowden, on the other hand, suggested an inquiry into the constitution of the Bank of England. The Labor financial expert believes that trade and industry may be improved by a higher fiduciary maximum, as well as by changes in what the *Saturday Review* characterizes as 'in some respects . . . a highly autocratic and jealously guarded corporation.' This Baldwin-Conservative weekly finds Mr. Snowden's demand 'eminently reasonable,' and, since 'Mr. Snowden speaks far more in his capacity as an independent financial expert than as the spokesman of his party,' it opposes any move to make an inquiry of the Bank of England 'the subject of acrimonious party dispute in the House of Commons.' It is an open secret that Mr. Snowden is supported by many banking authorities in the City, including the chairman of the Midland Bank.

Under the present plan elasticity is generally felt to be limited to 260 million pounds, since the Bank would be expected to do all in its power to prevent being forced to the undignified necessity of appealing to the Treasury for an increase in the fiduciary issue.

The *Nation and Athenæum* points to the difficulties to be encountered within England from a fiduciary fixed so low. 'The objection to a low

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fiduciary maximum has never been the possibility of a serious crisis, but the fact that by tying up most of the gold reserve in the Issue Department it leaves the Bank with too small a cash reserve in its Banking Department, so that it cannot sustain even a comparatively small loss of gold without raising Bank rate and curtailing internal credit. That this danger is not a fantastic one was made clear just a year ago, when the Bank of France started drawing gold from London. . . . The policy of a low fiduciary maximum is, indeed, as senseless a concession to entirely obsolete tradition as it is possible to imagine. Its main effect, as we have said, is to immobilize the greater part of our gold, as cover against notes, so that it cannot be used to meet an external drain. But the sole point of a gold reserve under modern conditions is to meet an external drain.'

'The proposed Currency Bill is even less defensible if judged by international standards,' declares the London *Statist*. 'Its contribution to the international management of the gold standard is definitely negative. It immobilizes the bulk of the Bank of England's gold reserves and renders that institution an influence making for world deflation. Confident expert opinion is well-nigh unanimous in its anticipation of a continued downward trend in world prices unless drastic curtailment in the monetary demand for gold occurs. The Bank of England has striven to inculcate the principles of gold economy in other central banks. Yet the proposed legislation will give this country the unenviable reputation of being numbered among the gold hoarders. The inconveniences of a prolonged period of world deflation are so palpable and so serious that surely every effort should be made to avoid them. A fatalistic belief in the inevitability of a steady appreciation in the commodity value of gold appears to color the whole of the proposed legislation. That is not the attitude required for the solution of the gold problem, a problem which if not satisfactorily solved must eventually lead to the abandonment of gold as the monetary standard.'

It is generally felt that gold is a good servant but a poor master. Very wisely, the note issue is placed beyond direct political influence, but unfortunately the fiduciary portion is so limited as to cause fears of deflation. There will be no immediate effect under the new Bill, since the amount of the circulating medium will remain practically the same as heretofore, and other influences, such as an increased use of checking accounts, may obviate the necessity of increasing the currency issue.

The London *Morning Post* warns purchasers of matches that the English market has been invaded by a subsidiary of the Soviet Chemical Syndicate, which is underselling the British and Swedish manufacturers. Nevertheless, Bryant and May, the British match manufacturers, who are combined with the gigantic Swedish Match Trust, have declared a dividend of 20 per cent. The growth of the Swedish Match Trust during the past five years has been little short of miraculous. The company is capitalized at 270 million kroner, and under the direction of Mr. Ivar Kreuger it has expanded until it virtually controls the entire world market.

Gold Francs

Necessary preliminaries to stabilizing the franc have been proceeding satisfactorily in France, and a definite forward step was made when the Consolidation and Conversion Loan was successfully floated. This loan does not furnish money to the Treasury for current

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expenditure, but reduces the debt to the Bank of France, and thereby improves the currency situation. It extends the policy of converting short-term floating debt into long-term redeemable debt, and, according to the London *Statist*, it 'should endow the French balances abroad with a character of far greater permanence than they can at present claim.'

Responsible opinion holds that stabilization will be made upon the full gold standard, with the free circulation of gold. This is generally regarded as a matter of prime importance not only to France but to the entire world, for the tendency of the thrifty French to hoard the precious metal should be considerably greater after their painful post-war experiences with paper money. Should the private circulation of gold take place in any great volume it is generally felt that world deflation would result. Moreover, the present French gold reserves, large as they may be, are hardly sufficient to meet a popular hunger for gold under a free-circulation programme, and unless there are some technical restrictions which will prevent the hoarding of the metal it will be necessary for France to purchase additional gold.

The pound sterling rather than the dollar will probably be chosen as the basic standard, as has been the case during the entire period of *de facto* stabilization. This may indicate a preference for keeping French balances in London rather than in New York. Stabilization will probably be made at the rate of 124 francs to the pound. It has been rumored, moreover, that the Chamber of Deputies will give Poincaré the right to stabilize by decree on Bastille Day, July 14.

Immediately after the Peace Conference the French merchant marine stood fourth among world carriers, but it has now been surpassed in tonnage by Italy, and it is practically equaled by that of Germany. Very little new tonnage is being laid down in France, according to statistics published in *Lloyd's Register*. Experience has revealed that French shipbuilding cannot thrive without substantial State aid.

The London *Economist* briefly summarizes trade conditions on the European continent as follows: 'French trade has suffered some interruption from the elections, though the fundamental position remains sound. Belgium is experiencing only the normal seasonal change, but the Dutch financial position has been affected by the collapse in rubber values. Employment is better in Norway and Denmark, but Swedish industries continue to be affected by labor troubles. Italy is slowly but surely recovering from the temporary depression arising from the improvement in the lira, which preceded its stabilization at the end of last year.'

German Industry

Germany is faced with higher prices for coal and iron. Although the Schmalenbach Commission reported that coal produced in the Ruhr district incurred a loss of 0.27 marks per metric ton, an arbitration award favored the miners and ordered an 8 per cent increase in wages. This increased production costs to such an extent that even the Socialist member of the Schmalenbach Commission, Dr. Baade, whose minority report showed a profit of 0.58 marks per metric ton, was forced to grant a loss of 0.24 marks after the wage increase. Since it was impossible to raise prices on coke and briquette, the Ruhr Syndicate was forced to increase prices on coal sold in districts in which the Syndicate had a monopoly. Nevertheless, such increased income will not wholly compensate for the lower selling price of coal which com-

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petes with the foreign product in the world market. Exports are consequently to be reduced. *Frankfurter Zeitung* estimates a reduction of 15 per cent in the total output, which is equivalent to the discharge of 45,000 miners.

Having to pay higher coal prices, German iron producers announced increases of between 4 and 7 marks per ton for their product. Industrial consumers objected strongly, and the *Berliner Tageblatt* suggested that the Reichs Minister of Economy exert his authority to curb the monopolistic cartel. Producers assert that even after the increase allowed them last January they must again raise prices at home in order to push foreign sales. Cheap sales as compared with dear sales have increased during the past year from about 25 per cent to 40 per cent. Upon the news that higher prices for iron and steel were in prospect a heavy buying movement set in, which the Stahlwerksverband tried to check by suspending sales. The shipbuilding trades have been doing well, and there is a heavy demand for iron and steel for this industry.

Conditions in the textile industry are not good, although credit conditions have improved. Development has been particularly strong in that part of Germany which borders upon Holland and which includes the Upper Rhine and cathedral country. In the cotton industry 1,790,342 spindles are reported in this region, as compared with 1,711,192 in 1927 and 1,531,218 in 1914. Looms for weaving cotton cloth increased to 25,199 in 1928, as compared with 23,936 last year and 19,349 in 1914. The linen industry has shown a decline, whereas jute has decidedly improved. Many of the weavers and spinners live in Holland and commute to the German mills.

According to statistics gathered by the *Berliner Tageblatt*, German industry prospered during the first part of 1928. In a very optimistic report this paper declares that the nation's corporations have earned net profits of 9.1 per cent, gross profits of 19.1 per cent, and a dividend of 7.2 per cent.

Bankruptcy applications increased during the first quarter of 1928 in Germany to 2335 as compared with but 1683 during the last quarter of 1927 and 1561 during the first quarter of 1927. Negotiations for out-of-court settlements almost doubled over the previous quarter. The German linen industry has been operating at only one third its normal capacity, since spinners have been unable to procure sufficient flax from Russia and Latvia, according to *Berliner Tageblatt*.

Lithuania is expected to extend an invitation to foreign capital within the near future, since she is beginning to realize that she cannot improve the backward state of her agriculture and industry without foreign funds. She lacks satisfactory commercial agreements with foreign countries, and leading manufacturers consider calling a conference to see what can be done to improve the situation. Better political relations with Poland would undoubtedly make foreign capitalists much more willing to offer Lithuania economic assistance.

Central Europe

In a leading article in *Mitteleuropäische Wirtschaft* Dr. Elemer Hantos, former Hungarian Secretary of State, advocates closer economic bonds between the states of Central Europe. In order to bring about consolidation he suggests preferential tariffs, agreements among railways on rates and routing, lower postal charges, improved facilities for international navigation on the Danube, closer coöperation among banks on matters of discount

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and gold policy, and a sensible production scheme which will develop the natural resources of each country.

The new Investment Loan to be floated in America has been improving the tone of Austrian business, but the rigorous tax-collection policy of the Government has created a new economic worry. The Dorotheum, the chief pledge office in Vienna, has not had so many pledges on deposit for many years. There are 1,300,000 objects in pawn for loans of 41.2 million schillings, this being 240,000 more pledges and 7 million more schillings than last year. Bankruptcies and insolvencies have been keeping within bounds, and the few important firms that are going to the wall are being forced to do so by losses which date earlier than the past few years and which can be concealed no longer. Trade and production did not rise above the level reached in September and October of last year, but on the whole there has been no appreciable recession, according to statistics supplied by the Austrian *Institut für Konjunkturforschung*.

Austria is dissatisfied with her Russian trade, for orders are diminishing despite all efforts to improve relations between the two countries. The Soviet trade delegates frequently prolong negotiations from month to month in order to force prices down. Longer credits than heretofore and longer time for deliveries are also asked. Exports of agricultural machinery have diminished, although some electrical firms, automobile works, and machine shops have been receiving a few important orders.

The problem before Yugoslavia, S. D. Alexander writes in *Mitteleuropäische Wirtschaft*, is to obtain a foreign loan in order that she may develop her economic resources and build better roads. For the past two years Yugoslavia has had an unfavorable balance of trade, but a good harvest might turn this debit balance into a credit.

In Rumania the political situation colors the entire economic picture. M. Quesnay, Director of the Bank of France's Department of Economic Studies, has been largely responsible for a reconstruction plan which has occupied the attention of both the Bank of France and the Reichsbank. Among the more delicate problems are the claims of German holders of prewar Rumanian bonds, as well as the claims of J. H. Schröder and Company on behalf of holders of the British portion of the 1913 German loan. Opposition to the Bank of France's plan for a loan to Rumania has also come from certain oil interests, as well as from an American banking group which seeks the loan.

When sufficient foreign credits are forthcoming Rumania may turn her attention toward such of her natural resources as salt, coal, lignite, iron, gold, and mica. The nation, moreover, possesses about twelve million acres of some of the finest timber for building purposes in Europe. Agriculture remains the chief national activity, but foreign loans are needed to build warehouses and facilities for the grading of wheat. Oil provides Rumania with another important source of her national income. The textile industry has already been receiving the support of Italian capital.

The Saloniki Trade Fair will be conducted by the Government of Greece hereafter under the direction of the Minister of Economy, and not as a private business. The Athens press reports keen interest in the forthcoming fairs among German manufacturers, who seek to extend their markets to Greece, Bulgaria, and Rumania.

Albania has been accorded a mora-

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torium until the end of 1929 to pay the first annuity of one million gold francs on her fifty-million-franc loan for public utilities. This has been done through the intermediation of the Italian Government, which also guaranties the payments. Some observers view this further penetration of Italy into the Balkans with alarm, for they feel that Albania has sold her economic independence and that she may soon sacrifice her political independence as well. Other students of Balkan affairs believe that Albania made such sacrifices for a mess of pottage long ago.

Spain and Persia

Coal merchants in Catalonia have petitioned the Spanish Government to allow them to form a syndicate which would purchase at least 60 per cent Spanish coal to 40 per cent foreign coal. England has been aroused by this move, which would reduce her exports to that country, and some observers feel that granting the request would lead to a roundabout way of evading the present international agreement, which guarantees imports from British collieries.

The construction of a railway about one thousand miles long in Northern Persia is expected to contribute materially to the development of this region, as well as to assist in the rapid transportation of heavy commodities from the region surrounding the Caspian Sea. Heretofore only light and valuable goods could be economically carried by caravans, but with this railway Persia may develop her copper, tin, coal, and oil resources, for it offers cheap and facile transportation to the Persian Gulf. German and American engineering companies are building the line.

The Tokyo *Asahi* suggests editorially that Japan follow the great nations of Europe and return to a gold basis, and remove the gold embargo which now prevails. Although foreign trade has been steadily improving during the past year in Japan, removal of the gold embargo would raise the value of the yen to par on the exchange, and thus facilitate trade with foreign countries.

Japan

Since the beginning of the year Japan's trade with China has been developing favorably, with spinning mills in Shanghai and Tsingtau operating to full capacity. Large stocks had been cleared during the lull in fighting, but with the resumption of warfare in Shantung some of the mills were forced to close.

'Business has been satisfactory in Argentina,' according to the London *Economist*, 'and both imports and exports are heavy. The cold summer, however, has retarded the maize crop. Improvement continues in Brazil, although the prevailing tone is conservative and turnover is not large. Chilean trade shows a progressive tendency, merchandise stocks being low. Mexican business is slightly less depressed, but no fundamental improvement is looked for in the near future.' The Monthly Bulletin of the Banco Central de Chile reports improved business conditions in Chile, with prices for agricultural products about equal to last month. Nitrate production continues to increase, and sales have been good, for stocks on hand are less than usual, and low prices prevail in Europe. The National Government shows a slight surplus in the final figures for 1927, and calculations for 1928 indicate a surplus for this year as well. The better position of the Government's finances is reflected in the higher price of its bonds in foreign markets.

South America

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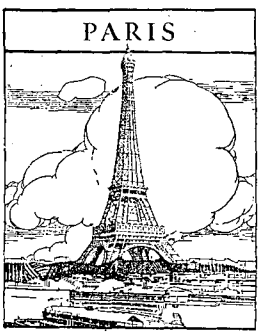
METROPOLITANA

Foreign Stars Thrill Parisians — Poor Transit, Dirty Streets, Sturdy Beggars, Vex Buenos Aires — Baseball, American Fashion, Invades Tokio — Franz Schubert's Beloved Vienna — London's Pomp and Pageantry — New Amusement Centres in Mexico City



RESIDENTS of the capital of France have been running from theatre to theatre in sheer ecstasies of delight during the past few months. The reasons for this are two dancers and three singers.

The dancers are a Spanish girl and a Russian woman — as different in temperament and technique as the climates of Leningrad and Madrid. The Spaniard, Argentina, is young, dark, flamboyant; her dancing full of passion and feline strength. She is the idol of Spain. The Russian, the great Pavlowa, is older, her features pale and as delicately moulded as porcelain; her dancing is subtly expressive, classically perfect. She was the toast of Old Russia. Parisian enthusiasm for both dancers is without bounds.

Another Russian, this time a singer, was heard at only one concert — Shaliapin. Before him sat one of the largest audiences the Salle Pleyel has ever known — they took in four thousand dollars at the box office, which is a tremendous sum for Paris. Many Russians were present. To people who were haunted with memories of him in the costume of Boris Godounov, of Mephistopheles, of Don Quixote, Shaliapin seemed unfamiliar in evening clothes. But the gigantic Russian sang marvelously — sang again and again. At the end of the programme, when the cheering audience had called him back five times and tried to call him back a sixth, he protested that he was tired, hungry, thirsty, and disappeared amid the last bravos of the crowd.

Then there is Raquel Meller, the beautiful but unconcerned Spanish singer who once stayed just long enough in New York to make the critics realize that here was a popular singer such as they had never heard before — repressed, moving, in turn sad and gay. Every night in Paris, preceded and followed by banal, noisy revue acts which contrast oddly with her own restraint, she has been singing *La Violetera*, and afterward languidly tossing bouquets of Parma violets to be caught by members of the audience. Her charm is subtle and unfailing. She has become so popular that in a Montmartre circus an elephant has been trained to imitate her act! The animal has not yet learned to sing *La Violetera*, but, while an orchestra plays the famous song, he too distributes bouquets of violets to his audience. Unfortunately, the crowd does not always understand; for the people who gain admittance to the circus for a few francs are not those who have listened

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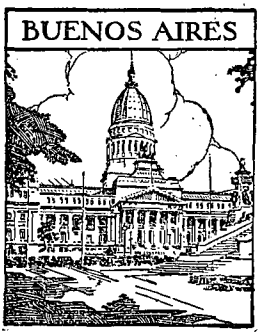
to the great Spanish artist at four dollars a seat.

Finally, at a gala evening of the Opéra-Comique, another Spaniard sang, in *La Tosca* — Miguel Fleta, 'the most romantic tenor in the world.' The theatre was full to overflowing. In the six-dollar seats sat women in diamonds, Frenchmen in evening clothes; in the galleries huddled less wealthy devotees of Puccini, almost crowded out by a heterogeneous mass of young Spanish students and workmen who had come to applaud their countryman. Fleta, who as a small boy sang to amuse the guests in his father's inn at Saragossa, was dark, slim, a trifle cold, not like the traditional little fat tenors. When he had finished his great lament in the third act — 'Never did I so much love this life' — the delighted listeners made him lament again, while the Spaniards in the gallery howled their approval. Fleta was called back seven times. He did not know how to stop the applause, until at length, for the first time in the history of the Opéra-Comique, someone rolled a piano on the stage. Silence. Fleta closed his eyes in ecstasy, and out over the entranced audience floated his famous '*Ay, ay, ay . . .*' the lilting, heart-melting song which brought him from his inn in Saragossa to the position of a millionaire tenor known in almost every city of the globe.

It has been said that when, in twenty provincial cities and in Paris itself, one can walk a few blocks from one's hotel to an amphitheatre built by the Romans, it is no wonder that the history of the past twenty centuries is a very real thing to Frenchmen. It can be said with equal truth that when the French capital attracts the most accomplished artists of all nations it is not strange that Parisians are amateurs of all the arts.



Now sixth city of the world, next smaller than Paris in population and much like the French capital in appearance, Buenos Aires is suffering from growing pains. Transportation seems to be its chief difficulty. There is a subway; but in a city of almost two and a half million, what good is one subway which extends for only a scant mile under the Avenida de Mayo, the local Champs Élysées? Construction on a new and extensive one is about to begin, but subways take a long time to build. New York City has learned this lesson to its sorrow.

Meanwhile the Porteños, as the inhabitants of the Argentinian seaport metropolis style themselves, have to worry along with bus lines run by independent and sometimes irresponsible companies, many of which seem to have adopted a 'public be damned' policy. When signaled to stop by a passenger, drivers often look back to see if it is a man or a woman about to get off. If a woman, all right. If a man, the driver will only slow down, and the male passenger must jump if he be really determined to disembark.

The independent newspapers, notably *La Prensa*, are campaigning against the inefficiency of the city bus inspectors. Good grist for their mill was recently provided when a loaded omnibus careening down a crowded street swerved to avoid a sister vehicle also packed with passengers. Ramming a funeral procession, it upset the hearse, spilled out the corpse, and damaged two of the accompanying automobiles.

There are, of course, other sore spots

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in the city. The streets in many sections are not cleaned, nor is the refuse removed, if we may believe a petition of protest to the city government signed by over thirty civic organizations. Street-cleaning problems, often scandals, vex American cities too. Beggars in Buenos Aires throng the streets undisturbed by the spike-helmeted, soldierlike police. One Argentinian, in order to check up on the situation, found that by giving ten centavos (about four cents) to every beggar accosting him he had by the end of the day dispensed five dollars. One hundred and seventeen times he had delved into his pocket and drawn out a coin. Do so many beggars mean hard times? No. As in almost all other cities similarly afflicted, in Buenos Aires it is simply more profitable and easier to beg than to work. And the better the times, the easier for the beggars to separate the more prosperous from their alms.

From a front room of the Imperial Hotel the American sojourner in Tokio may look down any summer noontime upon a very familiar scene, for just across the street-car lines and immediately in front of the skeletonlike structure of the new City Hall, now in course of construction, are hundreds of boys and young men playing baseball, or watching the game. He will discover that the Japanese have transplanted a distinctly American institution to Hibiya Park, for it seems as though all the messenger boys, cooks, clerks, mechanics, and newsboys in Tokio are out there spending a brief midday period playing 'one-o'-cat,' 'catch,' or some other variation of the sport. The inevitable policeman stands idly by, watching the progress of the games, never interfering in the vociferous disputes which are always a part of any contest among small boys. In the northeast and southeast corners of the field two baseball games are being played with full teams.

The players, of course, are not wearing uniforms. Nor is the ball as hard and heavy as our official Big League ball, for the authorities think that such a missile would be too dangerous in a public park and have consequently required the players to use a rubber ball. The home plate is nothing more than a torn handkerchief with a few pebbles at its corners to keep the wind from blowing it away. The bases are marked in haphazard fashion. Home runs are not infrequent, however, for the size of the diamond has been reduced to two thirds the regulation size. Therefore Babe Ruth's season's record for home runs is exceeded every week. The players and spectators take the game with much seriousness. Lookers-on stand at a proper distance along the first and third base lines and cheer or jeer the players, American fashion, according to the progress of the play.

As a matter of fact, baseball is becoming the great popular sport of Japan, and crowds of fans attend the games at the Meiji Shrine Stadium. Baron Tanaka, the Premier of Japan, graced the opening of the University League Series and threw the first ball. It missed the home plate by a wide margin and bounded behind the batter, which caused one observer to remark that such a procedure was quite typical of the Premier, since he was always sending things in the wrong direction — the Japanese troops to

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Shantung, for example. Baron Tanaka's visit caused comment, for, although his tardy arrival delayed the game by a quarter of an hour, the fact that he had come at all was apparently due to a greater interest in the national sport of America than in any game the Russian Soviets may be playing in his country. The top hats which he and his secretaries wore looked cumbersome and out of place as the gentlemen sat in their box seats surrounded by policemen and soldiers. Interest in the game soon became so intense, however, that the Premier was able to sneak out almost unobserved at the end of the second inning. He was absent until near the end of the game, when he returned to present a cup to the winning team.

Just outside the Stadium is the Meiji Gaien Garden, and in the distance stands the Emperor Meiji Memorial Art Gallery, dignified and reposeful. When the Emperor Meiji ascended the throne sixty years ago baseball was unknown in Japan. So were an almost incredible number of other things which have since been introduced and adopted and are now a part of the everyday life of Japan.

'ALTHOUGH I may be fortunate, although I may enjoy good health, and although the company here is excellent,' Franz Schubert wrote to his brother from Schloss Zelecz in Bohemia, 'yet I anticipate with immeasurable delight the moment when I shall be able to shout "*Nach Wien! Nach Wien!*" Ah, beloved Vienna! Within thy narrow circumference is all that I love, all that I hold most dear. Only when I see thee again (ah, heavenly moment!) will this longing of mine be satisfied.'

Since Vienna meant so much to Schubert, we can hardly deny that city the right to concentrate within her walls one of the most impressive centenary celebrations ever accorded a composer. One hundred years ago next November 19 Franz Schubert died; but the commemoratory exercises, which began in May, will continue throughout this year.

The opening ceremonies were marked by the deep sentiment and delicate taste which characterize the arrangements which have been made for the Schubert centennial. On the evening of May 26 students from the Vienna Academy of Music assembled to produce his Octet. The place chosen was the Universitäts-platz outside the old University and College of Jesuits, where Schubert studied and wrote his first pieces; and the performers were youths of the same age as that of the young composer when he worked there more than a hundred years before.

There were no boisterous crowds on the quiet little Universitäts-platz, and most of the exercises exhibit this same intimate touch. Everybody, however, was given an opportunity to participate in the celebration on June 3, when the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra played Schubert's great *C-dur Symphonie* in the square in front of the Rathaus. As a prelude to the Symphony itself trumpeters sounded from the tops of the neo-Gothic towers of the Rathaus a special 'Schubert Fanfare' which had been composed for the occasion.

One of the most delightful features of the celebrations will be the five concerts to be given in the little house on Nussdorferstrasse where Schubert was born. Throughout the year the

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quaint building will be garlanded with flowers. An audience grouped in the same tiny courtyard where the child Franz played when he was not at school will hear a string quartette and singers render Schubert's songs and chamber compositions from the balcony of the house. Here if anywhere the visitor, while he listens to Schubert's songs, through which run the gayety and sentimental melancholy so typical of the Viennese, should recapture the Vienna which Schubert loved so well — that city with its coaches, cobbled streets, low-roofed houses, exquisite china, and swallow-tailed coats of one hundred years ago.

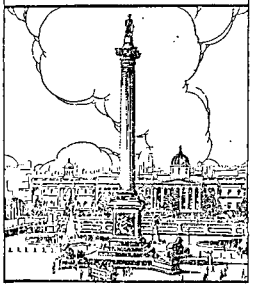
On the Josefsplatz, in front of the Imperial Hofburg, which looks as it did when Schubert was a boy, Serenade Concerts were given on June 6 and 14. On the ninth of June more than one hundred Schubert concerts were given on various squares throughout the city by more than one hundred thousand German choristers who were visiting Vienna at the time. In the evening, outside the Rathaus, which was appropriately lighted, four thousand choristers sang Schubert melodies.

Very different ceremonies are in prospect for next November, the month in which the famous Viennese composer died. On the seventeenth of the month an official tribute of respect will be paid at the Schubert monument in the Stadtpark. The new Schubert Fountain will be unveiled the following day, and in the evening wind-instruments of the Opera and National Theatre orchestras will play melodies of Schubert from the illuminated towers of the Rathaus.

Plans for November 19, the day upon which he died, are equally appropriate. The Bürgermeister of Vienna will lay a wreath on Schubert's grave while choirs of women chant hymns. The Vienna Schubertbund will assemble in the same room in which the beloved composer passed away, and at three o'clock, the precise hour of his death, they will chant a lament. Then the members of the Society will march in funeral procession to the Josefskirche to hold a memorial Schubert concert. This is the church in which the funeral service was held in 1828; and the marchers will follow the same route taken by Schubert's sorrowing friends one hundred years previously.

Vienna is celebrating in a fitting manner one of her most illustrious sons — one who, with Johann Strauss, immortalized the city in melody and harmony.

LONDON



ALTHOUGH Queen Mary still retains fifteen ladies in waiting, she has but one maid of honor, and has just definitely announced that she will not appoint a second. It seems probable that when the sole existing maid of honor, the Honorable Jean Bruce, marries or dies the ancient institution which she represents will disappear entirely from the English scene.

Other signs of imperial pomp survive even in these democratic times. The white-plumed, steel-cuirassed Life Guards still sit their horses in front of Whitehall, though their chief duty seems to consist in being stared at and photographed by tourists from abroad or from the rural counties. And recently an unusual and colorful ceremony took place in the Henry VII Chapel of Westminster Abbey. For the first time in four years and the fourth time in his reign, King George,

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clad in the rich robes of the order, with a scarlet-and-white train supported by two silk-stockinged pages, installed new Knights Grand Cross of the Bath. The Beefeaters were out in force — that grand old personal bodyguard of the sovereign known more correctly as Yeomen of the Guard, whose origin dates back to seven years before Europeans discovered that the world had two more continents on its other side.

Crowds packed around the Abbey and gaped at the display of costume and pageantry. Six-foot bobbies pushed them back good-naturedly. They continued to cheer the visible evidence of the magnificence and might of Britain.

Queen Mary may destroy the less significant institution of maids of honor, but public pomp and ceremony must be maintained. Without it England would not be England.

MEXICO CITY

Six thousand people, seated in the most luxurious modern surroundings, may watch Ziegfeldian revues and musical comedies move across the stage of Mexico City's newest theatre. It is called the Politeama. It is as big as New York's biggest, the gilded Roxy's, which seats 5920. But, for the present at least, it will not show moving pictures. Mexicans, musical and spectacle-loving, prefer to watch real people with real voices crowding its huge stage.

Not content with this, another company has constructed a great open-air theatre in the residential section of the city, known as La Condesa, and has turned it over to the municipality. This theatre also seats six thousand people, but here they are surrounded by green trees and white colonnades. When spectacles are not being presented in the wide amphitheatre, the Mexicans, ever watchful of the youth of the nation, convert it into an amusement park for children, with slides, scenic railways, and all the apparatus of a miniature Coney Island.

Mexico is going tourist mad, and presumably these two new theatres will do much to amuse the tourist who visits her capital city. But the city fathers are worried over the hotel situation. They have discovered that in Mexico City's six modern hotels — the only ones with fittings considered sufficiently luxurious for tourists from the United States — there are only eight hundred rooms. Two hundred of these are needed regularly for commercial travelers and for Mexicans from other parts of the country; which leaves only six hundred for wandering, money-spending visitors to the Mexican capital, a city almost as big as Pittsburgh, and bigger than Washington, D. C. This is not enough. The leading citizens of Mexico City would like to have provision made for at least a thousand tourists at a time. Such visitors, they calculate, spend five dollars a day apiece. That makes a total of five thousand dollars a day — a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a month. Not an overwhelming amount, but worth while if it can be persuaded to pass across the counters of the city's merchants.

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PERSONS AND PERSONAGES

Interesting Figures Who Achieve Prominence As They Move across the Foreign Scene

PRINCE CHICHIBU OF JAPAN

When Prince Chichibu, twenty-six-year-old heir apparent to the throne of Japan, marries Setsu Matsudaira, daughter of the Japanese Ambassador to Washington, as will happen early this fall, the Imperial Family will be celebrating what Japanese hail as the second love match in the history of a royal house which has ruled uninterruptedly for twenty-five centuries. Marriages in Japan, especially royal marriages, are ordinarily a matter of arrangement between the families of the two young people involved. But this union of two modern, foreign-educated, traveled young Japanese who may some day ascend the throne together is different. Like the marriage of Chichibu's elder brother, the present Emperor Hirohito, to Princess Nagako, it is the culmination of a romance, and not the result of a careful plan of Elder Statesmen.

Chichibu first caught Westerners' eyes when, at the age of twenty-three, he left Japan on the warship Izumo for Hongkong, there to board a passenger ship for England. It was the first time the son of a reigning Japanese emperor had left for an extended residence abroad.

Britishers saw him as a slim young chap, with narrow waist and broad shoulders, who dressed usually in a well-cut dark suit and English brogues, and wore a little black bowler hat. His crop of unruly jet-black hair, worn rather long, was parted on the side and came down low over his forehead; his cheek bones were prominent; his ears likewise. He was not handsome in the Western sense, but those who met him forgot this when he burst into an infectious giggle, showing his flashing white teeth and squinting his eyes. Those eyes were usually behind a pair of spectacles with thin horn rims, which gave him a studious look. And this impression was not belied by his double purpose; for he had come to Europe to learn all he could of the West, studying it with that intense application that characterizes traveling Japanese, as well as to make himself popular with his hosts and, by the same token, with his countrymen twelve thousand miles away.

For the former purpose he had at his side a distinguished mentor such as no foreign prince studying in Europe had had before — Baron Hayashi, silent and observant, recognized as one of the keenest foreign students of British and European life and politics, who had just been relieved of his post as Japanese Ambassador to London so that he might accompany the Prince like a watchful shadow wherever he went.

For the second purpose he had the support of the newspaper correspondents, Japanese and others, who kept the cables hot with reports of Chichibu sharing Oscar Wilde's old rooms at Magdalen College in Oxford with a young British baronet; Chichibu shoot-

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ing grouse in Scotland, avidly playing golf and tennis, rowing sturdily on the Thames; Chichibu, the hardy tramper, scaling snowy peaks in the Swiss Alps, successfully negotiating a grand total of more than a hundred thousand feet of steep mountain-side on a trip whose only mishap was an attack of the measles at Mürren.

Then, in the winter of 1926, his father, the Emperor Yoshihito, fell ill, and died while Chichibu was rushing back toward Japan aboard the Majestic. Chichibu stopped only long enough in New York to go to Brentano's and buy a copy of *Revelry*, a tabloid newspaper, and a popular magazine (always the student of civilizations). Then, after a day in Washington, he hurried to San Francisco to board the Siberia Maru, which omitted its usual Honolulu stop and under forced draught bore him straight to mourning Japan.

Because his elder brother, the new Emperor Hirohito, had no male heirs, it became especially desirable for Chichibu to marry. Reports of his engagement, which had been recurrent for some years, began afresh. Among other names appeared again that of Setsu Matsudaira, daughter of Japan's cordial, friendly Ambassador in Washington. Like Chichibu, she was a sport lover, and like him she had studied in an English-speaking country — in her case at Sidwell's Friends School, a typically American institution attended by Colonel Lindbergh when his father was a Congressman in Washington.

Setsu's mother had been interpreter to the Dowager Empress Sadako, Chichibu's mother, and the two young people had played together in their childhood. It was whispered that the Dowager Empress had planned the match herself; but these rumors were discounted, for Miss Matsudaira is a commoner, and traditionally the Japanese Royal Family intermarries only with five specially designated princely lines, the so-called Gosekke. The daughter of one of these families, Princess Ichigo, a lovely girl of seventeen, seemed a much more likely choice for Chichibu. So, when his engagement to Setsu Matsudaira was officially announced and the surprised Japanese people saw that he had given up the Princess for a commoner, they concluded that love had done it, and the engagement was immensely popular.

To preserve the appearance of tradition, Setsu, the commoner, is to be adopted by her noble paternal uncle, the Viscount Matsudaira; and until her marriage this fall she will live in semiroyal style on the Tokyo estate of her maternal uncle, the Marquis Nabeshima, one of the richest peers of Japan. Meanwhile she and Chichibu are the idols of the Japanese people. Some say they are idols manufactured by an extremely clever publicity campaign; but the Japanese prefer to think of them as lovers who may some day be the modern rulers of a modern country which, like the two young people themselves, looks with knowledge and sympathy upon the West.

LEOPOLD STENNETT AMERY

A COLD, quiet, intellectual little man, of Anglo-Hungarian parentage, is general manager, as that term may be loosely used, of about one fourth of the habitable globe. His title is Secretary of State for Dominion and for Colonial Affairs. The relations between Great Britain and nearly four hundred million people are affected by his decisions.

Leopold Stennett Amery is his name. Age fifty-five. Physically he might be called diminutive — barely five feet

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in height. Mentally he is a giant, and among his numerous accomplishments is familiarity with many tongues. Illustrative is the story told of a trip he took to the Near East in 1925. En route he stopped in Paris, where he delivered an oration in perfect French. On the boat which he boarded at Marseille the waiters were mostly Italians. He made a speech to them in their native tongue. Arrived in Palestine, he addressed an audience in Turkish. Reaching Bagdad, he delivered a speech in Arabic. In several other languages he is equally at home.

As a young man at Oxford, his linguistic accomplishments attracted immediate attention. Also, he seemed to know most of what was to be known about the political and diplomatic history of the two Easts — Far and Near. And soon, in that famous training school for statesmen and politicians, the Oxford Union, he showed himself the possessor of such an extraordinarily keen and analytical mind that influential Lord Milner came up from London particularly to meet him. Lord Milner was looking for hopeful recruits for the Liberal Party. Amery was a determined Conservative, and Liberal overtures found him cold.

But a young man lacking the advantages of money and family name was not a very interesting object to the Conservative Party in those days. The 'higher-ups' paid little attention to him, and Amery was allowed to drift into journalism. As chief correspondent for the London *Times* in the Boer War, he greatly distinguished himself. That sanguinary affair ended, he was commissioned by his paper to write an exhaustive, heavily documented history of the war — a tremendous job that required a talented mind. Such a mind was his, and Amery speedily produced an exceptionally fine work. By 1911 the Conservatives, deciding they had need of him, gave him a seat representing a safe constituency. He entered Parliament and active political life, soon becoming one of the Toriest of the Tories, a Die-hard, fighting for an unrivaled navy and a high tariff to protect Britain's limping industry. But he was still comparatively little known, and soon after the beginning of the World War was assigned to the staff of a colonel commanding a British regiment in Serbia. The colonel, a regular army man who was contemptuous generally of civilians, and especially of one of such small stature, asked him what he was good for. Amery modestly replied that he would try to make good at anything he was set at.

'Since you can't know much about soldiering, make yourself useful as an interpreter,' said the Colonel. 'Here is the handbook of Serbia, just issued by the War Office. Come back with it in six weeks and let me see how much you know.'

Amery glanced at it and said: 'I should be able to digest it in six weeks, since I wrote it in three.'

Amery's exceptional ability was soon recognized, and before the close of the war he was in intimate association with those who were directing Britain's most important military affairs. He emerged from the war with the title of Lieutenant-Colonel. In 1922, and prior to his appointment to his present office, he held the portfolio of First Lord of the Admiralty in Bonar Law's Cabinet.

With the advent of the present Baldwin Cabinet Amery was given the office he now holds — the Secretaryship for the Colonies. Britain's welfare, now as in the past, depends largely upon the success or failure of her policies in dealing with the scattered, sometimes balky and restive peoples which make up certain of the

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states in her Commonwealth of Nations. While Amery's official position is therefore one of extreme importance, it does not represent his whole value to the Baldwin Government. Some say he is the most powerful single factor in determining its policies. But, notwithstanding this, his name is not yet a household word in Britain, for he is contemptuous of popularity and makes little or no effort to parade either his name or his person upon the public stage.

Predictions are not infrequent that the position of Prime Minister will some day be his. Possibly. But his contempt for demagoguery, his aversion to publicity, his cold intellectualism, his ultraconservatism, will probably prevent any widespread popularity. These qualities, if handicaps, are such as he will never overcome, for he does not wish to. He would sacrifice no principle, would modify no conviction in the slightest, though he were assured that by such method he could instantly become the idol of the people.

MORONES OF MEXICO

WHEN a certain member of the Mexican House of Representatives was shot at and wounded almost four years ago in Mexico City, the late Samuel Gompers, venerable president of the American Federation of Labor, called it 'an attempt at assassination of the Republic of Mexico and the freedom of the peoples of the country.'

As revealed by this statement, Mr. Gompers was some years ahead of the rest of the United States in his appreciation of Luis Morones, the target of that particular bullet. Certainly at that time the name of the victim was anathema to foreign investors in Mexico, and its sound is not yet music to all such ears, but little by little it has become less harsh and strident.

Thirty-eight years ago Morones was born in the state of Hidalgo on the great central plateau of Mexico, just north of Mexico City. He started work as a boy reading meters for the capital city's electric lighting company, becoming later a lineman for the same organization. At that time, toward the end of the first decade of the twentieth century, there was a powerful ferment at work in Mexico — the discontent of the laboring classes, which had been ground down by oppression and exploitation under the then very old President Diaz. Young Morones had become interested in labor organization. He now devoted all his time to it.

The Madero revolution broke out in 1910, largely as an expression of the discontent of the lower classes. Morones threw his lot in with it, being one of the founders, at the age of twenty-five, of the 'House of World Workers,' a radical organization. The events which centred around the names of Zapata, de la Huerta, Carranza, Villa, Funston, 'Black Jack' Pershing, and Vera Cruz attracted all American eyes southward. Meanwhile Morones continued to study labor's wants and problems, traveled, used his slowly developing influence to support men liberal toward labor, and worked steadily to organize the workers.

In 1919, out of the hugger-mugger of assassination, rebellion, intervention, and revolution emerged General Alvaro Obregón. With him was Plutarco Elias Calles. And very close behind was fat, suave, Buddha-like Luis Morones — not looming so large to United States eyes, but very important to Obregón and Calles. To the keen observer it quickly became evident that here was a triumvirate — Obregón the general, Calles the statesman, and Morones the labor leader.

In 1918, from the wreck of an older

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labor organization, Morones had founded the Comisión Regional de los Obreros Mexicanos, or CROM, the Mexican Federation of Labor which to-day is undoubtedly the most powerful single institution in Mexico. In 1924 he used all of his well-organized influence to support and elect Calles to the Presidency. Now he holds the position of Secretary of Industry, Commerce, and Labor in Calles's Cabinet, as well as the titular and actual control of the CROM.

To the Mexican laborer he is almost deity. His word is law. By the Mexican capitalist classes he is classed with Satan. And the strange fact, often unappreciated in the United States, is that to the Mexican Bolsheviki also he is the personification of all that is detested. They have good reason to dislike Morones, for he is the strongest bulwark in Mexico against the spread of their Leninist doctrines.

Just how 'pink' or 'red' he may be is the moot question about this man. Admittedly a Socialist, boastingly a supporter of Labor as opposed to Capital, there can be no doubt that he started on his career with a great many visionary and impractical ideas which he has since discarded. He knows now that killing the goose destroys the supply of golden eggs. He appreciates the fact that to help the Mexican laborer he must attract capital, foreign and domestic, and that to attract capital he must protect it from confiscation. This does not mean that Mexico, under the régime of the triumvirate of Calles, Obregón, and Morones, which appears to have some elements of permanence, will be run for the benefit of Capital. To the contrary. Theirs is a Labor government backed by Labor. But there will be no senseless exploitation of Capital, which will be allowed its reasonable rewards, and will not be sacrificed to the temporary benefit and immoderate demands of workingmen.

A newspaper correspondent asked Morones if his goal was not the nationalization of all industries. 'Certainly,' he replied. 'I am a Socialist, and ultimately every Socialist has that dream. But here in Mexico it is a long, long way ahead. That indefinite future time must coincide with the ability of the workmen to manage the affairs of any given industry, and our workmen are mostly uneducated and inexperienced men.'

In that statement is the man Morones. A radical? Yes. But perhaps a very practical radical, with no idea that a workingman's paradise exists just around the corner.

MILAN HODŽA, MINISTER OF EDUCATION

When a sturdy, moon-faced, well-groomed little man from Czechoslovakia named Milan Hodža stepped off a Channel steamer one day last winter and took the train for London, it was the first time he had emerged from the comparative obscurity of a Central-European state into the area of greater visibility called Western Europe.

When Hodža arrived in London last winter, the pro-Hungarian Lord Rothermere in his newspaper the *Daily Mail* had been violently assailing Czechoslovakia's treatment of the Slovaks and Magyars who were taken from Hungary and given to Czechoslovakia by the Peace Treaties. Hodža, himself a Slovak and a leader of Slovaks, bearded this roaring British lion in his den and quietly ridiculed the accusations. 'I have been told,' he said in one London speech, 'that Slovakia wishes to go back to Hungary. A child never goes back to the fire once it has burned itself.'

Londoners recognized in him the

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pure Slovak who, at the same time that he defended his own race, worked for its blending into the Czechoslovak unit. There had been no Czech nation since the Germanic armies crushed the Czechs in the Battle of the White Mountain three hundred years ago. For three centuries the peoples who make up Czechoslovakia to-day were scattered under the rule of Austria and of Hungary. Slav peasants all over Central Europe long sang a sombre, wailing song called *Bílá Horá* (The White Mountain), and sang it sadly; to-day they sing it proudly, for the divided peoples have come together under one flag again. But in this fact lies the fundamental problem of Czechoslovakia's existence — how to treat these differing races (Czechs and Slovaks, with Germans, Magyars, and Ruthenians added by the Peace Treaties), and, while safeguarding their rights as races, how to mould them into a single nation. And this is the problem to which Milan Hodža, the Slovak, has given his life.

He began in 1901, when as a youth of twenty-seven, son of an old family of Slovak preachers living under Hungarian rule, he was elected to the Hungarian Parliament in Budapest. He was the sole representative of the Slovak minority. Together with a Serb and two Rumanians (making a group which he jokingly calls a pre-war Little Entente), he faced a solid block of three hundred Magyar Deputies whose avowed purpose was to crush the minorities within their country. For eleven years his voice rang out in protest. He became the *bête noire* of the Hungarian nationalists, and was thrown into a Budapest prison more than once. Then came the World War, during which Hodža was kept under strict surveillance in Vienna. Finally, when Austria's defeat brought with it the establishment of Czechoslovakia as a nation, he came to Prague as a Deputy from Slovakia.

Since that time, in three cabinet offices, this versatile, capable Slovak has toiled effectively to unify his nation. As first Minister for the Unification of Laws, he brought into some semblance of consistency the differing legal codes which prevailed in the two great sections of his country which had formerly been Austrian and Hungarian respectively. As Minister of Agriculture he carried out the ambitious land-reform programme which divided the big estates among the farmers, stole the Communists' thunder and rallied the former Hungarian farmers to the cause of the Czechoslovak Republic. As Minister of Education, the office he now holds, he has applied the tolerant Czechoslovak system whereby special minority schools are established in localities where racial minorities exceed twenty per cent of the population.

To-day Hodža is fifty years old, but does not look it. He sits behind his desk in the Government Buildings beside the river Vltava in Prague, his face smooth save for a small moustache, his forehead broad and shining where the hair, still dark, is beginning to recede, his black eyes snapping behind his eyeglasses. To his friends he is 'the living symbol of the union of Czechs and Slovaks.' Perhaps this is because his whole political life has been devoted to the problem of unifying the racial groups within his country. Perhaps it is because in his own character he combines the attributes of the two most important of these racial groups — the flexibility of mind, the artistic sense, the love of abstract ideas, which characterize the pure Slav Slovaks, and the gift for order, discipline, and methodical work which differentiates the Czech from other Slavs.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES

LEADER PAGE CLIPPINGS

SOUTH AMERICA AWAKENS [1]

THE most surprising thing about the Havana Conference was the assurance with which certain delegates from Latin America played their rôles. Most of them represented countries that were subject, by reason of their financial or political limitations, to the United States, and their domestic governments consisted of oligarchies that only represented minority groups. With a few exceptions it may be said that these delegates lacked sufficient authority to oppose imperialism, and did not possess the right to speak in the name of the majority of their countrymen. The assembly, which was put in a false position from the start by reason of its unfair representation, soon lost all prestige because all these delegates had for years been the most zealous upholders of the Monroe Doctrine and had admired all the deceptions that had brought about the present situation. Their tardy although sincere awakening did not efface their fundamental error, which should have exiled them from diplomatic life forever. It is not the usual procedure to entrust your supreme opportunity and ultimate safety to generals who have lost every battle they ever fought.

Some of these delegates confined themselves entirely to keeping up appearances and holding their jobs in the face of the mounting flood of public hostility to the imperialism of the United States. This attitude was most noticeable when they voted against the Mexican proposal, which was the only attempt made to put the little Latin-American nations and the great Anglo-Saxon Power on a footing of equality. According to this proposal, the nations of Latin America were not obliged to be represented at the Pan-American Union by their minister at Washington, but could appoint a representative who would enjoy the greatest independence. The President and Vice-President of the Pan-American Union were to be designated in rotation by alphabetical order of the nations, thus removing from the United States the privilege of having its Secretary of State always occupy the chair. The General Director of the Pan-American Union was also to be designated by rotation and in alphabetical sequence among the twenty-one nations, in order to prevent the United States from exclusively directing the affairs of the New World. The officials of the Pan-American Union were to include an equal number of North Americans and South Americans.

This would have meant the sudden transformation of the colonial board that now functions under the name of the Pan-American Union, and would have created instead a kind of League of Nations in which the Latin nations would have been in a majority. Since the United States could not accept such a programme, the present organism was changed and a new political era began.

[1] By Manuel Ugarte, in *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris Liberal foreign-affairs weekly)

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Most of the delegates, who had already consented to the expulsion of the Haitian representatives who had come to protest against the occupation of their country by North American troops, were in such a state of confusion that they became involved in questions of secondary importance and concealed by transparent gestures the attitudes that they did not dare to assume. By acting in this way each delegate was trying to mould public opinion at home instead of doing his country a permanent service. The divergences within the Argentine delegation, which were more noisy than real, simply accentuated the incapacity of South American politicians. Slaves to formulas and stock ideas, they vainly pursued trivial successes or consolation prizes by trying to get the United States into an abstract discussion of details that were caused by various phenomena to which they complacently closed their eyes.

Such delegates are the only people who do not understand the real position of Latin America in relation to North American imperialism. In a sensational article entitled 'Dante and the Monroe Doctrine' Mr. Morton Fullerton recently remarked: 'You would not expect from us a movement that will release you. It is within your own power to make yourselves less vulnerable.' This amounts to saying that formulas and principles are futile, and that only your own efforts will save you.

Certain Latin-American politicians, however, obstinately persisted in the belief that facts could be modified if they were ignored, and that speeches would solve everything. They did not understand what had happened in Panama and Cuba, and they do not understand the situation at the present moment and the chances for salvation that exist now. Is there anything more tragically absurd than their lamentations when they discovered the danger that we denounced twenty-five years ago? They and the newspapers that serve their interests professed to be amazed at the facts that they themselves were responsible for bringing to a head by reason of their silence if not by virtue of active complicity.

For years they told us that the United States was our best friend. They proclaimed that we had nothing to fear. They ridiculed our anxiety, and we have only to refer to their speeches and their newspaper articles to prove this fact. It was not until the catastrophe had occurred and the flood was carrying us away that they tried to save themselves in a burst of posthumous activity. Instead of directing any policy, they let themselves be swept along by the force of events.

While they were palavering at Havana and refusing twenty-five years too late to put into effect the policy that there is only just time to realize, the United States continued to unload troops in Nicaragua. Yankee planes were bombarding Sandino, whose name is an inspiration to any Latin American after so many failures.

The immediate lesson to be drawn from the Havana Conference is that it is urgently necessary for Latin America to change its methods and its diplomatic personnel. The few enlightened delegates saw their efforts thwarted by confusion, jealousy, and lack of any planning or unified desire. The few who turned against the current of imperialism too late in the day merely emphasized past errors. Now the comedy is over, and the United States is the master of the situation and able to continue its tactics of invasion. The remains of a Latin America whose destiny was scuttled by individual interests and ruined by politicians who placed personal advantage above every-

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thing else cannot be saved by the victims of the last disaster, who were themselves responsible for it. The people of Latin America will have to struggle against North American plutocracy on the one hand and against local oligarchies on the other. The problem thus possesses an international and a domestic aspect. Only if new uncontaminated groups come into power will it be possible for a revival to occur. The continuation of present conditions means that all these republics of Spanish and Portuguese origin will gradually see their independence depart, and to Europe it will mean the irremediable loss of its economic and cultural influence in the New World.

ENGLAND AND EUROPE[2]

THERE is no denying that those responsible for British foreign policy have paused to take a moment's breath before pursuing their dealings with Europe much further. The break with Soviet Russia was Downing Street's last great stroke, and it is now awaiting the results of the European and American elections. In England itself a new Parliament will surely be elected within a year. It is therefore only natural that the beloved old-time slogan of 'Wait and see' should be heard just now and that only a few daring prophets should attempt to forecast future European developments. Germans feel that the best barometer of England's political intentions in Europe is Augur, the intimate friend of Sir William Tyrrell. I myself have just met this mysterious person and heard his opinions. I found that a conversation with the official spokesman of the Foreign Office was no less fruitful and interesting than his books themselves.

Much has happened in Europe lately — England's break with Soviet Russia; the changed attitude of France toward Germany; the negotiations between Poland and Lithuania; and Germany's disillusionment regarding the possibilities of Russian business. All this, and especially the gradual Franco-German rapprochement, make it imperatively necessary for England to follow European developments with a keen eye and not to remain inactive as Europe settles down to peace.

'Europe needs peace,' say the English, 'but peace is impossible unless unity is established among the enlightened nations of Europe.' Soviet Russia is a world in itself, a problem that will not be solved for years and perhaps for decades. 'Hence,' argue the English, 'let us make peace, real European peace in the greater part of Europe, — the part that Moscow calls capitalistic, — for in this part of Europe we can understand each other much more easily than we can understand the Muscovites.' In the last few years this process has made notable progress. How can its final purpose be attained under existing circumstances?

It is characteristic of the English to guard against illusions. At the present moment the official English view is particularly opposed to cherishing any illusions based on a prospective collapse of the Anglo-French entente. 'To be sure,' say the English, 'there is no Anglo-French pact written down in black and white, but the spirit and character of the British nation are all in its favor. The entente is a consequence of political geography. It incorporates already existing facts.'

For this reason it must be accepted and reckoned upon as an inescapable fact. Good relations between France and England cannot hurt Europe; they can only aid it, and they are the first step toward European peace. Berlin has more or less acknowledged this

[2] By Georg Popoff, in *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Liberal daily)

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development, and only Moscow still tries to drive a wedge between Paris and London. Chicherin's plan of a Continental alliance between France, Germany, and the Soviet Union, with Britain left out in the cold, is well known. All such intriguing is thwarted by the simple fact that Locarno has already made Anglo-French coöperation a reality, which will develop further if France and England are able to agree on treating Germany as an equal among equals.

Hence the complete rehabilitation of the German Reich among the other nations of Europe and in the world at large is the second aim in England's policy for European peace. We cannot yet tell whether England also intends to attract Germany away from the Soviet Union, but her motives, whatever they are, cannot really affect Germany. The fact is that England has decided to take an entirely new line and is trying to have Germany treated as an equal among equals. England wishes that all temporary encroachments on German sovereignty be abandoned at the earliest possible moment, though German disarmament should be looked upon as permanent. Yet Augur admits that in the not distant future this limitation of armaments may be found to contradict Germany's position as an equal among equals. If such a contingency arises it will be hard to keep on denying Germany's demands for a return of her military equipment.

Furthermore, if Germany in the near future comes to occupy a position of an equal among equals it will hardly be logically possible to prevent the *Anschluss* with Austria. From the standpoint of international law as incorporated in the League of Nations pact, there is nothing to block the *Anschluss*. Even the fear that a strengthened Austria and a pro-German Hungary would be able to exercise a powerful influence on the Balkans and control the road to the Orient should not be the decisive consideration. The ending of other restrictions, such as the Rhineland occupation, will be taken for granted, and Germany will be well advised not to cavil over small matters, but rather to devote her energies to developing her rightful territory.

The third necessity is that Poland should coöperate heartily in the efforts toward European peace. England and Poland are equally interested in improved relations between Berlin and Warsaw. Augur wishes Poland to be recognized at once as a Great Power, although the English Government has not yet officially come out in favor of this move. But if such a hope is realized there is no doubt that England will be immensely gratified. The English view is that no political question in Eastern Europe can be settled without the assistance of Poland or in face of her opposition, since she has frequently shown herself to have attained political maturity.

Any negotiations between Germany and Poland would be so complicated and delicate that they could never be satisfactorily adjusted if each party did not deal with the other as an equal. For this reason Poland must be recognized as a Great Power. Augur finally points out that Germany would benefit from normal friendly relations with a healthy and peacefully disposed Poland.

At this point, however, the Wilhelmstrasse raises what it believes to be a natural demand that certainly does not jibe with what Augur and many other Englishmen — though not England herself — feel should be done about the Polish Corridor. The Wilhelmstrasse still considers this corridor a monstrosity, and demands a German

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corridor instead and a return to the pre-war boundaries that shut Poland off from the sea. Such a solution would oppose British interests, and likewise violate the principle of the Freedom of the Seas. Hence Augur insists that Germany must eventually revise her eastern policy and stop demanding a return of the Corridor. He refers to the arguments and demands of Poland as being stronger and better grounded than those of the Germans. The Corridor must remain Polish, even though Germany cannot now see the question in this light.

Perhaps some kind of corridor could be laid through a desert, but never can a civilized country like Germany be split in two. The problem is complicated, and cannot be solved overnight. In so far as England is concerned in bringing permanent peace to Europe, she will consider it her duty to seek a common-sense solution of this question and to bring about better conditions than exist at present.

Augur's outline of the future British policy in Europe closes with a brief statement of the problem that runs something like this. The form in which Great Britain will coöperate in European affairs — for she must coöperate to some degree — will not be undertaken with regard for the Little League of Nations, as the British Empire calls itself. However, Imperial interests in Europe officially end at the Rhine, although England's real interests can hardly be restricted by this boundary.

These interests are determined by England's desire to see Europe at peace and to have the nations of Europe achieve unity once more, although of course this desire is chiefly based on business interests. The welfare of our civilization and culture depends on the fulfillment of this task. Not until it is accomplished will it be time for us to attack the all-important problem of relations between the Soviet Union and the rest of the world. And this development will not mean war or intervention, as some of our more simple and prejudiced contemporaries believe. It will chiefly consist of united European influence being brought to bear on Soviet Russia and leading it to a realistic economic policy which should soon bring about a more sound condition than exists in Russia to-day. But first Europe herself must be revived.

ADVICE ON TENNIS [3]

[THE *Écho de Paris* prefaces this article with this comment: 'The following lines by René Lacoste were most of them taken from a book which the World Champion and vanquisher of Tilden has just written, and which will soon be published by Bernard Grasset.]

SINCE the tournament sponsored by the *Écho de Paris* is about to begin, I am very happy to be able to give you a little friendly advice on how to play tennis and how to behave as a champion. I do this with great pleasure, and I hope that my readers may include some of the future stars of French tennis.

When you are buying your equipment, have no hesitation in purchasing the best racket possible. Choose a solid, well-strung racket, neither too light nor too heavy, and of a good make. Buy new balls as often as possible. Join a club where you will be able to find good partners and where you will be able to play against skillful opponents. If you begin playing tennis under favorable conditions it will always seem agreeable and easy. A bad beginning paralyzes even the best dispositions.

[3] By René Lacoste, in *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily)

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As soon as possible learn how to hold your racket well. Grasp it at the very end of the handle. Contract the muscles of your arm during the entire execution of your stroke. If your wrist is loose every time you do not hit the ball in the centre of your racket — and this will happen often — your stroke will go completely wrong. Choose a position in which to hold the racket when you hit the ball forehand, and by turning the racket a quarter of the way around in your hand take another hold for your backhand stroke. Do not hit the ball with the same side of the racket on both your forehand and backhand strokes, as some players do. Do not try to hold your racket in the same way for every stroke, but at first content yourself with two different holds. You will be quite able to serve, to smash, and to execute a backhand volley with the backhand hold which you have chosen to use when deep in the court, and you will be able to execute a forehand volley with your forehand hold. Do not force yourself to copy exactly the way your teacher holds the racket or the way the best player holds it. Try to select only two ways of holding the racket, which will later permit you to discover without too many changes the holds that will give you best results.

Above all, learn where to stand on the court when serving, when awaiting your adversary's service, and during a rally. Between strokes hold your racket against your chest and carry it in your left hand. Always be ready to execute any stroke whatsoever. Restrain yourself from remaining too far back behind the line or too close to the net. Always return to the centre of the court. On a short stroke you should always be on your tiptoes, and on making a stroke you should never face the net directly.

Learn to watch the ball keenly. When a player does not hit the ball from the middle of his racket at a good distance from his shoulder the reason nine times in ten is because he has not followed the ball carefully enough with his eyes. In tennis eighty per cent of the points you will lose are simply due to the fact that you have not hit the ball properly, and eighty per cent of the errors you commit will arise from your inattention — from the fact that you did not watch the ball carefully enough right up to the moment when you hit it.

Do not conserve your resources, but do not waste yourself either. Make yourself play each stroke economically. Do not go in for wild gestures, and try to prepare your next stroke if you have seen or guessed how your adversary will return your shot. A rapid movement is not the one that makes the ball move fastest, but a long supple movement, carefully executed, and taking up all the time it needs.

You will learn a great deal about tennis if you seek your inspiration from the style of the great players, but a beginner should never copy a champion too closely.

You become more effective as you repress all manifestations of your personality. A beginner should endeavor to discover among all the styles of the players that he wishes to imitate whatever classic elements they may contain, and to copy only those elements literally.

For a long time you should never make difficult shots and should avoid playing net. Before trying to place the ball beyond your adversary's reach to gain a point you must simply be able to return it. Apply yourself. Concentrate. Watch your ball. Place your feet well. Prepare your stroke long in advance. Do not attempt to carry off too difficult a stroke even to gain a point. And you will be astonished at the

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progress you will make. Take a few lessons, but beg your teacher to guide you and not to force you to model your game on his or on the game of any player whom he admires. One model cannot be adapted to every talent, and only fundamental principles apply. The rôle of the teacher is a difficult one, and should be confined to bringing out these principles.

Always try to make all your strokes equally effective. First work on your forehand stroke, for that is the natural thing to do, but learn a backhand stroke very soon. Learn how to play deep in the court before attempting the net, but quickly master a volley and a smash. Work enormously over your service.

In a word, try to develop as harmonious a game as possible. Many players have in their repertory one best stroke that corresponds to nothing in the game that Suzanne Lenglen or Tilden plays. No one is their equal, because Tilden and Suzanne Lenglen have no weak points. Always endeavor to discover and eliminate any weak point from your game. Do not let any flaw arise, for the longer you wait about correcting a bad habit the harder it will be.

One last counsel: never be discouraged. In tennis you always progress slowly, and often irregularly. The work of an entire year is not steadily fulfilled, but suddenly, just when you have lost all hope. Patience is necessary, and you must be persuaded that diligent, conscientious work always yields the result to which you dare to feel entitled.

And now let me wish good luck to my friends on the *Écho de Paris* who will perhaps be my rivals to-morrow. Even if they fail, may they never be discouraged. I ask myself if each of my defeats — for fortune has not spared me a number of them — was not inflicted on me the moment that it was most necessary. Perhaps a good fairy took this way of warning me that I had to work much harder. You will see that the longer you wait the more profound is the pleasure of victory.

May you, as I do, enjoy the simple but real pleasure that can be felt on the tennis court, whatever your age and under whatever conditions you may be playing, provided you play for distraction alone and for pure love of the sport.

THE COSMOPOLIS OF MR. WELLS[4]

'SINCE the subject of this book is the whole destiny of man, and the whole duty of man,' writes Mr. Wells in his Preface, 'it will certainly be called a pretentious book.' But no reviewer or reader will bring the charge of pretentiousness if he finds this latest pronouncement of an unphilosophic Hobbes has helped him to a clearer understanding of the larger problems of life on this tragic star or of the lines on which they might conceivably be solved. In any case the book must be treated with respect, seeing that it is a manifestly sincere attempt to summarize the compelling ideas or 'religion' of a brilliant and provocative writer who, both as story-teller and as sociologist, has a great and enthusiastic following in the English-speaking lands.

Mr. Wells starts with the assumption that we have reached one of the 'wicked' phases in social history (such were the Machiavellian period in Italy and the era following the Wars of the Reformation in Germany), when intellectual confusion divides and enfeebles the otherworldly minority that sustains the faith of most people and the moral discipline of all. It may be so. Christendom is more than ever divided against itself, and the tremen-

[4] From the *Morning Post* (London Tory daily)

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dous task of reconciling Science and the Faith, which is of immense and immediate importance, is ignored by sectarian groups in their quarrels over minute points of doctrine and discipline. Any new means of strengthening the forces of otherworldliness should be welcomed. We ourselves believe that Christianity is still the vital, the pivotal, power in the inner life of the Western peoples, and that those whom Mr. Wells calls 'the sacrificial simple' will presently prevail once more. But there are others who think that some new form of the religion of humanity, as it has been called, must be organized and enforced to fill the aching gap in human consciousness. Their common objective is a World Commonwealth, in which the sole deity would be the conception of man as one and indivisible, as lord of all things and of himself.

This creed might be succinctly defined as Christianity with Christ left out, and a material uniformity substituted for a spiritual unity. As held by the late Frederic Greenwood, it was to include in its invisible hierarchy all the great spiritual leaders that have been or are to be. To-day its various advocates look to the creation of a world-wide polity, in which man would no longer be parceled out in men, to use D. G. Rossetti's phrase, racial and national rivalries would be nonexistent, and peace and plenty and a measure of liberty would be guaranteed to every law-abiding and industrious citizen. It is the Peace of the Antonines revived, with modern improvements, or, for a later comparison, the *Civitas Dei* of the Middle Ages brought down out of the skies and reduced to materialistic terms. It is to be achieved by some sort of revolutionary process, since all existing loyalties, such as those symbolized by national flags, must be somehow suppressed.

Mr. Wells, unlike the Bolsheviki, thinks that the world revolution required for bringing his Cosmopolis into being need not involve bloodshed or forcible destruction. A few of his 'open conspirators' may be martyrized, but they are not to dream of reprisals. The new order is to be patiently, painlessly evolved from the old. The word of allegiance is to be, not 'I believe,' but 'I give myself.' Anybody, whatever his social status, is to be accepted as an adherent, provided he will devote himself — or even a part of himself — to working out the new social synthesis. Cosmopolis, he admits, cannot be built in a day. But he seems hopeful that there will be no long delay in arranging that credit, transport, and staple production should be controlled by a responsible world directorate. The biological control of disease and of population is another matter, which will have to be carried out by world authorities. Here an ever-recurring idea of the practical revolutionaries (such as Robespierre, who thought the population of France should be reduced to two millions, so that everybody could live comfortably) crops up again in a mitigated form.

These 'blue prints' do not embody definite plans and specifications. There is a vast deal of vague discussion, in which the author's genius for phrase-making is displayed, but his disciples are not provided with definite orders of the day. However, this book is only the first part of a 'Bible' which Mr. Wells promises to complete at an early date. When it is completed, a contest to a finish with *Das Kapital*, the Communist's Bible, should be arranged. If it escaped a logical knock-out, *The Open Conspiracy* would certainly win on literary points. But the new Nephelococcygia it advocates with so much earnest eloquence would not bring to the individual that happiness of the heart, that content of the con-

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science, which are the ultimate end of all religious aspirations. It may be the product of hard thinking—but man cannot live by thought alone. It may be a logical rather than a theological plan — but men have never yet been ruled by logic, nor ever will be. It promises a minimum standard of life and liberty for all men — but, even if the promise could be fulfilled, which is, to say the least, doubtful, nothing more than material comfort could be guaranteed. The world directorate could do nothing to provide us with that inner happiness, independent of all external circumstances and sufficient to itself, blissful, sacrificial keen, which is the aim of all true religions and, as we know so well, has been attained by Christianity. Moreover, Mr. Wells's world directorate, if it ever came into being and organized its bureaucracy, might well prove the deadliest tyranny ever known. Oligarchies have always been oppressive, as history warns us. We, for our part, prefer the kingdom of God to Mr. Wells's Cosmopolis.

BOOKS IN PARIS[5]

If there were any literary cafés nowadays, the conversation there would no doubt follow the French tradition of being chiefly concerned with the general principles of the art of writing, and only to a lesser degree with the enthusiastic appreciation or violent denunciation of the latest works of living writers; but it would also be largely made up of gossip about individuals, in which wit would not hesitate to be malicious and even envious. We should hear something about the recent correspondence in the *Mercure de France* between André Maurois and the critic who has produced chapter and verse in support of his charge that *Ariel* and *Disraeli* are full of word-for-word plagiarisms of Dowden's *Shelley* and Monypenny and Buckle's *Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield*. It would be said in such a café that if Henri Bergson no longer attends the meetings of the French Academy it is because he is offended at the refusal of René Doumic, the 'perpetual secretary,' to agree that the Immortals should join with the other of the five Academies in proposing Bergson as the French candidate for the Nobel Prize. We should be reminded that he thus makes the third permanent absentee from the assembly, the other two being Clemenceau and Porto-Riche, neither of whom has yet made the customary speech at his official reception. The speech has to be submitted to a committee before the public meeting is held, and must be in praise of the last occupant of the *fauteuil* to which the newcomer has been elected. Clemenceau has been quite ready with his speech for some time, but it does not pass the censors. He wants to take the opportunity of replying to some remarks made by Poincaré on a previous occasion of the same kind, and the Academy will not let him. The dramatist's difficulty is of another kind. His predecessor was Lavisse, the historian, and it appears that he has so little admiration for Lavisse that he can think of nothing to say about him.

There is another matter which is interesting critics and journalists, if it has not so direct a concern for authors. A critic was recently severely punished by the law courts for having said what he thought about an inferior cinema film. If this judgment is taken as establishing a precedent, and criticism comes to be regarded as libel, what is left of the independence of literary and artistic journalism will be gone. It is

[5] By Philip Carr, in the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily)

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diminished enough already, and a considerable experience in reading between the lines is required to find the real disapproval which often lies behind a lukewarm but otherwise apparently friendly review.

The literary production of the season has not been remarkable. Perhaps one of the most notable works is coming at the end of it, for Roger Martin du Gard, who had interrupted the publication of his ambitious series of novels, *Les Thibault*, had destroyed a number of chapters of manuscript, and had retired to Normandy to reconsider the whole work, has now handed four new volumes to his publishers. Two of these will appear in June, and the other two in the autumn.

Among the novels of the last few months I should put first *Sans Âme*, by André Thérive, whose delightful guide to French literature in the form of a novel was one of the best things of last year. *Sans Âme* is a sympathetic study of the lower middle class in which a high spiritual ideal constantly maintains the level of the story. Not far behind it in merit is the *Destins* of François Mauriac, who has also written a very interesting life of Racine. In his new novel he develops the subject of the love of a middle-aged woman for a worthless young man and her ultimate consolation in religion. Georges Duhamel's *Nuit d'orage*, a subtle analysis of the superstition of a pair of young scientists, man and wife, who are gradually persuaded that their misfortunes are caused by an African amulet, is a sombre study, the name of whose author is, however, a guaranty of its interest.

There is a whole series of novels, still very much the fashion in France, although it is some time since Giraudoux and Paul Morand set that fashion — novels which are really little else than the diary of a globe-trotter and little more than a travel guide in literary form. *Axelle*, Pierre Benoit's latest, belongs to this kind. It is written to please his sentimentally romantic public, and will doubtless successfully fill its purpose. Once more the heroine is a lady in a lovely castle, and once more the castle is in Germany, as it was in *Koenigsmark*. The hero this time is a French prisoner of war, and the character parts are played by a retired general in East Prussia and the other inhabitants of this picturesquely remote district.

Of the same kind are Luc Durtain's two books, one about Hollywood and one about Moscow, which have just secured him the Renaissance Prize. Of the same kind again is *Loin des blondes*, by Thomas Raucat, whose first book, about modern life in provincial Japan, was so amusing. Of the same kind also are Ludovic Naudeau's *Jolie fille de Dublin*, about the Irish Revolution; Marcelle Auclair's *Toya*, which takes us to Chile; Francis de Miomandre's *Les Baladins d'amour*, which passes in Asia Minor; Émile Zavie's *Course aux rebelles*, whose scene is the Sahara; and André Beucler's *Le Pays neuf*, which brings us back to France, for the 'new country' is really in the suburbs of Paris. Most of these books are no more than good journalism.

What is called in Paris *biographie romancée* is another literary fashion which is still at its height. The publishers bring out these books in series, to which they give such general titles as *Leurs amours*, *La Vie de Bohème*, and *Le Roman des grandes existences*, and as they engage authors of repute to write the books they are often interesting. Mauriac's life of Racine fortunately does not try to make the poet's life into a novel, as is too often done in books of this kind. Henry de Jouvenel, who is well qualified to write of Mirabeau as a states-

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man, gives an entertaining picture of the adventures of his private life. Franc-Nohain, the poet and critic, tells the love story of La Fontaine. René Fauchois, the actor and dramatist, devotes two volumes to the loves of Beethoven.

C. J. Gignoux, who is an economist, writes of Baron Louis in his character of the French economist and financier of the early nineteenth century, and Henri Béraud has almost invented a new biographical form in dealing with Robespierre from the point of view of a contemporary. It is in another book, however, in which he is really a contemporary, for it is the tale of his own childhood, that Béraud is at his best, and that best can be very good. The book is called *Gerbe d'or.*

Although Mme. Rachilde's study of that talented, inebriate, and picturesque journalist, Alfred Jarry, appears in one of these romantically biographical series, its value is also that she tells of what she has seen and known. Jarry, who might be described as invariably down at heel, except that he always wore knickerbockers, even in Paris, was a real figure of the old Bohemianism, with his enormous ulster, whose pockets were so full of holes that he had to plunge to the depths of the lining to find a book — generally the Rabelais which he always carried. He will long be remembered for his delicious picture of pompous officialdom, *Ubu Roi.* Francis Carco's little book on Utrillo is another convincing picture of Bohemianism from within, and André Warnod's *Les Peintres de Montmartre* well describes the whole of a little world and a period.

Autobiography, again, is what gives the interest of Edmond Fleg's *Pourquoi je suis juif* and of Édouard Herriot's *Pourquoi je suis radical-socialiste,* both of which are short but attractive personal confessions of faith. Herriot also publishes a volume, *Esquisses,* of his graceful and appropriate speeches on nonpolitical occasions. To autobiography, and autobiography of an intimate and illuminating kind, also belongs what is perhaps the most important literary work of the year, and that is *La Naissance du jour,* by Mme. Colette. It is the very sincere and real confession of an extraordinarily vital and direct temperament, at a moment in life when she feels that the temperamental side of her is moving from storm to serenity.

There is another volume of the memoirs of the Prince de Ligne, full of observation of men and manners in Napoleonic times, and there are also the memoirs of the lady who signs as Mme. de Grammont but is the daughter of one duke and has been the wife of another. This lady — who has also, by the way, published a cookery book — gives a very amusing picture of the restrictions and the luxuries of French aristocratic life in the thirty years before the war. The Tharaud brothers have published a book of personal reminiscences of Maurice Barrès, and the well-known critic Adolphe Boschot has a study of the personality of Mozart, which he calls *La Lumière de Mozart.*

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WHITHER ENGLAND?[1]

Reflections of an Anxious German Industrialist

BY ARNOLD RECHBERG
CHAIRMAN OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN POTASH CARTEL

PRESS dispatches announce that Sir Alfred Mond, the chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., has got together with Sir Harry MacGowan, Lord Reading, Mr. Albert Wiggin, president of the Chase National Bank, Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the American steel magnate, and other captains of English and American finance, and founded an Anglo-American financing company known as the Finance Company for Great Britain and America. The purpose of this society will be to organize and rationalize British industries and to bring about Anglo-American industrial coöperation.

The nominal capital of the company amounts to two million and forty thousand English pounds, but British papers estimate the potential financial power of the combined English and American industrial leaders at between two and one-half and five billion dollars. Others assert that the potentialities of the company are virtually unbounded. Any estimate is naturally only an approximation, for it is not sound economics to say that the financial power of such a group of companies is equal to the total financial power of all the different companies whose capital and financial strength are involved.

London recognizes Sir Alfred Mond's plans and motives. The conclusion of the Franco-German industrial alliance through the various cartels of French and German industries, such as the iron pact, the chemical pact, and the potash pact, is recognized in England as the beginning of the most extensive political and economic development since the World War. The English never doubted that the Franco-German industrial alliance would sooner or later lead to a political alliance between the two countries. Vladimir Poliakov, the spokesman of the Foreign Office, whose writings appear under the well-known pseudonym of 'Augur,' has already called attention to the fact that the leaders of British industry and the leaders of the British Government must take care that England does not fall between the millstones of the Franco-German bloc on the one hand and of the United States on the other.

During the present year Sir Alfred Mond attended the meetings between the German Dye Trust and the representatives of the French chemical industry. For some time it looked as if an alliance of the chemical industries of the three great West European states would occur. But agreement between Sir Alfred Mond on the one hand and the French and German industrial chemists on the other fell through at the last minute, and thus England was excluded from the Franco-German chemical pact. It was also becoming gradually clearer that the British iron and steel industry would never ally with the Franco-German

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily)

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metal industries, because the English industries of this type are very backward in respect to concentration and organization. Since the English iron and steel industries could not even organize in a national way, the conclusion of a pact with the Franco-German industries was out of the question.

As a result of all this, Sir Alfred Mond and the English captains of industry had to recognize that the position of the British industries in reference to the Franco-German industrial cartels was going from bad to worse. They must have seen that if the Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., were isolated from the Franco-German chemical cartel the latter would grow at the expense of the former.

It is also well known that the steel cartel between Germany, France, Belgium, and Luxemburg produces a total of about thirty million tons a year, while the entire production of all the heavy industries in England only amounts to six or seven million tons. All the English iron and steel industries put together are therefore quantitatively inferior to the German and French industries of the same type. On top of this, they lack the concentration, the organization, and the modern methods that prevail on the Continent, so that the French and German iron and steel industries are superior in quality as well. This superiority is bound to increase as the concentration, organization, and nationalizing of the four-Powered steel cartel between Germany, France, Belgium, and Luxemburg progresses and makes cheaper production possible.

In the face of this situation, Sir Alfred Mond now appears to have recognized the value of the principle of industrial alliances between different countries, and has therefore attempted to bring England and America together. By founding the Finance Company for Great Britain and America Sir Alfred hopes to create a financial organization powerful enough to organize and nationalize the English heavy industries. He is also eager to have the English heavy industries as well as the English chemical industry supported by the financial and economic power of the United States, and thus be able to compete more successfully with the Franco-German industrial cartels. And he even dreams of the day when the Anglo-American cartels which he will found are more powerful than the Franco-German industrial cartels.

It must not be forgotten, however, that Sir Alfred Mond is not only the chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., and the leader of the English chemical industry, but that he is also one of the dominating figures in the English Conservative Party. His influence on the decisions of the English Government is therefore profound. Although he is striving for economic ends, there is no doubt that his activities possess great political significance.

For months London has worked hard to bring about a state of lessened tension between the United States and Great Britain. The English Government is well aware that the United States is determined to build the biggest fleet in the world, and that the chief consideration of the British Empire is to maintain England's lordship of the seas. Sir Alfred Mond hopes that America's increasing dislike of England will disappear as soon as Anglo-American political divergencies are obscured by the conclusion of an Anglo-American economic agreement, just as everyone in England expects that the political differences between France and Germany will presently disappear as a result of Franco-German industrial coöperation. Since diplomatic means

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have not been able to check the growing ill-feeling between the United States and England, Sir Alfred Mond wants to make a common industrial policy bring about an easing of political differences.

It remains to be seen how successfully Sir Alfred Mond will be able to carry out his vast plans, but it is already clear that a number of great economic difficulties lie in his path.

1. Sir Alfred Mond evidently wants to hasten the reorganization and rationalization of the English iron and steel industries by means of an Anglo-American financial agreement. There is no doubt that American capital in the finance company predominates. The rationalization and reorganization of the English heavy industries will therefore be carried out more by American capital than by English capital. It is out of the question, however, that the Americans would care to finance such an operation without being represented on the governing body of the finance company, and American influence will increase as its financial superiority to the British members of the finance company grows. It is possible that this prospect will arouse powerful opposition within the English iron and steel industries.

2. All such opposition will naturally be aided and abetted by the representatives of the big English banks, none of whom belong to Mond's finance company. The idea that the big English industries shall be financed with American capital is naturally a very disturbing one to English high finance.

3. Last but not least, it is hard to see what combinations and cartels between English and American industry can be advantageously established. The alliance between German coal and French ore is a natural one, since each complements the other. In the same way an alliance between English and German coal might well be contemplated. England and Germany are the two chief coal-producing countries in Europe, and if the production of the two countries were pooled they would enjoy industrial power and their radius of activity would embrace the entire European continent.

But it is hard to see on what principles a cartel of American and English heavy industries could be built up and who would profit from it. The American heavy industries possess coal and ore in their own country. They need no assistance from English coal as the French heavy industries need assistance from German coal and the German heavy industries need French ore. The French and German industries can go on increasing their production by rationalizing and organizing their enterprises. The American heavy industries have already been formed into mighty trusts. They are modernized, organized, and rationalized to the last detail, and a cartel with the English heavy industries can in no way improve or cheapen their production. Furthermore, American heavy industry wants the American market for itself, and has no desire to share this market with English industry even if American capital is invested in it. There is no reason why the American heavy industries should help the English heavy industries to revive and, thanks to American financial assistance, compete more efficiently with the Franco-German industrial cartels on the world markets.

It is doubtful whether even the American participants in the newly organized English heavy industries would believe that such an organization would necessarily increase the competitive power of the English heavy industries on the world market. A cartel of English and American chemical industries would not strengthen

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the position of either country in any important way, for both lack the concentrated, organized, and skillful experimental department that the German chemical industries have been building up for decades.

On top of this, Sir Alfred Mond's organization would certainly bind the Franco-German industrial cartels closer together. Captains of French and German industry clearly realize that if they stand alone they have no hope of prevailing against the Anglo-Saxon hegemony if Mond's plan of Anglo-American coöperation goes through and overcomes all obstacles.

It is therefore an open question whether the English Government can accept American hegemony of the seas in exchange for Sir Alfred Mond's financial company and thus accede to having England become the second sea Power in the world.

And finally an even more important, more far-reaching problem must be decided. It has become increasingly clear that the power of English high finance is not sufficient to meet the needs of the British Empire. The Dominions and colonies are turning more and more to the financial power of America, and the financial centre of the world has already moved from London to Wall Street.

Sir Alfred Mond is trying to have his finance company make the stream of capital flow from Wall Street to the colonies and Dominions through London instead of going direct, so that England can at least play a part in this process.

But this operation cuts two ways. If England, the mother country, were to become the economic and political vassal of the United States the Dominions and colonies would not be attached to their mother country, but would orient themselves toward America — particularly since the finance company is so formed that the Dominions and colonies can turn direct to Wall Street for financial assistance. An agreement between England and the Franco-German bloc would, on the other hand, attract the British Dominions and colonies in the direction of the mother country, and would strengthen the financial credit of the British Isles so that the captains of English finance might well regain financial control of the British Empire and be able to keep it.

The only conclusion we can draw is that the effects of Sir Alfred Mond's efforts are not yet clear, however attractive they may seem at first glance. It remains to be seen what developments will follow.

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AMERICAN RIGHTS AND THE ST. LAWRENCE [1]

BY B. K. SANDWELL
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE 'MONTREAL FINANCIAL TIMES'

THE decision which has apparently been arrived at by the present Liberal Government of Canada, and which is in conformity with the policy enunciated by the Conservative Opposition at the recent Winnipeg Convention, to insist upon a purely Canadian control of that portion of the proposed St. Lawrence Canal system which will lie alongside of the Canadian part of the river, is likely to raise once again the difficult question of the nature of American rights, if any, in that great outlet from the inland waterway of the Great Lakes system.

It is just about a hundred years since the American Government, in a series of very pressing communications, sought to secure from the British Government an acknowledgment of the 'natural' right of American citizens to use this gateway to the ocean from the undeniably international waters of the Great Lakes and the Upper St. Lawrence. The British Government, however, stood firm in its resistance to any such claim, and the attempt to secure recognition of it was eventually abandoned. But while the principle has remained unacknowledged, the practical benefits of free and equal navigation of the whole Canadian inland waterway system have long been enjoyed by American citizens, as a result of various reciprocal agreements and of the voluntary action of the Canadian Government. There is not at the present time the slightest desire on the part of Canadians to withdraw or limit these navigation rights in any way. There is, however, a desire to take precautions, lest, in the process of negotiation for joint development of the waterway, any perpetual and irrevocable rights should be established in favor of foreigners, without the full measure of restrictions, safeguards, and compensations to which Canada would be entitled under modern concepts of international law.

It was found to be impossible to induce the British Government to recognize the principle of a natural right of a riverain state on the upper reaches of an inland waterway to use the lower reaches, though entirely in the territory of another state, in order to reach the sea. The British Government replied, in 1827 and thereafter, that no such limitation of sovereignty had ever been admitted by any Power except by voluntary treaty agreement. American diplomacy thereupon turned its attention to the securing of the practical results, in lieu of the principle itself, and eventually met with complete success. Free and equal navigation of the St. Lawrence was first accorded by the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, and was automatically withdrawn when that Treaty was denounced by the United States. When, after the American Civil War, the Alabama claims gave the United States a strong leverage for demands upon Great Britain, it was decided to include perpetual navigation rights on the St. Lawrence among the

[1] From the *Nineteenth Century and After* (London Conservative monthly), *April*

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terms to be exacted from the British Government in settlement. The British negotiators on this occasion included Sir John A. Macdonald, the Canadian Prime Minister. The other British negotiators would almost certainly have been perfectly willing to extend this perpetual right, not only to the St. Lawrence, but to the artificial canals, without which its navigation, in an upward direction at any rate, is not very feasible. But Sir John, with his customary astuteness, seized upon a principle to which the United States could not reasonably object, and which could logically be held to restrain the British Government from giving away any rights in the Canadian canals. This was the American principle of divided sovereignty, under which the treaty-making Power — namely, the Federal Government — is held to be debarred from interfering with the property of individual states without their consent. The United States Government could not grant to Canadians a perpetual right of access to canals owned, for example, by the state of New York; the British Government, therefore, could not be expected to grant to Americans any perpetual rights in canals owned by the Dominion of Canada. The upshot was that the two treaty-making Powers agreed merely to 'urge' upon the individual states and the Dominion Government respectively the granting of free and equal navigation in their canals to the citizens of the other Power. The British Government in this Treaty (Washington, 1871) granted perpetual rights of navigation in the St. Lawrence, not, however, in recognition of any 'natural' right belonging to the Americans, but in exchange for a similar grant of navigation rights on the lower reaches of certain rivers rising in the Yukon and reaching the ocean through the American territory of Alaska.

Both the Dominion and the various canal-owning states claim to have complied with the 'urging' of the British and American Governments respectively and to have opened their canals to the citizens of the other country in the terms called for by the Treaty. Disputes have arisen as to whether the method of opening the canals was really what the Treaty contemplated. Thus in the eighties Canada claimed that her rights in the American canals should include those of free movement in the natural waterways of the United States to which the canals gave access; that Canadian citizens, for example, should be permitted to transport goods not only to the southern end of the Champlain Canal, but on through the Hudson to the Port of New York. This claim was never recognized by the United States, and was eventually abandoned. The Americans also claimed, for several years prior to 1892, that certain discriminatory tolls in the Welland Canal, giving a great advantage to goods moving toward Canadian ports over those moving to American ports, constituted a violation of the principle of free and equal navigation by the citizens of both countries. The contentions of both parties were argued with considerable ability; but the Americans enjoyed an advantage, which was far superior to all argument, in the possession of what was then the only canal between Lake Superior and Lake Huron. By imposing similar discriminatory tolls in the Sault Canal, as they did in 1892, they were able to block completely the whole water-borne movement of Western grain to Canadian ports; and the Canadian Government withdrew its discriminatory tolls in the Welland Canal without more ado. The only point of interest that emerges from the controversy is a declaration, in a memorandum of the State Department of the United States, that the undertaking of the British Government re-

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garding the canals is not obligatory, and that the Canadian Government is entitled to withdraw the privilege of free and equal navigation in them at any time — presumably with no further result than that of losing all claim to similar navigation in the American canals.

It has to be admitted that since the time when the Americans first presented their claim to a 'natural' right of navigation in the lower reaches of international rivers the accepted doctrine of international law has moved steadily forward in the direction of a large measure of recognition of the principle thus enunciated. No state controlling the lower reaches of an international waterway would feel itself justified to-day in absolutely refusing the use of those reaches to the citizens of states on the upper reaches, or, indeed, of any other country desirous of doing business with those states. But in the words of a recent and eminent American authority, Mr. P. M. Ogilvie, such freedom of navigation is accorded 'by virtue of the voluntary modification by the riverain states of the fullest enjoyment of their jurisdictional rights,' and 'as a necessary preliminary, therefore, the interests and security of the riverain states must be vouchsafed by the execution of treaties or other appropriate instruments.' The Dominion of Canada happens to be the possessor of what is probably the most important lower reach of an international river anywhere in the world, with the possible exceptions of the Rhine and the Danube. The United States is not the possessor of any lower reaches of importance except those of its own purely national rivers. Its interest in the navigation of lower reaches is therefore readily intelligible. The United States, on the other hand, possesses a vast area of watershed tributary to the same international river which finds its exit to the sea through Canada. The Canadian conception of a proper treaty for the safeguarding of the interests and security of Canada as a riverain state is one which will secure for Canada, in exchange for the grant by her of free navigation of the lower reaches, an assurance of an uninterrupted flow of the whole natural supply of water from the upper reaches. Canada, in a word, is almost certainly willing to accept a modification of 'the fullest enjoyment of her jurisdictional rights' regarding navigation in the lower reaches, but only in exchange for a similar modification of the American jurisdictional rights over the supply of water to the upper reaches.

Up to the present time the policy of the United States Government appears to have been rigidly set against any such modification of sovereignty over the American feeders of the international waterway of the Great Lakes and of the St. Lawrence. The utmost that the United States Government has conceded, and that by revocable grant only, is the admission of Canadian citizens and authorities, injuriously affected by American water diversions, to sue in American courts with the same rights as American citizens and communities (Boundary Waters Convention, 1909). But international justice cannot be secured by any such method. The national Government of the United States has every right to impose upon particular American citizens, or particular communities of them, whatever sacrifices may appear to be necessary in the interests of the nation as a whole. It has, as Mr. Hughes has recently reminded us in his lucid Report on the Chicago Diversion, the right to close an existing channel of navigation for the purpose of improving another one, and the citizens affected by the closing have no redress. This is as it should be, when the persons or communities affected are citizens of the country whose

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government has decreed the improvement. It is not at all as it should be when the persons or communities affected belong to another nation and the injurious effect is produced within the territory of that other nation. That New York State, for example, should have no recourse save to United States law and the United States courts when water which would ultimately reach its waterways is diverted to the Mississippi is reasonable enough; it is part of the price that New York State pays for the advantages of membership in the Union. That the Dominion of Canada should have only the same remedy is not reasonable; for the Dominion of Canada is not a member of the Union and draws no advantages from it.

What the Dominion of Canada seeks, therefore, as a proper offset to her surrender of exclusive control of navigation in the Lower St. Lawrence (including those canals which alone make it really navigable) is a corresponding surrender by the United States of its exclusive control over the supply of water to the international waterway in its own territory. The United States at the present time claims — for itself or for its member states — a measure of sovereign power over the waters in the American part of the Great Lakes watershed which would entitle it to divert, if it so desired, enough water to destroy all navigation in the Canadian St. Lawrence; and if this diversion were undertaken by authority of Congress and for the purpose of improving navigation in the Mississippi it does not appear that any affected American state, let alone the Dominion of Canada, would have any rights whatever in the American courts. The Canadian view is that that same comity of nations which is alleged to require Canada to open the improved St. Lawrence channels to American citizens also requires the United States to do nothing which will seriously damage those channels; the two obligations are correlative.

But another interesting point would be raised in any discussion as to the rights of Americans in the improved channels of the Canadian St. Lawrence. It is that of the distinction between a natural and an artificial waterway. The United States claim for the rights of upper riparians in lower reaches was first advanced at a time when waterway improvements on a large scale were almost unknown, and practically all the waterways involved in such a doctrine were natural ones. There is, as has been pointed out, some ground for maintaining that the St. Lawrence never was a natural waterway in an upward direction; but it was in a downward one, and that would be enough to subject it to the American doctrine, even supposing that doctrine to be limited to natural channels. But the best opinion of international law experts to-day is that there is no distinction between natural and artificial channels; that the sole test of navigability is 'actual ability to navigate' (Ogilvie), and that 'improvements which extend the navigable course of a river . . . into the domain of an adjacent state will warrant the establishment of international rights, notwithstanding the indisputable national character of the river before the improvements were completed.' This is of the profoundest importance, for, if true, it extends the principle of internationalism, not only to the improved St. Lawrence (in both directions), but to the Mississippi in the event of its navigation being connected up with that of the Great Lakes by the Chicago Canal. Canada would therefore have the same right to demand (subject, of course, to treaty regulation, as suggested in the first quotation from Ogilvie, above) navigation rights in the Lake Michigan–Mississippi route to

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the ocean as the United States has in the Lake Ontario–St. Lawrence route; and the old Canadian contention of a right to navigate the Hudson would apparently be fully confirmed.

These considerations materially affect, in Canada's favor, the balance of advantage to be derived from a mutual recognition by Canada and the United States of the modern doctrines of internationalism regarding navigable waterways. In these circumstances it should not seem unnatural that a recognition which applies to the Lower St. Lawrence alone, where Canada has all to give and nothing to gain, is far from satisfactory to the Canadian people, even if the Porcupine and Stikine rivers in Alaska are thrown in for makeweight, as they are in the Washington Treaty. The grant of any perpetual American rights in the St. Lawrence canals, or the establishment of any situation, financial or otherwise, which would place Canada under a moral obligation to continue indefinitely to admit American citizens to the use of the canals without regard to the policy of the United States in other international waterways, or in the feeders of international waterways, would be a surrender of the sole means by which Canada could expect to obtain either this improved balance of advantage in regard to navigation or this much-needed assurance as to the preservation of her own water supply.

It should perhaps be added here that Canada has not the slightest feeling of grievance about the Chicago water diversion, except upon the matter of principle. It is fully recognized that the temporary needs of Chicago have been very urgent, and that the action of the United States Government, when once it secured recognition of its authority as against the state of Illinois, has been reasonable and considerate. If the right of Canada to be consulted about the Chicago diversion had been recognized, there would not have been the slightest difficulty about obtaining her cordial consent to measures fully as generous as those taken by the Secretary of War. The Canadian objection is to the American contention that diversion of waters tributary to the international Great Lakes and the purely Canadian Lower St. Lawrence is no business of Canada's. It is an objection to the offhand refusal of the American Government to implement the recommendations of its own International Waterways Commissioners that certain diversions (including a ten-thousand-second-feet one at Chicago) be authorized, and 'that a treaty or legislation be had limiting these diversions to the quantities mentioned.' It is an objection to the attitude set forth by Secretary of State Elihu Root when he told the Senate that 'we are now taking ten thousand cubic feet a second out of Lake Michigan at Chicago, and I refused to permit them to say anything in the treaty about it.' It is, in particular, a profound objection to this assertion of the utmost jurisdictional rights over the feeders of an international waterway by a nation which claims a 'natural' right to demand modifications of the jurisdictional rights of another nation in the lower reaches of the same waterway.

So long as the United States maintains what may be described as the Principle of Chicago, so long will Canada be inclined to maintain the Principle of Lachine. The former asserts complete sovereign control of the water flowing toward an international water-channel; the latter asserts complete sovereign control of the water flowing down below an international water-channel but flowing in a canal which is national property and in national territory. It is not a question of either principle being pressed into action.

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Canada is not putting the Principle of Lachine into action at all; American citizens have the same access to the Lachine Canal to-day as Canadian citizens, and on the same terms. The United States is not putting the Principle of Chicago into action, except in a limited and temporary form to which Canadians would take no exception if they were consulted. But the principles remain, and one of them is not likely to be abandoned unless the other is also.

THE NEW FAR EAST. II[1]

BY SIR FREDERICK WHYTE

THE ferment of Asia boils and throbs like a bubbling cauldron, here exploding in revolution, there moving more slowly in the process of change, but everywhere showing new portents of revival. Its manifestations are many and varied. Japan, awakening to new life under the roar of an American warship's guns, takes an orderly course of revolution and transforms herself from 'a frog in the well' to a modern state in little more than one generation. Fifteen years later the National Congress appears in India as the herald of Swaraj, is followed before the century is out by a more revolutionary portent in the person of Bal Gangadhar Tilak, and sways down the first quarter of the twentieth century on an uncertain course, never sure whether the road to the Right, or the road to the Left, or the Middle Way, is the best. Turkey, China, Persia, follow in their wake, each making revolutions, and sometimes making progress too. Siam throws off the shackles of extraterritoriality and the *purdanashin* Queen of Afghanistan steps out from seclusion, the latest portent of change in Asia.

Here is proof that the Unchanging East is on the move, and that we must revise our dogma of Oriental immutability. But is it proof? And are our doubts about the validity of all these Asian novelties not well founded? If the political signs stood alone, if Asia had done no more than depose an autocrat here and there, we might say that these revolutions were no more than a passing, if virulent, fever, due to an alien virus, and that when the patient recovered he would certainly return to his old ways. But there is more in the picture.

Education has taken hold of the people, the spirit of inquiry is abroad, and the scientific training of the West has awakened the mind of Asia to new tasks; the emancipation of women is a social fact of almost unlimited significance; and modern economic progress has already made wide breaches in ancient custom. True, the nature of man in Asia remains the same, and will not change except after long generations of new experience and environment. Even then he will make use of opportunities learned from us in a manner very different from ours.

This ferment of modernism has been called by many names, mostly pronounced in accents of alarm to make

[1] From the *Observer* (London Independent Sunday paper)

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our flesh creep; and when we hear of the 'Revolt against Civilization,' the 'Rising Tide of Color,' and the 'Yellow Peril,' we may keep cool heads on our shoulders and reflect that these picturesque captions are invented to catch our eye, not to convince our minds. The tide in the East is rising, no doubt, but with no such grim omen on its crest as gleamed o'er Sands o' Dee. Asia is in revolt, but not with the menace to Europe which some of our panic-stricken writers would have us believe. The whole Asiatic movement, in a word, is a reality which we must acknowledge; but its threat to our peace, progress, and power — if any is offered — is one which we can meet with equanimity. Not by any challenge to our security in Europe, not by any attack in force on the sources of our political power, can the East threaten the future of Europe. The vast numbers of Asia are irrelevant. God is no longer on the side of the big battalions, if indeed He ever was! He backs those who use best the brains He gave them.

And is there any doubt, in all practical achievement, which of our two continents uses its intelligence to greater purpose? The West has made both the *ideas* and the *things* that have revolutionized life in modern days. It sails the seas, rides the air, sends its messages in a literal flash round the whole globe, and by its mastery of nature endows itself with power which has made it supreme. Small wonder, then, that James Watt and Lord Kelvin and Marconi and Henry Ford — not to speak of the authors of Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights — have given European man the advantage over his brother in Asia, and that the advantage has weighed heavily in the scales of commerce, war, and politics. Even less wonder is it that with such equipment he has deemed himself the superior man to whom all others should pay tribute. And, in fact, he *is* the superior of others — in certain respects.

But Asia rejects our criteria, finding irrelevant all our tests of superiority and inferiority. She offers us a new view, with a different perspective; or to put it in her way, which is the true way, she offers us a very old view with a perspective *sub specie æternitatis*. There must, she says, be varieties of excellence; and she quotes in our teeth one of our own most characteristic poets who said:

> Now, who shall arbitrate?
> Ten men love what I hate,
> Shun what I follow, slight what I receive,

and she denies our right to a final judgment. The manner of her denial takes on an emphasis and a bitterness from her experience of us, at times, in the past. The revolt of Asia against Western power — far more than the revolt against the Western Powers — finds its spearhead in the feeling (which is widespread throughout the continent) that we, who are Asia's inferiors in thought and religion, should be able to lord it over her in the visible world of commerce and government.

Moreover, the past achievements of Asia, even in fields of human endeavor in which we claim to excel, are striking; and who dare say that a soil, once so fertile, may not blossom again? The creative impulse of the Asiatic may, for the moment, be on the wane; and the first results of our influence on Eastern art and craft may be so ugly as to strike dismay; but there are many processes in nature which, ugly in themselves, yet make for beauty; and in the decay of autumn there is always the promise of spring. We can but wait and hope that the ancient beauty of Asia, in fabrics of stone and wood and silk and gold, will come forth once

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more, blossoming in a resplendent summer of revival.

Meanwhile politics in Asia offer the most visible sign of change. The political life opens before her people with all the exhilaration of an untried freedom and the zest of an unlimited experiment. Politics are thus supreme; and the nations of that great continent, of which Europe is but a peninsula, have set themselves a new problem, never broached before by them or for them; and they find, at the very outset, that they are meagrely prepared by history, tradition, custom, character, for its solution.

Up till our own times, such questions as political sovereignty, the nature of the State and its relation to the People, the function of Government, and the like, have rarely occupied the mind of Asia. Neither the able, practical, secular Chinese nor the subtle, speculative Hindu has given thought to those problems of the Commonwealth which to us are the first, if not the whole, duty of man. We believe with Diana that politics is the 'first business of man,' and our belief finds expression in great libraries of political thought, from Plato to Graham Wallas. But Asia has no such store of wisdom to guide her peoples in the new paths of politics, and for that reason she seeks inspiration in the West.

In past times the Asiatic was born to a servant's estate in the realm. To-day, having expelled his traditional rulers, he seeks to be master in his own house. But the instruments of mastery are unfamiliar, and the habit of rule, or self-rule, almost unknown. In his first effort to use the imported political machinery of Europe, he finds his capacity taxed beyond limit.

Here in the crucible of politics Asia experiments with a new alloy, the materials being both Asiatic and European, the process wholly European. The whole inwardness of the Indian problem to-day, for instance, lies in the question, 'Can our ideas, in representative government based on the consent of the people, be adapted to Indian needs?' There is no quick and easy answer, as the Simon Commission probably knows already. The Viceroy in Delhi, the Legislative Assembly, the member of a district board struggling with the problem of village water-supply — all of them are working at the answer. And we need not be surprised if, in finding it, we discover that environment influences character. You cannot take a living creature out of its natural climate, change its diet and surroundings, without gradually changing its nature. And if these transformations take place in the physical world, shall they not also operate in politics?

We may live to see Parliament in Hindustan take on a new character; and the marriage of our experience with the tradition of Asia may enrich the world with a political novelty which combines the best in East and West. Or the experiment may fail altogether. In this uncertainty, alike in its doubt and in its promise, lies the zest of our time.

Not within only, but also without, change is at work. New international relations between Asiatic and Asiatic, between Asiatic and European, are in the making. The great kaleidoscope of Asia revolves with a new momentum, and the fragments move to and fro in an unfamiliar design. There is internationalism, as well as nationalism, in this new Asia; and each turn of the instrument shows certain patterns which tend to remain constant behind all the momentous changes in setting and color. Not Asia alone, but the whole world, seeks uneasily a solution of international questions and a plan of international relations which may

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some day make the sovereignties of our purely national states seem obsolete.

Even during the war three great doctrines, supra-national rather than international, emerged above the strife: the League of Nations, *Mitteleuropa*, and the Bolshevist idea. Each of them presaged a spiritual condition of Europe which would cause frontiers to lose significance; and, though each was so different from the other that they inevitably came into conflict, all three had the same birthplace, in that uneasy world-wide discontent with the purely national basis of the old European system. With the arising of such conceptions, the day of national sovereignty began to wane. And Geneva now shows what the new day promises to be.

The future of Asia is to be read in similar terms. The great mark of interrogation which hangs over its steppes and mountains can be expressed in many ways. Can this huge and diversified continent ever weld itself into one alliance of color against white? Will it find, in the new Soviet world, the way to its ambition? Or, again, can the League of Nations carry the benefit of its spirit and its method to Young Asia and thus draw the sting from the growing feud between East and West? Geneva or Moscow? is the sum of these queries, which are written on the whole landscape from Riga to Tokyo, from Angora to Singapore.

The answers are difficult to guess; but there are hints, here and there, forebodings, perhaps, of what the final answer will be.

There can be little doubt that Soviet Russia, like Imperial Russia before her, holds the chief of many keys to the problem. She is the Janus of the world. She may, like the 'Spirit of the Opening,' play a benign part in this century, or she may repeat the follies and calamities of the Tsars. She needs Europe, she aspires to lead Asia. Between revolutionary ambition and growing economic need she wavers, now breaking into orgy, now recovering to sobriety, and it is significant that the trend of her recent behavior has turned her more and more toward constructive acts in Europe than toward destruction in Asia. The conflict within her soul is not over; her warfare is not accomplished; but wisdom is awake and grows. Our part in her metamorphosis is to enable her to return, without excessive delay or irritating penalty, to the European family. For thus we shall ease Europe and save Asia from the direst conflict.

But to Moscow's eyes, looking at the horizon of the Far East, a new sign has appeared. Japan is changing course, and signals her new intention in such a way as to leave it still uncertain, for she does not know herself whither to steer, and so halts between two courses. Some observers confidently predict a warlike decision, and point to Russo-Japanese rivalry in Manchuria and elsewhere as the proof that war is coming. There is no such certainty. Japan has so prepared her own way in Northeast China that she can easily come to terms with Russia at a low price, and Russia, on her part, puts too high a value on Japan's friendship to haggle over the price. A Russo-Japanese understanding based upon a compromise of interests in the Far East is not impossible or improbable.

But whither would it lead in other parts of Asia? And what might be the fate of China if Japan and Russia should make an entente in Manchuria and Eastern Siberia the starting point for new departures elsewhere? These are queries that raise a formidable prospect, and the answers to them are of necessity uncertain. They depend on many factors, and something more

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than a reading of Japanese or Russian interests is needed to elucidate them, for they are also problems in psychology. We know that the militarist doctrine of Japanese imperialism no longer goes unchallenged in Tokyo, and that the change of mind, so evident now in the Island Empire, is leading the whole nation to a new reading of its destiny. And from that we may conclude that Japanese opinion is pliable, educable, amenable to reasonable influence. If so, our bearing toward Japan, and the general trend of public opinion in Europe, will play some part in moulding her mind and in influencing her policy.

In a word, the behavior of Europe at Geneva will profoundly affect the action both of Moscow and of Tokyo, and, as the British Commonwealth is more deeply interested in the consequences of Russo-Japanese relations than any other Power, we cannot ignore the fact that the action of British statesmen in the League of Nations will play a part in deciding the fate of two continents.

THE WAR IN THE AIR[1]

Episodes in the R. A. F.

BY H. A. JONES, M.C.

[THE following article consists of extracts from Volume II of *The War in the Air*, the official history of the Royal Flying Corps in the Great War, which will soon be published by the Oxford University Press. The narratives are authentic, having been compiled from documents by direction of the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defense. The first volume was prepared by the late Sir Walter Raleigh, whose work Mr. H. A. Jones is continuing.]

THE first Nieuports, which were greatly superior to any other contemporary fighting airplane, were received by the Flying Corps in France in March 1916. It was on this type of airplane that the first of our great fighting pilots, Albert Ball, had his early successes. His Nieuport came quickly to be feared by enemy pilots, and may be said to have been the spearhead of the achievement of the Flying Corps over the Somme.

Ball was born in Nottingham, in August 1896, the son of Alderman Sir Albert Ball, sometime mayor of the city. He showed a passion for pistols, and became a remarkable shot at an early age. He was interested, too, in engines. On the outbreak of war he joined the Sherwood Foresters, was transferred later to a cyclist corps, and while encamped near Ealing in the summer of 1915 took flying lessons at Hendon. His flying had to be done at dawn, so that he might get back to his camp for the 6 A.M. parade. He was seconded to the Royal Flying Corps in

[1] From the *Daily Telegraph* (London Independent Conservative daily)

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January 1916, and flew overseas to France in February.

Although his duty was chiefly artillery reconnaissance, his two-seater in April destroyed an enemy airplane and drove down two more. Ball was, however, by temperament a single-seater pilot. On May 7 he was transferred to No. 11 Squadron, to fly the new Nieuport Scout, and on the twenty-ninth he had the first of his long list of successes when he shot down two German machines.

Later that year, while the battles on the Somme were raging, Ball in his Nieuport had notable fights on two of the bombing raids. On August 22 he accompanied the escorting F.E.2b's of his squadron to the Warlencourt valley. The formation met about twenty German airplanes flying in three groups. Ball picked out and attacked, from under fifty feet, the rear machine of seven Rolands and sent it down to crash. One of five which he next fought went down in flames, while another, shot down with the last of his ammunition, crashed on a house.

He returned at a low height, attacked all the way, took in a supply of ammunition on the nearest aerodrome, and flew back into the fight to find that the F.E.'s had now dispersed the enemy. On his way home again Ball, with no petrol and little ammunition, was attacked by two formations, and his Nieuport was damaged by many bullets. He was compelled to land near Senlis, where he slept by his airplane, flying it next morning, after repair, to the aerodrome of his new squadron, No. 60, which had just returned to the area.

A week later he was fighting in protection of the bombers again. On August 28 he went over with the raiders to Loupart Wood and shot down three attacking airplanes. Two of them landed, apparently undamaged, in a field, but the third, which Ball fought down to within five hundred feet of the ground, crashed on to its nose.

Captain Strange, flying a Martinsyde, attacked a German airplane at eight thousand feet over the Ypres salient. The enemy turned to meet him. Both pilots fired for some time without effect, and then dived away from one another to take up fresh attacking positions. Strange was in the act of changing his drum when the Martinsyde got out of control, turned upside down, threw the pilot from his seat, in which he was too slackly strapped, and began to spin earthward. Strange had a hold, with one hand, on his Lewis gun, with the other on the rear centre strut, while his feet were caught up in the belt. After spinning through five thousand feet he contrived to kick his feet free of the belt and apply them to the control lever. He was able to right the Martinsyde, regain control, and go home again to his aerodrome.

An offensive patrol of seven Sopwiths of No. 70 Squadron which went out one morning during the Somme battle had some of the bloodiest air fighting of the day. They were led by Captain G. L. Cruikshank, a pilot who had gone to France in August 1914. His ambition was to meet Boelcke. Over Havrincourt Wood he saw a fighter below him and dived to attack. Although he could not know it, his enemy was indeed the German star pilot, who, after a brilliant duel, shot down the British airplane, to fall to pieces in Havrincourt Wood.

Another of the Sopwiths, with a pierced petrol tank and an observer mortally wounded, was compelled to land in enemy territory, and two others, badly damaged, reached the Allied lines with dying observers. The formation had been split up when the fighting began, and the Sopwiths had

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individually to fight enemy groups. Three German airplanes were reported as driven down, one of them being seen to crash, while in a further fight on the way home two enemy airplanes collided as they attacked, and one of them dropped like a stone.

On September 27 our offensive patrols found numerous enemy formations in the morning before the weather broke with drenching rain. One patrol of six Martinsydes of No. 27 Squadron was attacked near Bapaume by five biplanes led by Boelcke, who gives an account of the fight in a letter home. He tells how his first victim (Second-Lieutenant H. A. Taylor), after a brief fight, fell like a sack. He goes on to recount how he then got behind another Martinsyde, which tried in vain to shake him off, and how he was surprised, after hitting the airplane with many bullets at close range, to see it fly round in continuous circles.

'I said to myself,' writes Boelcke, 'the fellow is long since dead, and the machine is flying so because its steering apparatus is fixed in the right position. I flew therefore quite close, and saw the occupant leaning over to the right, dead in his cockpit. So that I should know which of the machines I had shot down (surely it must go down), I noted the number, 7495, left him, and took on the next. This one escaped, fighting in circles toward the front, but as I once got close under him I saw that my hits had ripped his fuselage. He also would have cause to remember the day. All the same, I had to work like a nigger.'

The pilot who would have cause to remember returned with bullets in the petrol tank, in the seat and seat bearers, radiator, engine, planes, centre section strut, and controls of his airplane. Of the remaining three airplanes of the patrol, one, riddled with bullets, was landed by its wounded pilot in our lines, and two got back undamaged.

A month later, on October 28, two De Havilland pilots of No. 24 Squadron, Lieutenant A. G. Knight and Second-Lieutenant A. E. McKay, were on patrol in the afternoon near Pozières when Boelcke, at the head of six fighters, attacked them. Soon after the fight began, six other German pilots joined in. In diving on Knight's airplane two of the enemy fighters collided, and bits were seen to fall off the planes of one of them as it glided away east, apparently under control. For another fifteen minutes the two De Havillands, by brilliant manœuvring, beat off all attacks. By this time the fight had drifted east of Bapaume, but the enemy pilots lost heart and broke off the engagement, allowing the De Havillands to make an unmolested return.

It was afterward learned that the airplane which had gone down in trouble as a result of the collision was piloted by Boelcke, that it broke up in the clouds, and that in the crash which followed the German leader was killed. In less than two months' air fighting in the Somme battle Oswald Boelcke had shot down twenty British airplanes. The airplane on which he did so well was handier, faster, and more effectively armed than anything flying against him, and all his combats were offered to him in the air above his own troops.

Nevertheless, he proved a determined, resourceful, and gallant foe, and his successes inspired the members of his own squadron and put heart once again into the whole German air service. One may regret the manner of his passing, but the spirit which he bequeathed to his service lived on. A laurel wreath, dropped by parachute over the German lines, bore the inscription: 'To the memory of Captain Boelcke, our brave and chivalrous foe. From the British Royal Flying Corps.'

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An F.E.2b of No. 18 Squadron, which was escorting an airplane taking photographs near Bapaume, came into action with many enemy fighters, but drove them off and turned for home. On the way the observer, Lieutenant F. S. Rankin, shot down one of three airplanes which attacked, whereupon the remaining two redoubled their efforts to bring the F.E. down. They were firing from behind, and the observer stood up to engage them over the top plane. He sent one of them down with a damaged engine, and was swinging his gun on to the third German machine when he was mortally wounded in the head and fell out over the side of the airplane.

The pilot, Second-Lieutenant F. L. Barnard, caught his observer by the coat as he fell and held on grimly as he climbed into the front seat, whence he was able to pull his companion back into the F.E. Barnard returned to the pilot's seat under constant fire from the enemy fighter, and found that most of the controls in his airplane had now been shot away. He succeeded, however, in getting back to the British front line, where he landed behind the forward trenches. Barnard, afterward Captain and the well-known civilian airman, was killed at Winterbourne, near Bristol, July 28, 1927, in a flying accident while testing an airplane entered for the King's Cup race.

No. 60 Squadron lost a pilot who had some amazing adventures before he was to see a Flying Corps mess again. Second-Lieutenant C. A. Ridley, who set out to land a French secret service agent, was forced down with engine trouble near Cambrai. For weeks the two moved discreetly about enemy country, picking up what military information they could. Toward the end of August they crossed the frontier into Belgium. Here, for part of the time, Ridley, who spoke neither French nor German, painted his cheeks with iodine, bandaged his head, and went about as one deaf and dumb. So disguised, he was arrested on a tramcar near Mons, but escaped by punching the military policeman who was taking him, and jumping from the car, which was moving at the time at fifteen miles an hour.

He lost touch with his agent comrade after this adventure, but ultimately, in company with a Belgian from Hal, carried a ladder to the frontier and climbed over the electrified wire into Holland, setting foot on Dutch soil in the early hours of October 8. A week later he was back on the Somme front with a mine of information on the enemy ammunition depots, aerodromes, and billets, which he had patiently compiled, under conditions of difficulty and extreme personal danger, during his two months of wandering behind the German lines.

In the evening of July 30, seven pilots of No. 27 Squadron, flying with an escort of four of No. 70 Squadron's Sopwiths, went off to bomb Marcoing. A thick mist closed over the lines as the airplanes crossed, and the pilots soon became detached from one another. Only two got as far as Marcoing.

Let one of them, Second-Lieutenant R. H. C. Usher, tell what happened. 'The patrol seemed to break up just as we were crossing the lines,' he says in his report. 'As I did n't see any signals to return, and as I still had a Sopwith with me, I went on to Marcoing and dropped my bombs, both of which fell in the village. I turned quickly round and almost ran into an L.V.G. I gave him a drum, and he went down underneath me. I saw the Sopwith take him on, and while I was changing drums I was attacked again in front by a Roland. I gave him a drum, and at the same time I heard a machine gun be-

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hind me, looked round, and saw three Rolands on my tail.

'I was hit in the leg almost immediately, but managed to give them a drum of my side gun, and they went away. My engine started spluttering, and I saw a hole in my petrol tank. My engine stopped, so I started gliding down, thinking I should have to land. Petrol was flowing all over my left leg, so I put my left knee over the hole in the petrol tank. It struck me that by pumping I might be able to get a little pressure. By this time I was about two hundred feet up. The engine started, and I was then about fifteen miles from our lines. I kept pumping hard all the time, and managed just to keep enough engine to keep going. I thought I should have to land three or four times.

'Once I had actually flattened out to land, but my engine just picked up in time. I came back to the lines for about fifteen miles at an average height of fifty feet. I had lost myself, and was so low that I could see very little of the country. I then picked up a "Horace" French biplane that was flying low, and followed him, and eventually landed at Moreuil aerodrome, crashing the machine on landing. I was feeling very weak, as I had lost a lot of blood and was exhausted by having to pump so long. After having engaged the first machine I did not see anything of the Sopwith. During the time that I was flying so low I was subject to a lot of rifle and machine-gun fire.'

A flying officer who patrols on the lookout for underwater craft must have the patience, watchfulness, and subtlety of the angler. Submarine hunting has been described by an officer who has done much of it as a serious sport in which the fish are not at all keen to rise to the fly. The submarine commander, given fair weather conditions, starts off with the great advantage that if he is wide awake and cautious he need never be seen from an airship except in translucent waters. In clear weather he may pick up aircraft some time before his own craft is visible to the airmen.

The ordinary periscope is two or three inches in diameter. If a submarine cruises slowly at, say, one or two knots, with a foot or so of periscope showing, she leaves behind simply a faint, oil-like trace which can only be picked up from the air in calm waters if the watcher knows exactly where to look for it. The scales, however, are not always weighted in favor of the submarine. In clear waters, such as the Mediterranean or the Baltic, in favorable conditions of light, submarines have been detected as deep down as eighty feet, and even in the western approaches to the English Channel they have been picked out thirty feet below the surface. But the muddy waters up-Channel and off Harwich give up no secrets.

Sea mist, clouds, the glare of the sun, skillfully used, help the airman to come unheralded upon the submarine. The idiosyncrasies of sea gulls in different waters came to be known and used. Flocks of the birds seen from the air dipping swiftly to the attack of a shoal of fish create the delusion that they are pursuing the 'feather' of a moving periscope. But it came to be known, chiefly on the evidence of our own submarine officers, that gulls in the North Sea, from either sophistication or surfeit, seldom bothered to investigate a moving periscope, whereas in the waters off the West Coast of Ireland, for instance, they would follow in its wake with blind persistence for hours.

Only an airman who has searched the wastes of the sea through countless hours can be fully aware of the weird multitudinous objects that float derelict on the surface of the water. Everything must be examined.

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There is the vexed question of oil patches as an indication of the presence of a submarine. The sources of oil from a submarine are few. The exhausts are automatically sealed when the craft dives, so that there should be no leakage when it is under water. On the other hand, there is usually enough oil from the periscope, propeller, rudder, and hydroplane bearings to give a thin trace of the direction the submarine has taken. This requires keen vigilance to follow, but to an experienced air observer under good weather conditions it is a definite clue.

Air patrols imposed caution on the submarine commanders, and considerably hampered their freedom of action. In the more important shipping lanes they made it hazardous for submarines to break surface by day. By keeping them submerged the patrols restricted their effective radius of action. When all is said, however, the whole wide network of the antisubmarine organization could for long do little more than blunt the edge of the submarine weapon.

By the end of 1916 a network of airship and seaplane patrols had been spread over the inshore waters of the British Isles. One of the few airship and submarine duels of the year took place off the Lizard on September 9. The airship C-10, while on patrol in coöperation with the destroyer Foyle, sighted two burning sailing ships, and flew on to investigate. She carried one 65-pound and four 16-pound bombs. As the pilot neared the ships he saw a submarine on the far side of them, but when he was still a few hundred yards away the U-boat submerged. The pilot searched the area, but a strong wind was breaking the surface of the water, and all trace of the submarine was lost.

The Foyle, in response to a wireless signal from the airship, had rushed to the spot, and now took up the search. After a short time the U-boat again came to the surface, but dived immediately the destroyer opened fire. The Foyle, after a further abortive search, returned and picked up the survivors from the burning vessels. A point brought out by this episode is the disability under which the airship attacks. She can be seen from a long distance, and gives an alert commander, under favorable conditions, plenty of time to get under.

Both sailing vessels were French. They had been first attacked by gunfire, after which the submarine crew compelled the French sailors, at the point of the revolver, to transfer to them food and instruments. They forced the Frenchmen also to carry and put on board the incendiary bombs which were to fire their vessels. The work was proceeding steadily when the airship was sighted. Her arrival on the scene, said the Frenchmen, came as a surprise. It seemed to be a new experience for the submarine crew, who abandoned a quantity of gear already assembled for transfer, and got under without any loss of time.

An airship from Pembroke that set out on September 9 to search for a submarine reported near Lundy Island had a remarkable adventure. The ship, piloted by Flight-Lieutenant E. F. Monk, made its station on returning at 10.45 A.M., but as the airship touched the landing ground she was lifted thirty feet in the air by a violent gust of wind, and then dashed down again. The impact carried away most of the port suspensions to the car, which turned nearly upside down. At the same instant the trail rope broke, and the airship began to rise. This process was helped, says the pilot in his report, by the wireless operator falling out when about twenty feet from the ground.

As the rapidly rising airship drifted

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out over the Bristol Channel, the pilot clambered to the top of the upturned car, whence he realized that all controls had gone and that there was nothing to do but keep his precarious seat and trust to luck. He caught a fleeting glimpse of Caldy Island from three thousand feet before he was whirled into the clouds. The next land he saw was Lundy Island, which the airship skirted at a height of seven thousand feet. About this time, and without warning, the forward starboard suspensions, which had been supporting the main weight of the engine, snapped, and the car fell into a vertical position, engine down. The pilot, as he was pitched forward, contrived to keep a hold and to scramble to a position on the axle of the undercarriage.

At 2 P.M. — that is to say, three hours after she broke away — the airship, now at over eight thousand feet, began to fall. She dropped slowly at first, but at an increasing speed, and spinning, as she came out of a cloud bank over the fields of Devonshire. She crashed near Ivybridge. Flight-Lieutenant Monk, who let go his hold just before the airship met the ground, escaped with injuries to the back.

Commodore Tyrwhitt made an ambitious raid against the airship base believed to be at Hoyer, on the Schleswig coast, on March 25, 1916. The bombing force of three Short and two Sopwith 'Baby' seaplanes, carried in Vindex, was supported by the whole of the available Harwich force, in turn supported by the Battle Cruiser Fleet from Rosyth. Leaving Harwich as day broke on the twenty-fourth, the Commodore made his way through snow squalls across the North Sea. At half-past four next morning he was well inside the Vyl light-vessel. Vindex, with supporting destroyers, went farther in and got her seaplanes away at half-past five. She then awaited the return of her bombers.

At seven o'clock two of them could be heard, and then dimly seen through the falling snow, on their way back. They were hoisted inboard, and the pilots made their reports. They had found, they said, no sheds at Hoyer. One of them had dropped his bombs on a large factory at this place, and stated that he had left the building in flames; the other had reconnoitred inland before attempting to bomb, and had made the discovery that the airship base was at Tondern. There he attempted to attack the sheds from a low height, but his bombs jammed in the carrier, and he had no alternative but to take them back as he had brought them.

In vain did Vindex wait for the return of the other three seaplanes. Commodore Tyrwhitt ordered his destroyers to sweep eastward in search of them, but they were never seen. It was known later that both the Shorts and the Sopwith, with their three pilots and two observers, had fallen into the enemy's hands. The engine trouble which brought them down was due in each case to defective magnetos.

A report was afterward received from Flight-Lieutenant G. H. Reid, one of the Short pilots, telling of his adventures. He steered a compass course through the clouds, came out low over snow-covered country, and dropped one of his three 65-pound bombs on an unknown building. He turned back and picked up and followed the coast line to Hoyer. Finding no sheds there, he flew inland toward Tondern, but was forced to turn back after eight minutes: the storm increased as he got inland, and snow which clogged the wires in the guide tubes made his controls difficult.

As he was passing over Hoyer once more his observer, Chief Petty Officer

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Richard Mullins, called his attention to a waving figure in a Sopwith seaplane on the water close to the shore. Flight-Lieutenant Reid went down on to the sea, jumped from his seaplane into the shallows, and waded across to the Sopwith. He learned that the pilot, Flight-Lieutenant J. F. Hay, had been struggling vainly for fifteen minutes to restart his engine, and after further abortive efforts invited him to return on the Short. German soldiers were seen making their way toward a group of curious civilians on the shore who had from time to time shouted unintelligible encouragement across to the seaplane pilot.

Time was pressing. The two officers returned to the Short. Flight-Lieutenant Hay climbed on one of the wings and held on to the strut as the seaplane took the air again. Their departure was speeded by the German spectators, who, innocent of any idea that aircraft from England could idle in their waters on such a morning, waved a cheery farewell — a courtesy which was reciprocated.

The Short pilot had reached the island of Sylt when the port side of the engine suddenly cut out. Chief Petty Officer Mullins, with much difficulty against the pressure of wind, climbed across to the engine, opened up the casing, and tried to put the trouble right. He could do nothing. The reduced engine power being insufficient to keep the seaplane in the air, the pilot had to turn hurriedly to reach the water on the inside of the island. Here the observer tried again to repair the engine, but soon discovered the cause to be a broken magneto which was irreparable. With the starboard side still working, however, the pilot could 'taxi' at about four knots, and he therefore headed round the island for the open sea.

They came thus laboriously to the far side of Sylt, but by this time the craft had been over three hours on the sea in addition to its time in the air, and the petrol was nearly finished. The position was beginning to appear somewhat hopeless when a desperate chance was offered. A small German sailing boat, fitted with an oil engine, was seen ahead. If the seaplane could catch up with her the officers might, with the aid of surprise and their machine gun, capture the vessel and use her for the journey back to their parent ship.

The pilot gave chase, but the seaplane became almost unsteerable in the more choppy open sea, and the sailing vessel gradually drew away. The seaplane was still following when a motor boat filled with soldiers appeared suddenly ahead to cut it off, at the same time as two German seaplanes landed on the water immediately behind. The occupants of the Short just had time to smash most of their instruments, destroy their confidential maps, and throw the machine gun overboard before they were taken. It was impossible to set fire to the seaplane; the petrol was almost finished, and everything was saturated with water.

Meanwhile the destroyers, which had been sweeping in search of the missing aircraft, had found and sunk two armed trawlers off Röm Island. When it became clear that it was useless to wait further for the missing seaplanes, Commodore Tyrwhitt ordered Vindex and her escorting destroyers to return to Harwich. The Harwich squadron was not long to move unhampered. The captain of the light cruiser Cleopatra suddenly became aware, by the glare from their funnels, of two German destroyers steaming across his bows. He turned and cut one clean in two, but the manœuvre brought him into collision with Undaunted, whose bows were stove in — damage which reduced her speed to six knots.

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AMERICA AND WORLD PEACE

AUSTRIAN AND SPANISH VIEWS

PUTTING IT UP TO EUROPE [1]

THE Government of the United States of America has repeatedly asked Europe a single question: War or Peace? And Europe must answer if history is not to blame it for having scuttled the cause of world peace at a decisive hour. Every European politician is in duty bound to consider his answer to this question and to reply to it as his wisdom dictates, without any thought of party politics.

Since there is no government representing the United States of Europe to answer the Government of the United States of America, European public opinion must answer the American appeal for peace. It is up to the people of Europe to reopen discussions about peace and not to let them peter out again. Their leaders must be forced to move in the direction of world peace, so that their governments may venture to take this step themselves.

Neither the success at Washington nor that at Locarno would have been possible if public opinion as expressed in the world press had not done its part in the work for peace. But the American anti-war pact should prove much more important than Washington and Locarno. It should open a new historic era.

Twice public opinion in Europe has weakened in this fight for real peace. The first occasion was after Wilson's arrival here. At that time European public opinion should have backed his programme with all its strength. It should have supported him so completely that he would have been able to carry his ideals against the opposition of realistic politicians. Because Europe left Wilson in the lurch, America followed suit. Wilson's tragedy consisted in the fact that he never got in contact with the people of Europe, but only with their governments, and that the people of Europe did not marshal their forces and support him as against their governments.

The second time that European public opinion dodged the issue was in the case of the Geneva Protocol. On this occasion, when France and England found themselves at loggerheads because of the difference in their political and geographical situation, Europe should have prevented these discussions from breaking up and should have kept the subject alive until some kind of Anglo-French treaty could have been arrived at.

And now again the world finds itself in a similar condition. This time it is not France and England, but France and America, who are experimenting with different methods for securing world peace. Europe must not allow such divergences of opinion to stifle the will to peace. Every politician and every journalist should devote all his strength, all his imagination, and all his initiative to bringing these two opposing tendencies together and causing some far-reaching action in behalf of peace.

[1] By Count R. N. Coudenhove-Kalergi, in *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily)

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The contrast between the American and French points of view is the result of the contrast between American and European mentality and geography.

The United States of America is the one Great Power on its continent. None of its neighbors threatens it in a military way. France, on the contrary, has two Great Powers as neighbors, and the population and birth rate of these two neighbors are greater than the population and birth rate of France. A section of public opinion in both these nations is strongly anti-French.

Whereas the United States of America, being conscious of its unassailability, can afford to go in for moral assurances of peace, such an attitude is impossible in France. The latter country cannot deny the assurances of peace that the League of Nations affords; it cannot dispense with the security promised by the Locarno Treaty; nor can it afford to give up its system of alliances. France cannot be accused of lacking the spirit of peace if it prefers these few birds in the hand to a dove of peace in the bush.

In point of fact, prompt acceptance of the Kellogg peace pact by the Great Powers would lead to the outbreak of a European war. Most of the smaller European states owe their existence and security entirely to their alliance with some Great Power. The adoption of the Kellogg pact would tie the hands of the Great Powers, and in this way the small states would be helpless, abandoned by the Great Powers. If, for example, after the conclusion of the Kellogg pact some great European Power attacked Switzerland in order to annex that part of it where its fellow countrymen lived, the other three great European Powers would not be able to stop it. And in the same way France would not be able to interfere in an Italian-Yugoslavian or a German-Polish war.

The psychological differences between France and America play almost as important a rôle as geographical differences. Kellogg's offer breathes the magnanimous spirit of America, but it also breathes the spirit of unlimited optimism and Christian Science. Evil shall be outlawed. It shall be put away and ignored. In other words, the Kellogg pact takes no account of a broken treaty or a war of aggression; it is all built on trust and good will. Yet this moral basis would be shattered if the treaty contained clauses providing for a breaking of the treaty and a war of aggression. It is clear on the one hand that this treaty permits a nation to indulge its natural right to defend itself, but it is also clear that if one party to a treaty breaks its provisions the other party is no longer bound by those provisions. Such a clause is absent from most treaties of alliance, and it would in this case shatter the basis of international good faith and moral effort on which the whole Kellogg pact rests.

America's optimism opposes the pessimism of France, and America's moral propaganda is lined up against the legal propaganda of France. The latter country has undergone too many invasions to exchange a minimum of security for mere moral support. It is quite willing to be given idealistic guaranties that cover much more ground than real guaranties, but it feels that nothing can be effected without the real guaranties at least. It is only human for France to be distrustful, with so many bitter experiences behind her.

As soon as we recognize the fundamental elements of Franco-American misunderstanding regarding world peace we have a chance to overcome them. This chance consists in differentiating between intercontinental problems of peace and European problems.

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If there were a Pan-Europa, then the United States, Japan, the British Empire, Pan-Europa, and the Soviet Union could sign Kellogg's treaty without further ado and world peace could be erected on this basis. It is only the fact that Pan-Europa does not yet exist that makes it impossible for the great European Powers to exchange the real assurances of European peace for moral compulsion.

The practical way of bringing the Kellogg pact into being without disturbing European peace would be as follows. Germany, France, Great Britain, Italy, and Japan should conclude five identical individual treaties with the United States on the basis of the Kellogg offer. Japan should then conclude a similar treaty with the European Powers. All European Powers who have diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union should then invite Russia to make similar treaties on the basis of both sides recognizing and guaranteeing the Russo-European boundary.

Great Britain should conclude with the three other great European Powers treaties similar to the Kellogg pact but qualified by the obligations she undertook at Locarno. European nations belonging to the League should conclude on the basis of the League pact a regional treaty that would forbid them from waging war with each other under any circumstances except when they were executing a duty approved by the League. All other disputes should be arbitrated. This Pan-European regional pact would inevitably be concluded under the auspices of a Pan-European Conference after the European Great Powers had come to an understanding as to its fundamentals. England could either enter this pact on the same basis as the Continental Powers or it could seal a separate anti-war pact with all the European Powers.

The basis of the system envisaged by this treaty would be as follows: —

1. Fundamental acceptance of the American anti-war proposal as the basis for dealings between the United States, Japan, and the various European Powers.

Under this system the assurance of peace between America and Japan would be guaranteed by humanity at large. Moreover, the acceptance of the Kellogg anti-war pact would be the strongest assurance of world peace that exists in the field of practical politics.

2. Abandonment of the theory of sanctions in intercontinental dealings between nations. This theory of sanctions merely permits all World Powers who are strong enough to divide the rest of the world, and for this reason Russia and America have remained out of the League of Nations and England has abandoned the Geneva Protocol. A world-embracing peace pact can only be based on good will, trust, and moral unanimity. Naturally, this effort to assure peace is limited; it makes a new war unlikely, but not impossible. On the other hand, the elastic character of this system of peace tends to localize a war between two Great Powers in case such a war should break out, whereas a system of alliances automatically makes any war a world war and neutrality becomes out of the question.

3. Continental localizing of war instead of the present tendency of the League of Nations to universalize all wars by means of sanctions against the aggressive party.

A conflict between European states would threaten American peace as little as a conflict between American states would threaten European peace. World peace would then be as little threatened by a war between Rumania and Hungary or between Mexico and the United States as it is threatened to-day by a conflict between England

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and the Irish Free State or between Russia and Georgia.

4. Recognition that assurance of international peace must be accomplished outside the League of Nations in the case of the United States and the Soviet Union, while the assurance of European peace can only be effected by the regional development of the Geneva system.

Perhaps, therefore, the American proposal will lead to a change in the League of Nations pact whereby the League will be more important in Europe and less important outside Europe. But such a change would not be permanent if it were really to lead to assured world peace, for the League of Nations is not an end in itself, but merely an instrument to assure world peace. Therefore the interests of peace must always precede the interests of the League of Nations in so far as these two sets of interests tend to conflict.

5. European nations must be as eager to live at peace with each other as the different states in America or the states in the German Reich or the cantons that compose Switzerland.

Action of the League against a revolting member must not be looked upon in Europe as war in the international sense. Without some means of coercion it is no more possible to have peace between twenty-six European states than it is possible to govern a country without laws and police. Europe is too small and too overpopulated to be able to tolerate national hatred. A more closely knit Europe is therefore the only hope.

6. The achievement of this system of treaties only partly assures peace.

Where there are no sanctions the natural right of a nation to defend itself remains, and every constitutional state recognizes it. No Great Power and no group of states would hesitate to take up arms if they were attacked in spite of the anti-war pact. Therefore this international pact actually renounces only wars of aggression, although it ostensibly draws no distinctions between wars of aggression and wars of defense. The only thing is that, if no state attacks another, peace is assured.

The moment has come when European and world peace can both be assured on this basis. It would be a sin to let this moment which may be one of the most decisive in the history of the world pass by without doing everything in one's power to achieve some kind of understanding.

The tremendous desire for peace slumbering in all classes and all nations of Europe must be awakened into a huge single concentrated popular movement for peace. Christianity, the leading European religion, has a great and real mission here, and it is only necessary for its believers to impart practical meaning to the Lord's Prayer 'and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.' All Christian pulpits should preach the fact that anyone who says that prayer while his heart is full of hatred for his neighbor invites God's punishment and not God's forgiveness. It should be taught that Christianity cannot tolerate hating a nation or wishing to wreak revenge on a nation. Pacifism is therefore the necessary consequence of a true understanding of Christianity.

Europe should learn from America, where most Christian churches played an important part in moulding popular opinion and thus assured the success of the Washington Conference. At that time millions of letters demanding peace were mailed to President Harding, and innumerable churches prayed successfully for this work of peace. The same thing should be done in Europe.

During the last few months the

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Catholic Church, to which three quarters of all Europeans belong, has opened a powerful offensive against national chauvinism under the leadership of the Vatican, and in this way has done important work toward assuring European peace. The non-Catholic churches of Europe, led by Archbishop Söderblom of Stockholm, have also worked for European peace. It is to be hoped that religion is strong enough to permeate political life and infuse into it the spirit of peace. If this can be achieved, then all Europeans of every faith and every belief who are men of good will can work together and coöperate against the dwindling minority whose purpose is to blow up Europe in order to win money and honor from such a catastrophe.

Women in particular should take part in this campaign of public opinion, for during the last war women suffered immeasurably. Their one political mission is to fight for peace. It is no coincidence that the recognition of women's rights has occurred in the same historic epoch when the fight against war has also been taken up.

Only when European public opinion awakes from its lethargy and compels its governments to demand peace will the prophetic words of the Gospel take political shape, two thousand years after they were spoken: 'Peace on earth to men of good will.'

WHAT IS WAR?[2]

From the point of view of the world community, the Briand-Kellogg 'conversations' are perhaps the greatest event since the Covenant of the League of Nations entered into force, and, if 'event' sounds too sanguine, let us say 'promise.' In politics the difficulties of the Atlantic gap are the reverse of those which obtain in aviation. The political ocean which separates America from Europe can be more easily bridged westward than eastward. President Wilson's flight ended in disaster for him and for the world. It is 'up to us' to help Mr. Coolidge to succeed where his predecessor failed.

Nor, to speak candidly, is it possible to say that the French Foreign Office, in its capacity as Europe's spokesman, has been so far very fortunate in its delicate and responsible task. What was — what is — the task before European statesmen to-day? Speaking, let it be repeated, from the point of view of the world community, it may be defined as the fostering of such circumstances, and the creating and strengthening of such relations, as will bring about a firmer coöperation of the United States in the responsible work of the organized world community. From this point of view the Briand-Kellogg conversations are here discussed.

The origin of the conversations could not have been more auspicious. American and French initiative and ideas are so inextricably mixed in it that neither side could claim full credit for whatever results may follow — surely a most favorable condition for objective success. It is an open secret that the initial idea was suggested to M. Briand by Professor Shotwell, of whose quiet and effective work the history of American-European relations may some day have much to say. M. Briand took the matter up boldly, and, through the American Ambassador in Paris, submitted to the American Government a draft pact of perpetual friendship between France and the United States, condemning recourse to war, renouncing it as an instrument of their national policy toward each other, and agreeing that a settlement of disputes arising between them, of whatsoever nature or

[2] By Professor S. de Madariaga, in the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily)

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origin they might be, should never be sought by either party except through pacific means. On December 28, 1927, Secretary Kellogg answered that the two governments 'might make a more signal contribution to world peace by joining in an effort to obtain the adherence of all the principal Powers of the world to a declaration renouncing war as an instrument of national policy.' Let us note, therefore, that from the very first the American proposal contains two fundamental ideas — renouncing of war as an *instrument of national policy;* a pact *open to all.*

At this juncture things began to turn awry, not through any objective difficulty, but merely as the result of psychological differences. Europe is complex and complicated. America is simple and even *simpliste.* Europe looks before and after and wants to take in all space in every one of its steps and all time in every one of its minutes. America believes in one idea at a time, and a simple idea at that. France is, even for Europe, a specialist in foresight. Foresight is perhaps her main quality, and therefore often acts as her main defect. Paris began to worry about the possible consequences which such a wide undertaking might have on the system of sanctions, which she considers necessary to guarantee the effectiveness of the Covenant, and so the French Government suggested (January 5, 1928) that, if the pact was to be multilateral, the war to be renounced should merely be aggressive war. Washington asked for explanations on this point (Mr. Kellogg's note, January 11), and the Quai d'Orsay answered (January 21) with an involved statement which was bound to be — and was — construed in Washington as meaning that either the word 'aggressive' was inserted or else the pact suggested could not be reconciled with the obligations undertaken by League members under the Covenant. The fat was in the fire.

Behind Mr. Kellogg's proposal there was the whole outlawry-of-war movement, initiated in Chicago by Mr. Clayton Morrison and Mr. S. O. Levinson, and led in Washington by no less a leader than Senator Borah. The unfortunate French answer presented this group with a powerful argument. Nor is it an easy argument to refute. For in actual fact the proposal made to France by Mr. Kellogg is perfectly compatible with the Covenant. The suggestion of Covenant obstacles was therefore singularly unfortunate, both dialectically and politically. That there are other obstacles we are about to show, but such difficulties as there are arise from practical and not from theoretical considerations. The best course at this stage would therefore appear to be to accept the Kellogg proposal in principle, without any reservations, which are in fact unnecessary, and to propose a round-table investigation of its implications and possibilities.

First of all, what does a state actually renounce when it renounces war as an instrument of national policy? Merely aggressive war. Whether Washington — or should we rather say Chicago? — likes it or not, 'aggressive war' and 'war as an instrument of national policy' mean very much the same thing for practical purposes. The two terms differ only in that 'war as an instrument of national policy' is the vaguer of the two, and therefore, particularly for the French, the more dangerous. There are two directions in which this vagueness may give rise to serious concern. Does it prevent sanctions? Does it prevent defensive wars? It cannot be held to prevent sanctions, since sanctions are an essentially international undertaking. Yet French anxiety here is excusable in view of the undisguised objection to the

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whole system of sanctions which typifies the outlawry-of-war campaigns. We are here in the presence of a gap between two irreconcilable opinions. The outlawry-of-war school does not believe in sanctions; it sees in them nothing but alliances under a new name; its remedy for war is a plebiscite, which in each nation would outlaw war and entrust to each separate people the punishment of its own criminals. At the other extreme the French official view, and that of several other European nations, is that sanctions are the very foundation of the Covenant. Truth, as is her wont, walks a middle path. Sanctions, if, and when, they come to be applied, may take an altogether unexpected turn; yet sanctions are a necessary element in the Covenant, for they provide a salutary moral pressure, at any rate in the form of uncertainty as to the chances of success of an unprovoked attack. There is room here for friendly discussion.

The way out might possibly lie in a definition of war. The Covenant embodied so rapid a progress in international law that its concepts outstrip its vocabulary, and the very merits of its substance render this form inadequate. An international action undertaken in the service of the world community should not be considered as war. The term 'war' should be restricted to correspond in international relations to what a duel or a free fight is in interindividual relations — that is, a private affair undertaken independently of the community. To extend the term 'war' indiscriminately to private wars of this kind and to international actions undertaken in the service of the world community is tantamount to refusing to see a difference between a duel, on the one hand, and a fight between a policeman and a murderer on the other. The matter deserves to be studied in itself, since it is — to say the least — doubtful whether a Covenant-breaking state can be granted belligerent rights. This is one of the points on which a friendly discussion with the United States might bring about far-reaching results.

There remains the question of defensive war. Is it forbidden? Here the term chosen by Washington cannot be so easily upheld, for, after all, it may be argued that the defense of the nation is national policy, and in this light a defensive war would be an instrument of national policy. It is obvious that such is not the spirit in which the phrase has been put forward, but its wording might justify the argument. The question is crucial, not in itself, but in what it implies. There is no doubt that the Kellogg pact, though tacitly, allows defensive war. The state against which the defensive war would be waged would have *ex hypothesi* broken the pact, and therefore released the state on the defensive from its self-denying obligations. Yet the matter cannot be left to rest there. Who is to say that there was an attack? Who is to say that a particular use of force is a defensive war?

It is evident that a state which offers to renounce all but defensive wars (and that is what the American proposal means, despite its, in appearance, unqualified condemnation of war) renounces nothing at all so long as it retains the right to define when it is fighting a defensive war. The question of bad faith need not be raised — though it should not be overlooked. The fact is that, in most perfect good faith, states are wont to consider that any and every war they feel inclined to fight is a defensive war. At the very moment when it offers Europe and all the nations of the world a pact renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, the American Government is engaged in operations which

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many people, both in the United States and abroad, consider a war. Whether a war or not, the Nicaraguan operations may, or may not, be an instrument of national (American) policy, but, in any case, there is room for argument and opinion. This fact eloquently shows that a mere pact renouncing war (whatever that may mean) as an instrument of national policy (whatever that may mean) is not going to prevent a nation from undertaking operations which a considerable proportion of the world may be unable to discriminate from war. Something more is wanted. Means must be devised to guard against possible divergences in the estimate of acts of sovereignty. Somebody qualified for the task must represent 'the standard of a wise man's judgment.'

The American nation is apt to judge Europe somewhat too severely, overlooking the obvious difference in balance of power between the two continents. The Nicaraguan case has not led to an American war, because there is no American nation strong enough to stand up to the United States. That conclusion is obvious to any reasonable and impartial observer of the Havana Conference. An identical situation in Europe would have led to a European war, and almost certainly to a world war. Europe, therefore, cannot accept as practical politics a pact which events show her to be considered as compatible with armed intervention in a foreign country. Our American friends would go grievously astray if they were to interpret these remarks in the light of an ungenerous *tu quoque*.

No constructive work can be effected in international affairs except on a mutual assumption of sincerity, good faith, and good will. Europe, whose experience of the difficulty of international peace is greater both in theory and in practice than that of America, is bound to be more exacting than America as to the actual value of a proposal in terms of peace. Washington must know that the pact it invited Europe to sign goes but two steps farther than the solemn resolution passed by the League Assembly in 1927, the two paragraphs of which are reproduced almost exactly in the two paragraphs of the Briand-Kellogg proposal — (*a*) 'That all wars of aggression are, and shall always be, prohibited'; (*b*) 'that every pacific means must be employed to settle disputes of every description which may arise between states.'

It goes two steps farther because it would no longer be a mere resolution of Assembly delegates, but a pact ratified by governments and parliaments; and because it would add to the declaration of the members of the League the plighted word of the United States. Europe and Japan are sure not to underestimate the importance of this progress, but the United States should not overestimate. Its move is in the nature of a beginning — a first step. *Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.*

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HOW THE KAISER ABDICATED[1]

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ALFRED NIEMANN
FORMERLY OF THE GERMAN IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF

[WE are publishing below a vivid and lively description of the great catastrophe that occurred at German Headquarters on the ninth of November, 1918. The author, Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Niemann, was a General Staff officer attached to Headquarters, and, since he had been a member of the Kaiser's intimate circle from the disastrous days in August, he witnessed the whole collapse. Niemann's book contains extraordinary, fascinating, and sensational information, to which we shall return later. To-day we shall merely publish the passage that describes the catastrophe itself, the last act of the great tragedy, and that provides an historically valuable addition to other facts that we already know. Niemann's earlier chapters give a dramatic and compelling picture of the approaching calamity, which kept growing more terrible as it drew near. Austria is facing collapse, the eastern front has been shattered, and reports of uprisings in all the cities of the Reich are coming in. — Editor of the *Neue Freie Presse*]

November 9. — Early in the morning I am with General Groener. He speaks in monosyllables, and is firmly convinced that the army's supplies are threatened by the serious uprisings along the Rhine. Strong revolutionary movements have also broken out among the troops along the front, especially those in the rear divisions.

'Does the Kaiser know that the situation is growing more serious?' I ask.

'We are expecting a report of conditions within the hour. Numerous officers from the front have met at Spa to report on the morale of the troops. Their information will be laid before the Kaiser.'

The telephone calls me to the Villa Fraineuse, where the Kaiser is established. The house in front of me, with its graceful towers, stands in the middle of an extensive park full of trees, and looks as if it were made out of sugar. You pass through the marble entrance hall into a big conservatory, through whose lofty glass doors you see a wide lawn dotted with trees. On your left is the dining-room, and on your right a reception room with a little cabinet leading out of it, where the adjutant on duty is stationed. A broad stairway leads from the entrance hall to the Kaiser's quarters on the next floor. There is nothing fancy, nothing conspicuous; the quiet, harmonious simplicity of English architecture prevails.

The Kaiser has already prepared himself for his morning walk. His expression is deeply serious, but lacks any traces of nervous tension. We walk through the entrance hall and outdoors. The sentry from the Rohr Storm Battalion who is now on duty stands at stiff attention. The Kaiser nods to the man in a friendly way.

'I shall remain near the house, so as to be on hand if any of the gentlemen

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna National-Liberal daily)

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wish to speak with me.' The distance is concealed by a heavy autumn mist that drips gently from the branches. The last dead water-soaked leaves fall to the ground from the almost bare trees. But the damp air is refreshing, and makes your blood run faster.

The Kaiser talks about the growing flood of Bolshevism that is inundating Austria Hungary and is now preparing to overwhelm Germany. It would be mad to prolong the war in the face of this terrible danger that threatens not only Germany but all Europe. The Kaiser feels it his holy duty to erect a dam against this madness. We must not stop hoping that our enemies will recognize how much all European culture would be endangered if Germany succumbed to Bolshevism.

I entirely agree with the Kaiser. Futhermore, the situation of the army is seriously imperiled by the revolutionary uprisings. 'We can conquer this difficulty by swift military action,' announces the Kaiser. A chasseur runs up. Field Marshal von Hindenburg and General Groener have received the report. The Kaiser turns his steps back toward the villa.

'Come with me.'

We enter the conservatory, where we find the two representatives of the General Staff, as well as General von Plessen, Freiherr Marschall, General Count von der Schulenberg, and Secretary of State von Hintze. After brief salutations the Kaiser remains standing by the table to the left of the door. His eyes are fixed expectantly on the Field Marshal.

The latter, speaking in a trembling, deeply emotional voice, begs to be released from having to read the report, and asks that General Groener make the necessary explanations. It would be impossible for him, the Field Marshal, to say to his King what has to be said.

The haggard countenance of the Kaiser turns a shade paler. He walks transversely across the room to the chimney place, where a wood fire is faintly glimmering, and leans against the mantelpiece shivering. He nods silently, inclining a little to the right: the First Quartermaster-General shall speak. General Groener goes on to describe the conditions behind the lines, the perilous situation of the army in the field, and comes to the conclusion that the army is no longer to be depended upon. The troops at the front, and especially the contact troops, will soon be infected with revolt. The essential supply base on the Rhine has fallen into the hands of the revolutionists, and a fight with them would be impossible and fruitless.

Count von der Schulenberg attacks this argument. No doubt the army as a whole is no longer useful, but certainly there are numerous groups which can be depended upon absolutely. If we make the army understand how traitorously the navy has stabbed them in the back, how a handful of slackers and war profiteers are threatening to cut off the supplies of our fighting forces, then we shall have a real battle cry.

General Groener denies these arguments. It is too late for such measures. The army is so undependable that if it were asked to turn on its countrymen fearful bloodshed would result within its own ranks. The Kaiser says no. He will not have it. After four years of war, there shall be no fighting of all against all. The Armistice is at the door. As soon as it is signed the Kaiser will lead the army home in perfect order. Everyone agrees.

'The army will return home peacefully and in an orderly fashion under the command of its generals, but not under Your Majesty's leadership.'

The Kaiser's eyes blaze with rage, his face lengthens, he steps toward

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General Groener, exclaiming in a sharp, trembling voice: 'Excellency, I demand this report from you in writing. I will have it in black and white from all the commanding generals that the army no longer stands behind its supreme war lord. Has not the army sworn the oath of military allegiance to me?'

'Under such conditions it is a fiction,' replies the General. The Field Marshal attempts to smooth matters over. To judge from the reports that have come from the front and from behind the lines, neither he nor General Groener can be responsible for the dependability of the army. The Kaiser's face hardens. Another illusion, another chimera?

The Kaiser betakes himself to the park, where small groups have formed. Anxious questions, dubious headshakes, general lack of confidence.

A telephone message fills them with excitement. The Reichs Chancellor's office announces that blood is already flowing. The High Command denies this report, but the situation is very serious, and the troops cannot be depended upon. I question Colonel Heye, who has talked with officers from the front: 'What's the news?'

'Almost entirely unsatisfactory.'

The Crown Prince enters the garden, and father and son greet each other with a firm handshake. The advisers are summoned, and gather around the monarch and his successor. Colonel Heye joins the group. He denies that the army is to be used against the people behind the lines. Against foreign enemies it will continue to fight bravely, but against its own countrymen — no. Almost all the officers who were questioned on this point had been doubtful.

Yet His Majesty cannot doubt that the troops will protect the person of their Kaiser, and he decides that he will renounce his imperial office if the domestic situation becomes intolerable, but that he will remain King of Prussia under any circumstances, and in that capacity will stay with the army. We sit down at the hastily laid breakfast table. The Kaiser stiffens and bites his upper lip nervously. Conversation is impossible. Hardly a single comprehensible word is spoken. Anxious minutes pass, and on every face the same silent question is written: What will the next hour bring?

The Kaiser has returned to the conservatory. His state of inner tension is eased. But his abdication has not been sent to Berlin. Must that step really be taken? Is there any responsible German government? The Kaiser will beg Prince Max to remain in office until arms are laid down. The Prince will be responsible to the Field Marshal, to whom the Kaiser will hand over the Supreme Command. The conversation now becomes a succession of pros and cons.

Where shall the Kaiser establish himself? The Crown Prince begs his father to join the army, and Count Schulenberg supports this plea vigorously; he is disturbed by the indecisiveness prevailing at Headquarters. 'No. Why?' answers the Kaiser. 'That may look like fear. I will remain here, with my faithful supporters about me.'

Spoken like a king.

In the doorway leading to the reception room a head appears and an anxious voice cries: 'Will Your Majesty have the kindness to come over here for a moment?' The Kaiser leaps up, and the Crown Prince follows. I enter the dining-room. General von Gontard has just come in, holding a piece of paper in his trembling hands. He breathes hard, his teeth are chattering as if with cold, and tears are streaming down his cheeks.

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'The Kaiser and Crown Prince have been deposed.'

Is this faithful supporter suffering from delirium? No. There it is in a telegram in black and white.

'The Kaiser has abdicated as German Emperor and King of Prussia. The Crown Prince has renounced his rights to the throne. Ebert has been elected Reichs Chancellor.'

A coup d'état whose first coup is a flat lie! The Kaiser returns to the conservatory. 'Treason. Shameless, rebellious treason!'

He will not submit to this kind of intimidation, and he will rescind his summons to Prince Max. The Crown Prince is ready to depart, carrying this news to the troops under his command. With feverish haste the monarch covers one telegraph blank after another with his protests. The situation demands cool consideration. Count Schulenberg will have a talk with the Field Marshal. 'I can rely on Your Majesty to stick with the army?'

'You know my decision, Count.'

In the Field Marshal's quarters the situation is carefully weighed. The formation of a grand headquarters seems to be under way, but the members of the Rohr Storm Battalion refuse to use their weapons against their own countrymen. The army is in complete revolt, and serious news pours in from the German frontier. The Herbesthal railway station has already been occupied by murderous crowds. But are these messages true? No one doubts them; everyone is convinced that the revolution is in full sway. When the calamity finally occurs a place of refuge must be provided for the Kaiser. The Dutch boundary is near, but is there time for the necessary preparations?

Field Marshal von Hindenburg, General Groener, Secretary of State von Hintze, Herr von Grünau, General von Plessen, and Freiherr Marschall have themselves announced to the Kaiser. 'What is it?' The situation has become much more serious. The Kaiser must consider fleeing to a neutral country. 'I cannot guarantee,' says the Field Marshal seriously, 'that Your Majesty will be able to slip through the hands of mutinous troops and get to Berlin, or that the Revolutionary Government will not take him prisoner.'

Things indeed seem to be in a bad way. The Kaiser has already been informed that the Second Division of Guards, which had been withdrawn to Spa, is no longer dependable. All right. The Secretary of State may make the necessary preparations for the move to Holland.

The great question now is: What shall the Kaiser do? The prospect of his being seized by mutinous troops becomes increasingly probable. 'Flee,' he exclaims, 'while the Empress, the children, and the grandchildren stay at home, threatened with all the dangers of a popular uprising? No. A thousand times no.' The order has to be rescinded. The car must be hitched to the royal train, ready to depart, ready to carry the monarch to the army, although his life is at stake; for he will stick it out to the last, come what may.

But at the last minute, at ten o'clock in the evening, Herr von Grünau suddenly begs to be allowed to present an urgently necessary scheme to His Majesty.

The Kaiser proceeds to the door of the restaurant car. General von Plessen and General Freiherr von Marschall follow him. Herr von Grünau develops his scheme at great length. He announces that the situation is now out of hand. The revolt threatens to spread from Aix and Eupen to Spa. Revolting troops are marching on Spa, and the

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revolution is flaring up everywhere. They are cut off from the front and from home, and the Field Marshal and Secretary of State beg the Kaiser not to lose an hour more. Flight to Holland is the only solution of the difficulty, and from there the Kaiser can best look out for the Empress's welfare. After deliberating a little, the Kaiser gives in. 'If it must be, so be it, but not until early to-morrow morning.' He cannot be accused of having feared death. Without looking behind him, the monarch walks to his quarters, and with tears in my eyes I take my leave.

AMERICA AFTER THIRTY YEARS[1]

BY J. B. ATKINS
EDITOR OF THE LONDON 'SPECTATOR'

WHENEVER, during a recent visit to the United States, I was asked — as I continually was — whether I had visited America before, I felt inclined to say, 'Yes, thirty years ago; but I might just as well have never seen the country before.' The transformation is indeed complete. It would be impossible to say this, or anything like this, of a European country.

Revisit a French, a German, an Italian, or a Scandinavian town after many years, and you may find many changes in architecture and social custom, but everything you see calls up old memories; the changes are a growth upon a core that has remained. Perhaps London has changed more than any European city in the past forty years, for we have passed, and are still passing, through a great building age, though many Londoners seem scarcely to be aware of it. But London, with all that is in London, is always plainly recognizable by a returned visitor.

In the United States I revisited cities which have had the centres plucked out of them; the buildings have been 'torn down,' as Americans say, though we in our milder way should merely say 'pulled down.' Most of the older cities are being replanned. I did not visit one of importance where formless buildings were not giving place to official or quasi-official buildings mostly conceived in a manner of simplified grandeur by the accomplished American architects of to-day.

I had never forgotten the thrilling aspect of New York as seen from the harbor when I first approached it at dawn one morning in the spring of 1898. The Himalayan sky line of the towering buildings, the aerial pinnacles sparkling in the sunlight while the water at my feet was still a heavy gray, had always remained in my memory as the most wonderful scenery of human contrivance I had ever seen. Once more I approached at dawn. I waited with an agreeable impatience to see this vision of enchantment rise again from the water before me. Unfortunately — as I supposed at the moment — a mist swept down upon the harbor before the ship reached the

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate Conservative weekly)

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Statue of Liberty, and I gazed despondently at an opaque screen behind which all the fog horns in the Western world seemed to be sounding.

I was not to be without my thrill, however, and a very good one, too. Suddenly I became aware that the screen seemed to be darker in parts, and a moment or two later I became aware of the 'downtown' buildings of New York reaching up spectrally into the skies in a frowning and menacing proximity which was not what I had looked for but was amazingly impressive.

The skyscrapers of 'downtown,' as I used to know it, have swept uptown. Hotels and private houses — no longer private houses — which used to be reckoned 'uptown' are now 'downtown,' or at least, let me say, in 'lower middle town.' The new skyscrapers are double the height of the old ones. A few are displeasing, but the best, like Woolworth's, are stupendous achievements of pyramidal masonry, seeming to tell you every time you look at them that strength can reside in apparent lightness.

Those who think of London as congested beyond all bounds of safety and comfort might consolingly alter their standard of judgment by watching the traffic of New York in the rush hours. The turmoil is beyond belief, or at least it would have been beyond my belief if I had not seen it. It has been estimated that if all the persons employed in the buildings of New York 'downtown' went into the streets at the same time upon some word of panic, there would not be room for them to stand. Already the difficulty which the staffs of business houses experience in reaching their offices punctually in the morning is so great that some firms have been trying the experiment of 'staggering' the hours — that is to say, working in shifts.

There seems to be no remedy in prospect. The configuration of New York, an isthmus between its rivers, prohibits ordinary solutions. And New York is growing as fast as ever. Each new subway — or, as we should say, tube — that is opened immediately reaches the saturation point in passengers.

A friend advised me to go to a certain junction on a subway during a rush hour if I wished adequately to measure the congestion. I went there, dropped my nickel into the turnstile, and shortly found myself on the platform in a crowd which seemed to sway from a weight of its own, invisibly and involuntarily exerted. But really there was no crowd there by comparison with what appeared in the train which just then arrived. There was such a jam among the people standing in the car that it was obvious that if a person had his hands above his shoulders or at his waist he could not hope either to lower them or raise them until the journey was ended. I saw one girl who seemed to be unusually tall until I perceived that her feet were not touching the floor.

Two or three people got out of the car opposite to me, and this no doubt theoretically made room for two or three to get in, though entrance looked impossible. Two girls on the platform made a dive for it. I think they were stenographers. At all events, I am paying them the compliment of believing that they belonged to that attractive class in New York who turn themselves out superlatively well and who are so skillful in choosing and putting on their clothes that I cannot help believing that the dictatorship of the world's fashion is in process of passing to the United States. The effort of these two girls to enter the car was enthusiastically if violently supported by a conductor. Inside each door of

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these trains are two upright posts. The conductor grasped these in his hands and with barbarous kindness planted his knee in the back of one of the girls. He then forced them into the scrummage within. I reflected that in London one of them would have slapped his face. But they were grateful to be in, and as the train moved off smiled their acknowledgments.

It was a puzzle to me how men and women can endure the daily journey to and from offices 'downtown' in New York and yet save enough energy for their work. Perhaps in the bright air of New York, steeped in Vitamin D, these mercurial and happy people are able to live indefinitely on their nerves without arriving at exhaustion. The fountain of youth was once sought in Florida, but New York would have been a likelier place for the search. New York is a city of youth, with the speed of youth, merciless but fascinating. Men and women must, after all, tire and fall out, yet one can hardly picture such a thing happening. Their disappearance is covered up by the absorbing and intimidating spectacle of the city's daily life. Walt Whitman knew what he was talking about when he wrote: 'I avowedly chant the great pride of man in himself.' New York, the greatest city in America, has not only a tremendous pride in itself, — a thing that every New Yorker carries about with him, — but a positively unquenchable spirit.

Talking of the habit of hurrying, an American friend gracefully told me a story against himself. He had been visited 'downtown' by a Japanese whom he wanted to take to his home somewhere 'uptown' for luncheon. At one of the junctions in the subway he pulled the Japanese out of the train, rushed him across to another platform, and shoved him into another train that was about to start. 'I thought,' said the Japanese when he had recovered from his surprise, 'that the train we were originally in went to your station?' 'So it does,' said the American, 'but I saw that we could change to this train, and now we shall save a minute and a half.' 'And what,' asked the Japanese simply, 'are we going to do with it?' My friend admitted that to this relevant but unexpected question he had no answer. The conventional assumptions of the West were faced, tested, and found wanting by the philosophic inquiry from the East.

When I was in New York in 1898 I was justly warned against taking a cab. Cabs were then drawn by horses, and heaven alone knew what one might have to pay for even a very short distance. Now the New York taxis are among the cheapest and best in the world. Not that progress can be anything but slow 'downtown.' If you are in a hurry during the crowded hours, you had better walk or get into a train if you can. The system of automatic red and green lights at the street crossings seems unreasonable in theory, — to Englishmen, anyhow, — but in practice it works well. At brief regular intervals the red changes to green, and the traffic which has been automatically stopped can proceed. In the main thoroughfares the automatic signals are replaced by the purely human judgment of the police, but off the main streets in New York — and everywhere in many other cities — the automatic system is supreme.

It is annoying, until you have become used to it, to be held up by a red light when the road ahead of you is clear, but, after all, the halt is not a long one, and a clever taxi-driver, with an accurate sense of speed, can drive for considerable distances so as never to be compelled to change gear or have a red light against him. The pedestrian, too, can time his speed so as generally

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to find a crossing clear when he reaches it. This system is possible in the rectangular layout of an American city, but it would probably be impossible in British towns, with their twisting streets and oblique approaches to central places.

New York gave me an instant impression, which was afterward confirmed everywhere, of the almost immeasurable rise in the standard of living during the past generation. No nation in history has ever enjoyed such a generous distribution of wealth as that of the United States. It seems safe to predict that if the progress continues, or even if the present distribution can be maintained long enough, poverty as measured by all its customary manifestations will disappear.

New York has not the characteristics of a city of the Eastern seaboard, though it is placed there. It is a city apart, something unique. It is the most cosmopolitan city in the world; you can pass by a hundred people without seeing a Nordic face. It has become the greatest Jewish city in the world. And as the large district of Harlem is now almost entirely given over to the colored people, I am not sure that it is not also the greatest negro city in the world.

A miracle of modern history is the way in which the Anglo-Saxon ethos, emanating mainly from New England, impressed itself upon the millions of alien immigrants into the United States throughout the nineteenth century. Of course, the Anglo-Saxon character had extraordinarily powerful weapons for moral conquest, the chief of which was a language which had the institutions dear to Anglo-Saxons embedded in it, and which presupposed personal liberty and a growing democracy. One of the most binding and civilizing forces which the wit of man has ever devised is the English Common Law, and this too was at the disposal of Anglo-Saxondom. Finally, the customs of these Anglo-Saxons were Puritanical in derivation. Perhaps the greatest wonder of all is that a Puritan standard of conduct should have been impressed upon a large portion of the congeries of people who were making the new American nation.

It could not be expected, however, that these influences would continue supreme. That they will remain, and remain permanently, I am convinced, but no one can mistake the signs that the forming influences of to-day are coming not exclusively from a small band but from many and various sources.

M. André Siegfried has predicted in his acute critical analysis of American conditions that the determining influences in the next generation will be found in the Middle West. There is much in what he says. The great producing cities south of the Lakes, with Chicago as their centre, have a constantly growing population and wealth, and they represent a part of the country which seems to be invulnerable against misfortune. All about these great cities are fertile agricultural plains which make the Middle West self-supporting. I know that it may be said that Chicago is no longer in the heart of the Middle West, but I am using the term 'Middle West' in the sense in which it has for a long time been accepted. M. Siegfried seems to think, then, that the authentic voice of America will be heard for many years to come neither from the East nor from the West, — though the progress of both West and South is prodigious, — but from the Middle. Englishmen who have not visited the United States are apt to think of the man of the Middle West as a Babbitt, a figure of fun. Indeed, one American complained to me that 'Babbitt' is being used in

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Britain as though it were a synonym for 'American.' But Babbitt is no more than he pretends to be, and no more than Mr. Sinclair Lewis says he is — a type indeed, but typical only of many of the small fry who swim in the great pond of business and industrial production in the Middle West.

Everyone who has revered in the past the American spirit that was cultivated by Emerson, Hawthorne, J. R. Lowell, Washington Irving, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Walt Whitman, Adams, Lincoln, Hay, and so on up till almost yesterday, must feel some concern about the guidance of the next American generation. But though there may justly be a sentimental anxiety, there is no reason whatever for political alarm. It is true that those states which are becoming of increasing importance are geographically remote from Europe and hitherto have known little of our affairs and have cared about them less. Even distance, however, is closing in. A few years more and the fact that the Middle West is a self-sufficing community, never in want of markets though it is far from any of the great seaports, will be found to be irrelevant. The speed of communication will obliterate distance, and meanwhile, as though preparing for its task, the Middle West spends an incredible proportion of its wealth on education, on enlarging its universities, on museums and the arts.

When I was starting for my visit to America, an Englishman who is not by any means ignorant of America said to me: 'I wish you would find out why the Americans hate us so just now. Of course, they are always a bit touchy. Anyhow, I advise you to avoid certain subjects altogether. For instance, no good can be done by talking in the present circumstances about naval affairs.' My answer to my friend must be that in no city, nor on any journey by the way, did I come across a single instance of hostility or incivility. I found nothing but friendliness, warm-heartedness, and a lavishness of hospitality which is almost beyond belief. And this is in spite of my disregard of my friend's advice to avoid naval affairs.

It happens that I am deeply interested in that subject, and it would have been very irksome to me to avoid it. So I took the risk, and discovered that when a willingness to disagree amicably was frankly avowed there was everywhere a desire to discuss the matter as though it were an interesting topic of political dispute but contained nowhere any danger of a rupture. This was my experience even among strangers in trains. I met several Americans who confessed that they were 'big navy' men, but not one who did not say something of this sort: 'If we have a navy, we ought to have one adequate to our needs. Why should n't we? We are a great nation, and if we have a navy at all we ought to have a mighty good one. But as for thinking of war with England — why, that has never entered our heads!'

The main truth about our dealing with the Americans seems to me to be this — that the manner in which you approach them counts in importance about ninety per cent, while logic, accuracy in argument, and so forth, count only about ten per cent. The Americans as a people are mistrustful of professional diplomacy, though I cannot help saying that negotiations would be easier if they built up a regular diplomatic technique. As it is, they are attached to a high idealism which often expresses itself nebulously. They are sentimentalists often in politics, but always in social affairs. They will empty their pockets for a cause, or a 'drive,' which has touched their hearts

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and their imaginations. The important thing, therefore, is for us to recognize a good intention when we see it, and not to run the risk of estranging them by an instant professional precision in the use of words until we are sure that we have started in their company toward a particular objective. When the journey has begun they will not want to go back for silly or pedantic reasons. Then will be the time to say what we have to say out of what we think is the maturity of our wisdom. Then will be the time to argue about what is practical and what is not.

The American Constitution, that sacred and almost unchangeable instrument, is in itself an illustration of what I mean. It combines a good deal of the political philosophy of revolutionary France with the hard sense of the English Common Law, and the average American does not always perceive that the one has less practical value than the other. He can be led by a phrase. That fact accounts for his belief that his Republic is naturally and necessarily more democratic than Britain, whose hereditary President bears the title of King. Not many but the scholars and historians remember that, whereas the American revolutionaries fixed their conception of democracy in a document a hundred and fifty years ago, British democracy has continually expanded, so that representative government long since gave way to responsible government and the cabinet was made directly responsible to Parliament. While not a single veto is left in the British polity, except in the hands of the people themselves, the President of the United States has a degree of personal power that has not been borne by anybody here for more than a hundred years, and the Senate, with its rule of a two-thirds majority in foreign affairs, is able to veto almost any proposed treaty.

Unless one understands the preference of aims to methods in the United States it is almost impossible to see daylight shining through any negotiations we may have with Washington. I remember being startled one day when I picked up an American newspaper and saw on the front page in three parallel columns items of news which seem to be flatly contradictory. One column contained a proposal by Mr. Kellogg for outlawing war without any reservation whatever. The next column contained news of the war in Nicaragua between the American Marines and Sandino and a speech by a member of the Government justifying the campaign. The third contained details of the large naval building programme which had not then been appreciably reduced by Congress.

It is very much harder in the United States than it is in this country to say what public opinion is. It is inevitably concerned more with State events than with the outer world. Even some of the largest newspapers which are plentiful with news are scanty in comment. Some of the most thoughtful and illuminating articles I read in America were in weekly reviews which correspond to such weekly reviews here as the *Nation*, the *New Statesman*, and the *Spectator*, but I was told that these papers reach but a small public. I found it difficult to buy copies casually.

We and the Americans certainly think differently, but we desire the same ends, and anyone who agrees with me that coöperation between America and Britain should be the cardinal point in our policy must be mad if he is willing to let any discussion break down because Americans begin by answering businesslike questions about the particular kind of brass tacks to be used with lofty aspirations. When all the causes of misunderstanding have

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been ransacked, it remains true that the Americans agree with us more easily than with any other people on earth, and that even when our relations with them look bad they are not nearly so bad as 'foreigners' are apt to think them. There are so many ways of thinking and of acting — as many as there are people! As Emerson says: 'Raphael paints wisdom, Handel sings it, Phidias carves it, Shakespeare writes it, Wren builds it, Columbus sails it, Luther preaches it, Washington arms it.'

THE FRENCH SOUL[1]

BY ÉLIE FAURE
AUTHOR OF 'A HISTORY OF ART,' 'NAPOLEON,' ETC.

VANITY and the fear of ridicule are the most salient traits in the French character. This seems strange, since vanity is nine times out of ten the source of ridicule, but it is true just the same. It is true because the Frenchman surveys the vanity of others, turning it into ridicule as soon as he grasps it. To his own vanity, however, he does no such thing, but turns it into ridiculing his neighbor. That is what it means to be more fond of society, conversation, and fashion than any other nation in the world.

Everyone here in France spends his time observing what is going on outside of others, and not what is going on inside of himself. There is no country where people discern smaller motes in other people's eyes or where the longest session in front of the mirror fails to reveal such large beams in one's own. Among Frenchmen these things 'are not done'; yet they still believe in the miracles of Lourdes.

The greatest sons of France are not exempt from this fault, even those who have most clearly revealed it. If Descartes is the purest representative of French reason which pushes self-satisfaction so far as to recognize itself blind to the burning realities of poetry and faith, Stendhal is the most illustrious specimen of the French vanity which he denounces, and which he carries so far as to obscure his own lofty intelligence behind the childish attitudes that he strikes.

The fear of being fooled by other people and by sentiments that he does not experience makes the Frenchman his own dupe, and the dupe of the sentiments that he does experience. By escaping the mousetrap he falls into the elephant trap — or the other way round, if you prefer it. Did not Goethe himself, who was much taken with the genius of France, draw attention to this characteristic of belittling what is big in the belief that it makes one's self appear larger? The Frenchman, to be sure, does not fail to love his heroes. Quite the contrary: as soon as he has discovered such a man he exaggerates his importance enormously. The reason for this is that he always chooses the nearest possible person in order to prove to himself that he too is of a similar breed. His vanity creates a colossus whose own stature he

[1] From *La Grande Revue* (Paris Liberal literary monthly)

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himself nearly equals, and to whom for that very reason he devotes a cult by which it is impossible not to be touched.

One lovely evening I was seated at dinner with a typical and charming French family. There was manifest good-fellowship between the parents and the children. The atmosphere was good-natured, slightly critical, but always gentle. One breathed a kind of abandoned grace, and each individual's vanity expanded just a little because the group, standing shoulder to shoulder, presented to the few strangers present a united smiling company. One of these strangers — it was I — had seen Renoir during the day. Another had seen Deschanel. Everyone interrogated this privileged person with passionate eagerness, and Deschanel's smallest words were devoured. A tender pride illuminated the faces of all present. With feverish interest they gathered in every detail of what the illustrious man had said, what he thought, what his attitudes were, what clothes he wore, how his voice sounded, and whether he was simple. And when it appeared that Deschanel was a simple man, an impressive silence followed, and some of our eyes were filled with tears.

When my turn came, they listened in uncomprehending politeness, smiling distantly but discreetly when I described the senile weakness into which the old painter had fallen, and I soon understood that I was not interesting the company. I stopped talking and held my peace. I feared that I had laid myself open to a reproach, if it is a reproach, frequently leveled against the French character. After all, in attempting not to be taken in by a great man, do we not sometimes let ourselves be taken in by a little fool?

Certainly such adventures keep befalling Frenchmen, who have thus won the reputation for lightness of touch and sufficiency they enjoy abroad; for they do enjoy it — that is to say, they like it. For fear of falling into the snares that grandeur and novelty lay about us, the Frenchman cultivates an incredible ignorance of men and things. Beyond doubt he has a keen feeling for ridicule. Unfortunately, however, ridicule consists of everything that he himself as an individual and France as a nation lack. Emphasis, passion, originality, nationality, depth — all these things are ridiculous, and genius most of all. But when the Frenchman does accept genius, he does not do it to appear ridiculous, for his idea is at once accepted by those around him — it is the rule. The one thing that is not ridiculous is never to depart from the rules as established by Frenchmen. In consequence, official personages, soldiers, professors, priests, and unheard-of men with decorations are the only ones who really make an impression in France, where men are respected only through institutions. The Frenchman mocks people who put rings through their noses and plumes on their heads to distinguish each other, but he garnishes his buttonhole with various colored ribbons so as not to be confused with someone else — although this is exactly what happens as a result of what he does.

How well I remember a sick lady during the war who was indignant because wounded officers did not wear stripes on their nightshirts. The newspapers rail at any poor soldier who goes to battle barefoot when, of course, this soldier is not a Frenchman; yet they complacently describe how some academician's dress coat ought to represent the summit of intelligence, since it was made by a famous tailor.

This self-deceived vanity automatically misunderstands virtues and ex-

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alts defects. Its virtues are so evident that there is no need to mention them. But don't throw its defects in its face. 'They describe defects,' said Machiavelli, 'as if they were victories.' Really admirable during the war, they announced, before it began, that they were betrayed, in order to save themselves some glory in case of subsequent reverses.

Why did the Germans have machine guns? Why did they dig trenches? Why did they wear uniforms that were so hard to see? Were they really playing the game? And who could have foreseen that Cæsar would dig pitfalls and use chevaux-de-fries at Elesia? The Frenchman is always complaining about other people, and rarely accuses himself.

Often, however, he does accuse 'the French,' but his mania to label all his defects 'French' is merely the complement to his other mania, which is to look upon all these defects as virtues when they are reflected on the screen of his own personality. Since his only ambition most of the time is to be vice-president of some gun club, of a charity, a society of stamp collectors, or a musical group, his self-knowledge is confined to speaking favorably of himself, for his only courage lies in the kind of bravery that makes you close your eyes in order to inflame an audience whose eyes are open. He mistakes individualism for individuality, just as he mistakes words for acts and rationalism for reason. The good opinion that the Frenchman has of himself relieves him of the necessity of caring about liberty, because he does not have the same good opinion of others that he has of himself, and also because this good opinion of himself limits his spirituality and actually forbids the conquest of liberty. It makes him an equalitarian who is convinced that in spite of the law he will be able to excel others, who are prevented by the law from passing his own level. A man who understood the French well and who knew that their faults could be borne once they were recognized as the source of their virtues spoke these decisive words: 'They always have to keep their vanity on the alert. When will they change it for a little pride?'

I have always had the impression that this change was impossible. It would shatter their machinery and would replace it with a different mechanism whose wheels would not work in such a way as to make the French so original and so great as they have been at certain moments of their history. These incessant contrasts occur not only between one province and another and between one period and another, but within the same province and the same period. These contrasts, which make the French so incomprehensible to other nations, and even to themselves, are merely specific aspects arising from particular circumstances and governed by a very definite determinism. If, as I believe, vanity is their most common fault, we must admit that they would be mistaken to renounce it. I have mentioned Elesia and the war, but I have said nothing about the Crusades, about Orléans, Ravenna, or the Marne. Collective or individual vanity, and collective vanity in particular, can make ten or a hundred thousand vain individuals who are associated together produce, for a few days or a few hours, without any preparation, without any equipment, perhaps without any purpose, one of those astonishing miracles that give France the supernatural aspect of a divine archangel.

Must all these unexpected outbursts when a whole nation acts like a single man be laid to vanity even if each of the individual elements is only

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governed by vanity? Is there not on such occasions a sudden sublimation of the individual that runs like a flame from one man to another, binding them all together for a single moment? And is not the summit so heroically attained because no material interest animates any of these individuals, who are inspired only by the beauty of the gesture they are making? I believe so. Individual vanity is invisible in a crowd seen from a distance. 'Do not regard the individual by himself,' said Michelet. 'Contemplate him in the mass, and especially in action. It is above all in moments of peril, when a July sun is shining down on some celebration, that fire suddenly responds to fire and that mortal bullets whiz back and forth. At such moments stupidity becomes eloquent, the coward becomes brave. This living dust of ours takes on new life, scintillates, and becomes marvelously beautiful. A burning poetry arises from the mass and makes itself heard in the bells of alarm and the echoes of the fusillade.'

Such is the contrast that will arise on certain occasions. One seldom finds it in the individual gesture when one follows an existence that was glorious in the drama of war but banal in peace time. It is in the relation between the individual and the crowd in action that this contrast comes out most strongly, and when we study its glory in an isolated individual he only consents to reveal its presence if he is considered as a member of the crowd one day and is convinced the next day that he is free from all responsibility toward it.

For the Frenchman is a social person who makes a point of acting, and, to his own mind, acting well, under the admiring gaze of everyone else. It is in danger, and particularly when death threatens, that all the social virtues of public action appear. When danger is distant, when peril is imaginary and publicity has vanished, his vanity, having no other end but itself, resumes its ordinary appearance and its ordinary demands. With insignificant people, in whom it is the dominating fault, it becomes sociable instead of social and expends its best efforts in the fragile worldly pursuits of fashion, politeness, and conversation. One makes an effort to please one's neighbor, and in doing so deploys all one's resources to give one's self as seducing an appearance as possible.

Of course, this involves certain great social advantages. In striving to please, the Frenchman often makes himself liked and obliges himself to like someone else, but there again he is duped, duped by his vanity. He is seldom hard, rarely wicked, and almost never cruel. French colonization owes its surprisingly rapid success to this expansive familiarity, this self-satisfied good nature that embraces all its surroundings.

To please, to keep on pleasing until death and even beyond it, to feel admiration or love in those who surround you — that is what comes from simple politeness and immolation of one's self. To laugh at death, to laugh while dying — how many have not played this game to the end? Frederick the Great said of France: 'It is perhaps the only nation that finds a source of pleasantry and gayety even in misfortune.' First of all you make others laugh. This arouses your own courage. Then you awake their courage, and it flatters you.

But this line of procedure has still better points. Laughter is not only a sign of lightness of touch. It runs a wide gamut. Gloomy people who never laugh lead an almost entirely animal existence. Laughter breaks all equilibrium, and ought therefore to play a considerable rôle in a nation that really

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needs to find some stable equilibrium. One need not believe that the surface of a people, however mobile it may appear, has nothing to do with the depths beneath. Small surface currents may well exert an influence far below. Ridicule, which the French cherish because there are very few occasions to which it can be applied, is an object of observation in the case of certain powerful spirits who, like everyone else, have their absurd side or sides and do not fail to discover this weakness in themselves.

Molière, a sick man and a deceived husband, made the sick man and the deceived husband the object of his most constant raillery and laughed at himself to amuse others — and at least this was not vain of him. During the war I remember an unfortunate man whose head, having been pierced by a bullet, was being shaved and washed in order to have the wound dressed, and who shouted in a joking voice, 'Here's a shampoo that cost me something.' He was no metaphysician, merely a man of the people.

Laughter, therefore, is perhaps the most common and noble arm of sociability that the French possess. It presupposes a continually active sympathy and offers up a ready sacrifice. The Frenchman, being very fond of himself, imagines that everyone likes him, but after one of his acts has been disapproved of by others he pretends that everyone envies him, always believing that he has acted with the best intentions. This happens because his actions, like himself, do not distinguish collective activity from individual activity, nor do they discern the determinating rôle that circumstance plays.

France is not calumniated or misunderstood. It is because we know that she is capable of the greatest things that we generally look upon her as being beneath whatever task she has in hand. A fire does not break out every day, and in any case something must be found into which one can throw one's self. And if this enthusiast, carried to unsuspected summits of ability because he feels everyone's eyes upon him, shows himself at such moments miraculously clearsighted and joyously heroic, is it any wonder that after he has put out the fire nothing he does strikes him as cowardly or unworthy? How can we explain a man who spontaneously delivers some nation he never heard of and then crushes his enemy to earth when the fight is over? How is it possible to understand the simple soul of a person who is always afraid of the vanquished enemy once the excitement of battle has subsided, and never fears the enemy who has conquered him because his vanity would refuse to admit such a fact — a person who never believes in his own defeat or his own victory? These sudden changes of conduct produce the sudden change of feeling in others.

Perhaps the most astonishing thing is to investigate those extraordinary contradictions in French life that have nothing to do with the nation's dramatic history. They crop out so frequently in everyday affairs that it is hard to tell where to begin in describing them.

It is particularly easy in this domain to perceive with some surprise what great things can be accomplished by futile motives, to say nothing of the useful things that might have been achieved by a little more reflection and a little more continuous effort. There is no doubt that the longing for approbation that has always characterized France has also been the principal cause of that constant sociability which is generally recognized as one of the most essential factors of universal civilization. One might say that the desire to please, to be liked, admired,

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and followed had more influence than any ideological faith in animating individuals to go on crusades or throw themselves into the Revolution.

Once we are well convinced that the chief preoccupation of the French people is to develop a system in which it would be agreeable to live, and which this people seems to have attained in many respects, how is it possible to explain why France lets its children die more indifferently than any other well-run nation does, and, although it is inconsolable when they do die, refuses to distract itself for a second from its social cares and take the trouble of learning the benefits of fresh air, water, and light, and to understand that elegant clothes may conceal complete negligence of health?

The phrase is flowery, but the feet are dirty. It is more important to make a good appearance than to amount to something. Marriages of convenience are much more common than love matches. I shall not attack the French woman, who is so generally superior to the French man, and is perhaps the noblest woman in the world through her courage, her unpedantic dignity, her intelligent faithfulness, her spontaneous, simple, judicious, unliterary genius. Few men, on the other hand, are capable of profound, exclusive, permanent love in which sensuality and spirituality are not confused. To most Frenchmen love presents itself as an extraconjugal adventure, repeated as often as possible. It is more amusing than exciting, more comic than tragic, and from it one can feed one's vanity both in the presence of one's friends and in that of one's future mistresses. Adultery is no more frequent than it used to be; it is merely less secret, having become more a social game than an affair of the heart. I do not say that this is bad, or even absurd. I do not say that there is any force in life more capable than this one of producing great things. I simply say that it is impossible to understand the situation if we do not first admit that the most childish vanity may become an element of grandeur in such a nation as this. Love of a vain thing is certainly not the best way of creating a great soul, but love of a great many vain things is perhaps the best way to create a great nation.

The apparent contrast between the tragic ethnic variety of France and her almost imperturbable sense of proportion is a most surprising paradox, for France is able to go on living through the intellectual and moral expressions of her genius. France is the Occidental highway through which all the great migrations have passed, most of them having been attracted by the richness of her soil, the healthfulness of her climate, and the loveliness of her countryside. May not her ignorance of the psychology of other nations be attributed partly to her instinctive efforts to absorb all these foreign elements? Should not the only complaint be that she fails to understand them in so far as they are reshaping her own character, just as they should be condemned for misunderstanding her for the same reason?

There is no more mongrel nation, none where such frequent and violent national mixtures have occurred. England, Spain, Holland, and Germany have one by one or simultaneously thrust the sword of their nationalities to her very heart, and have thus had her own vanity and flippancy thrust upon themselves. It must also be added that virtually the same races, or at least the same mixtures of races, have been pouring in for twenty centuries, invading the same regions, traversing the same roads. This has given French thought and action a constancy

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that is indeed singular in the light of the nation's inconstant sentiments.

If, for instance, the tendencies of the Mediterranean spirit seemed to dominate from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century and the German spirit in the thirteenth and nineteenth centuries, each accentuation was caused by a too sudden inflow from either Italy or Germany as a result of war or commerce. Such periodic accidents, instead of shattering French equilibrium, have furnished new materials for the nation's spiritual edifice. These sudden bursts of coöperation are integral parts of her genius and of the vitality of this genius, which has undergone periods of repose or failure which have made France the only nation in Europe that has been a constant source of production and invention for ten centuries. Should we not discover in these accidents the source of that strange synthetic faculty that suddenly seizes upon the crux of any problem and fails to draw practical conclusions because this problem has ceased to be amusing or because its complexity suddenly seems too great? 'Here,' says the Frenchman, 'is what must be done.' And it is his neighbor who does it. Did n't Kipling say in effect that France was the first to discover an idea and the last to adopt it?

In any case, her ethnic variety has given France her unique skill at mastering *all* forms of expression with a talent corresponding to the various elements of which she is composed. Music and philosophy seem to be the almost exclusive language of the Germans, lyric poetry and the novel of manners belong to the English, the Spaniards go in for the theatre and dramatic painting, the Dutch for still-life painting, the Italians for sculpture and architecture, and the Russians for psychology and music. French history has all the time been replete with musicians, philosophers, poets, novelists, dramatists, painters, decorators, sculptors, architects, and psychologists comparable in power to the greatest of those who have expressed through these various mediums the genius of the nations that surround her.

If the portrait Cæsar painted remains true, if the Frenchman is an amusing mixture of ostentation and sociability, of the spirit of hospitality and boastfulness, of curiosity and intemperance, of bravery and cowardliness, of generosity and thoughtlessness, of fickleness and eloquence, he is also more skillful than any other nation at bringing a keen objective judgment on himself. He is also endowed with a singular ability to measure his own potentialities, thanks to these innumerable lightning flashes that keep bursting forth as a result of his desire to please. The French nation is indeed the most intelligent nation in the world, which undoubtedly explains why it never pauses to reflect.

The whole spiritual history of France is therefore measured by the quality of its ethical reaction to its ethnic state of anarchy. No other nation has tried to give such precise historical expression to the forces that have maintained it. First of all, architecture has been its most constant language, because through architecture it is best able to arraign its own weaknesses, and because through this art a group of men are best able to organize themselves in such a way that they are flattering to behold. And there has been no art since the time of the Greeks — who were infinitely more monotonous — that bears more eloquent witness to the elements of method, balance, and clarity that characterize French intelligence and that contrast so strongly with the disordered impulse that appears on its surface.

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Architecture is so much the language of France that we find in it the essential elements that lie behind the country's most varied manifestations. If France was able to master all forms of expression with equal skill, her mastery always took an architectonic aspect. I refer not only to gardens — a flat form of architecture that lays out trees and bodies of water in rectangles, and makes flat stretches of ground play the same part that blank walls do in a building. It is the same story in all other fields. The Alexandrine, the cæsura, and the rimings of versifiers as well as the rimes of the greatest poets, that masculine monotony of French verse, all of Descartes and all of Pascal and Bossuet, bear the profound imprint of this preoccupation with measured rhythm and symmetrical cadence that the image of a monument invariably evokes.

It seems as if the constant effort for agreement between so-called irreconcilables met with absolutely opposing principles — on one hand the preoccupation with music and sentiment introduced into the Celtic atmosphere by influences from the North, and on the other that taste for constructive policies characteristic of the Breton peninsula interested in statecraft and questions of law. The eternal contrast between the North and the Midi districts is not a vain one, and they seem to have come in contact in the basin of the Seine, whose contributary streams from the left bear with them the influences of the Provence and of the Languedoc, and whose contributary streams from the right bring the atmosphere of the Germanic marches. . . .

Thus before our eyes arises the supreme paradox whereby the nation that has received the most continuous and mighty stream of immigration for centuries and has been incessantly absorbing various ethnic elements has also maintained more static desires than any other nation — desires which have been expressed so majestically in French architecture and method. Without any doubt, it is because the social upheaval keeps increasing in France that the Frenchman's need of change, his surface mobility, his immediate temporary obedience to every passing intellectual current, provokes a salutary intellectual reaction, finally bringing him into a state of equilibrium. The fact that the vital conditions of this people are in this permanently dymanic state creates their invincible static quality and keeps singling them out as the centre of attraction or the centre of repulsion for all the other nations of the world. France is condemned to a perpetual martyrdom of being misunderstood by others and by its real self. It periodically injects into its mobile substance factors that its irreducible rationalism always promptly rejects. But all unawares these factors stabilize the country, and the country and these new elements do not recognize each other. Furthermore, the Frenchman cannot do without the world any more than the world can get along without him. This is in some respects an enviable destiny, but it is also a tragic one, because it demands continual bloody sacrifice.

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THE NEW OXFORD DICTIONARY[1]

CELEBRATING A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

With the issue of the last remaining section of the letter W, that monumental and inalienable public possession, the New English Dictionary, is at length complete, or as complete as gradual delivery has permitted; for no sooner is it defined than a supplementary volume, containing the words which usage has coined since page after page went to press, becomes necessary. From first to last our Dictionary has taken seventy years to make; and it is forty-four years since the first part came out. To original subscribers its conclusion must bring two feelings — delight as they behold it, neither less nor more, upon their shelves, and regret for the cessation of leisurely perusal in successive and manageable fascicules. The entire work is heavy to wield, and fifty guineas, whether for ten volumes or for twenty half-volumes, is the lowest price; but its readers have long been aware that there is no dictionary in the world to compare with it. 'And the knowledge of names,' says Socrates, 'is a great part of knowledge. If I had not been poor I might have heard the fifty-drachma course of the great Prodicus, which is a complete education in grammar and language, — these are his own words, — and then I should have been at once able to answer your question about the correctness of names. But, indeed, I have only heard the single-drachma course.'

The latest statistics about the Dictionary inform us that it contains 15,488 pages, 178 miles of type, 50,000,000 words, 500,000 definitions, and nearly two million quotations; but these things by themselves are ciphers. Letter by letter, however, the editors, with the only display of pride that they have allowed themselves, have been in the habit of explaining by figures the exact degree of superiority of this Dictionary over others. They have also picked out, under each letter, a number of words whose successful treatment has given them special satisfaction. Some idea, too, is revealed in the prefaces of the immensity of the whole task, of the systematic reading and slip-collecting, the repeated subediting and proofreading; and, taken as a whole, the names of the participants, all volunteers but for a small professional core, represent the flower of learning for some three or four generations. Otherwise the editors disdain to expatiate upon their littered stage, and indulge in none of those emotions common in older times among lexicographers when writing their prefaces. There are no gloomy Johnsonian self-reproaches; no references to calumny and detraction; no comparisons with the labors of the anvil and the mine; no bland requests for forgiveness of errors known to be there but unaccountably left uncorrected; no prayers for bodily powers to be vouchsafed; no thanksgivings for health spared. Fashion, conscience, and circumstance have made obsolete the old stock-in-trade of prefatory moralizing. There is not even

[1] From the *Times Literary Supplement* (London weekly literary review)

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an epilogue; nor would the concluding section, now out, by its position in the whole work, allow of one.

Many as the years have been that have gone to its making, and immensely larger as the Dictionary is than anything that its heroic originators at first contemplated, it emerges as an expression of the national genius for what is practicable. The idea with those at different times responsible for it has always been to bring the Dictionary out, however much hope has had to be deferred and though editor after editor has had to forgo the dream of seeing completion. But in this way the nation, whose property and whose glory the Dictionary is, has escaped a great danger. It is not inconceivable that in other countries ambition might have turned not to a dictionary but to a thesaurus, a monster of an incalculable period of gestation, the vision of academies but the nightmare of men who wish to serve their generation. Those who are curious about the possibilities of a thesaurus should look at the account of the project, now abandoned, for a Greek thesaurus as it is told, not without a dry humor and a sense of relief, in the preface to the new Liddell and Scott. The *coup de grâce* seems to have been given it by a healthy but eleventh-hour skepticism. Even supposing, said criticism, that the slips were at length cut and housed, what master brain would find time to sift and bring intelligence to that chaos, whence would the 10,000,000 marks for the printing be raised, and, on the hypothesis that scholars could afford to pay 6000 marks for a work of 120 volumes, who finally could read and use such a monstrosity? Common sense saved our Dictionary from becoming a thesaurus, even if difficulties unforeseen at the beginning necessarily made progress slow.

Looking back over seventy years — and it is right that we should look back to that brilliant band of amateurs who founded the Dictionary — it is easy to see what these difficulties were, though there are signs that they might not have been fully realized but for one or two accidents. If the first editor, Herbert Coleridge, had had health he might possibly have forced on the printing, as he had hoped, about the year 1862; but the nation must now be thankful that there could be no such premature beginning. Coleridge, however, was confident of being able to give the first number to the world before long; he had named a publisher and spoken of five-shilling parts. But obstacles even then were thickening. Though the field of reading had been plotted out, and more than one hundred collectors of words — the sex of one of whom made it desirable to mention her only as 'a lady' — had been given precise rules and directions, death, defection, and incompetency soon thinned the ranks; there were so many who must be written down as 'hopeless'; the merits of others were 'inferior' or as yet unassessable; and, supposing that there were fifty efficient, they were not all at work in the right places, British Museums and Bodleians not being dotted about the country like circulating libraries. What was more serious, as the gallant but restless Furnivall knew only too well, there were vast fields of English literature unexplored and accessible only in manuscript. Yet Trench had shown conclusively that the Dictionary must register all words. Hence the need for an Early English Text Society, a Chaucer Society, a Dialect Society, for far more reading, study, and collation than had yet been thought of. Truly the Dictionary needed those twenty years of subterranean preparation and subsidiary labor, even if publication seemed thereby to be postponed indefinitely. It had,

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through its friends, to create its own materials; but fortunately its friends were enthusiasts to whom English studies were as the breath of liberty, and the history of the Dictionary is no small part of the history of these studies; it grew with them, and they grew with it inextricably. Much, therefore, as Oxford has done for the Dictionary, — who knows to this day whether but for the Oxford Press it would have been printed? — it is but just to remember the origins of the enterprise. In a real sense the Dictionary goes back to that liberating movement that created London University. The Philological Society was an offshoot of University College, to which one of Bopp's pupils had brought the new light of comparative philology, converting the open minds of Gower Street. There was a touch of the Radical in the composition of not a few of the earlier members of the Philological Society. With this element, however, worked several highly placed Churchmen, Thirlwall among them, but chief of all the Dean of Westminster, Trench, the true founder of the Dictionary, one who had been for a time curate to that almost solitary Cambridge sympathizer with the Tractarians, H. J. Rose, a lexicographer himself after a fashion, for he had revised the Greek Testament dictionary of the eighteenth-century Parkhurst. So do streams meet and movements interlock.

Until Trench read his two papers before the Society in November 1857 the idea was that only a kind of supplement to Johnson and Richardson was necessary; but Trench showed that the 'deficiencies in our English dictionaries' were so great that nothing short of a new work would serve. His arguments were decisive. The older dictionaries, he pointed out, were deficient in respect of obsolete words, which were incompletely and capriciously registered; in respect of families or groups of words, and in respect of the lateness of the earlier examples of words quoted and the omission of important meanings and usages; in their insufficient attention to synonymous words; in their ignoring of important illustrative passages in literature; and, lastly, in their redundancy, for the too much as well as for the too little. From his wide reading, particularly of seventeenth-century theology, he gave cogent proofs of these defects, and laid down the great principle that a dictionary must be a register of all words for which literary usage, good or bad, common or rare, could be cited. Words, he argued, had their risings and settings; the arc of some coincided with the life of the language; of others it rose and dipped almost at once; but all were worthy of inclusion. Only on 'purely technical terms' would Trench shut the door; their admittance was the most mischievous error of redundancy, a barren ostentation in which Johnson had often indulged: what had an English dictionary to do with such notations as 'zeugma,' 'lamellated,' or 'papillonaceous'? Let them be reserved for a technological lexicon by themselves. Trench strongly differentiated between literature and science. The Dictionary, however, has had to contravene Trench's doctrine here: it gives its quota to X, against which Johnson, sinner as he was in other respects according to Trench, rather proudly recorded that there were no English words beginning with that letter. Lastly, Trench touched on the laborious necessity of reading for the Dictionary: 'If we count it worth while to have all words, we can only have them by reading all books; this is the price which we must be content to pay.' A σαγηνεύειν, a drawing as with a sweep-net over the whole extent of English literature, was what he fain would see, until all the in-

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numerable words lurking unnoticed in every corner were brought into an all-embracing πάναγρον.

Such was the source; but for years the current was destined to flow underground; and it is not surprising that, driving force as he was, even Murray long had to toil between the agreement with the Oxford University Press to print and the first printing, and that even after two volumes had appeared there seemed to be no guaranty of punctual delivery. But things righted themselves; and the early accession to the staff and later the presence in Oxford of Henry Bradley, originally a reviewer whose learning proclaimed him at once too great a scholar not to be brought in, gave great confidence. It is to be hoped that a full history of the Dictionary will be written before the memory of those Victorian giants who labored at it has faded. Such a history should not only recall their personalities and methods, but should also set the Dictionary in relation to the evolution of English and to kindred philological and linguistic studies with which it has been contemporaneous. For with every new part that has come out the Dictionary has been repaying with ever-increasing interest the devotion which has been put into it. If it has its critics, its correctors, and its supplement compilers, it has itself supplied them with their standards and many of their materials; and, though perhaps taken altogether they can add not a little that is of interest and value, they must all acknowledge that the Dictionary has been to them what Melesigenes was to the poets: it 'gave them breath, but higher sung.' It must be highly doubtful if any dictionary has received a tithe of the compliments paid to this Dictionary in the way of errata and addenda. Such offerings are really testimonials, for men do not trouble to castigate what they do not love; while among the less critical public who, from His Majesty's judges downward, must consult the Dictionary whenever they are in doubt, affection for the work springs from other causes. They can see for themselves that it is national property, and that it has been compiled without a thought for commercial profit, or perhaps, in view of the hardships of the task, even of glory. To them the Dictionary, by its type, arrangement of the page, and happy absence of encyclopædic lumber, wears the port of a gentleman and not of a bagman. They observe that hardly a citation fails to invest the word quoted with its proper ethos. Indeed, not a word but is here in its own humor.

Could some wizard, omniscient and omnipotent, revise the whole work in an instant and cause all the volumes to appear simultaneously to-day, he would unquestionably make the Dictionary a little different from what it actually is. But it is perhaps as well that there can be no such wizardry. The year of final delivery coincides with the grant of universal franchise; but at bottom the Dictionary bears the stamp of the last age of privilege. The mass of it was got together before the newly literate received their charter to treat the language as they pleased in hourly print. Some of the weakest usages quoted in the Dictionary come from Furnivall's daily newspaper; but a Furnivall of to-day so engaged might consume his entire time in sending neologisms from that source to the editors. Those who respect the purity of the language, who try to honor and understand its traditions and its idioms, who feel doubtful whether even so supple an instrument as English can bear without grave deterioration the incessant strain put upon it by modern democracy, will rather rejoice that the Dictionary has come into being when it has and as it has. The registration of every word

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and every usage they recognize to be a noble ideal; but they believe that what is now wanted is a standard of good, or at least passable, English, and a criterion to which all writers can apply as soon as education begins to turn cocksureness into diffidence. Now that the Dictionary is complete there should be good ground for hoping that, though it does not set up to be an arbiter, it will nevertheless be more and more resorted to as one.

THE ENCOUNTER[1]

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

'Twixt dream and wake we wandered on,
Thinking of nought but thee and me;
And lo, when day was nearly gone,
A wondrous sight did see.

There in a bed of rushes lay
A child all naked, golden, fair —
Young Cupid dreaming Time away,
With roses in his hair.

Tender sleep had o'ertaken him,
Quenched his bright arrows, loosed his bow,
And in oblivion sweet and dim
Had stilled him through and through.

Never have I such color seen
As burned in his young dreaming face,
Cheek, hair, and lip laid drowsily
In slumber's faint embrace.

Oh, how he started; how his eyes
Caught back their sudden shiningness
To see you stooping, loving-wise,
Him, slumbering, to caress!

How flamed his brow, what childish joy
Leapt in his heart at sight of thee,
When, 'Mother! mother!' cried the boy —
And, frowning, turned on me.

[1] From the *London Mercury*

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GOYA AND THE SPANISH TRADITION[1]

Celebrating a Great Centenary

BY JOSEPH-SEBASTIEN PONS

HERE is the way Saint Teresa of Avila described one of her visions: 'If I were to pass many years imagining such a beautiful thing, I could not comprehend it, for it would surpass everything that we can imagine here below, even if it were only by reason of its whiteness and its brilliance. It is a gentle whiteness and an interior brilliance that are immensely pleasant to behold. It is a light that knows no night, but since it is always light nothing disturbs it.'

Flight of souls into the light. We have only to cross the Pyrenees and human values assume a new aspect. What ardor attended the birth of such works as 'The Internment of the Count of Orgaz' and 'Jacob's Dream.' The former is a canvas of Ribera's, the latter of El Greco's, and art criticism cannot make us understand them. We need the words of Saint Teresa to carry us to such heights. We have not lost contact with reality, nor are we dazzled by this light. It brings out defects and weaknesses; it reveals deformities that are shattering to behold. In its glow eyes become more lively, while life, all the life of the human body, becomes more cruel, more savory. I now open a little book quite different from the first one I quoted. It is the *Lazarillo de Tormes*, the story of a child who was leading a blind man who served a Toledo hidalgo. The story is composed of seven little chapters, and, though it is I who quote it, Lazarillo himself seems to be talking: —

'It was the blind man's custom to place near him a crock of wine when we were eating. I quickly seized it, kissed it silently a few times, and then put it back in its place.'

This swift scene from the life of the people is delicious because it involves the wine of Spain. And it is cruel, too, because little Lazarillo trembles as he drinks, cowering against the knees of the redoubtable blind man. Here is all the sordid misery of Spain — the misery that the drunkards of Velásquez betray in spite of their hilarity as they sit on grinding stones and sheaves drinking. But the passage is even more typical of Goya, for it has the swift popular sweep so characteristic of his work.

Spain guards the tradition of a grand popular art, and this art is animated by an inner impulse, a physical movement toward the light. It reconciles naturalism and ecstasy, paupers and God, physical misery and increated light.

There were no more great painters in Spain — Claudio Coello had died in 1693 — when Goya was born in the Aragon village of Fuendetodos in the spring of 1746. Fuendetodos translated means 'the common spring.' His parents were Aragon laborers. Near this village ran a little stream, and around it there were hills, some of them

[1] From the *Mercure de France* (Paris Clerical Conservative monthly)

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bald as vultures, others covered with pine trees. Goya used to climb about their limestone rocks in his sandals. I can see him now with a reed in his hand at twilight, chasing screech owls and ospreys, or perhaps a bat, which he later snared in his copper engravings. He also caught on the wing the popular superstitions of Aragon, for he used to watch black processions file down the little yellow streets. He would see Our Lady of Sorrows bending over the shoulders of a penitent, and he would see the square church tower. Thus he heard the long-drawn cry of his race, and one fine evening he designed a charcoal portrait of the village blind man on a wall. Young Goya trembled at the sight of this bent shadowy figure which expressed the agony that had been aroused within him.

There is a legend attached to all great painters, and in this case we are told that a Franciscan monk who happened to be passing through Fuendetodos noticed one of young Goya's drawings painted as a fresco on the doors of a chapel. The monk went to see the boy's parents, and it was decided to send the child to Saragossa, where he was to be given a master.

Old Luzan employed the strictest methods. After making his pupils copy a plaster statue, he would have them copy a print. Goya supported the discipline of the atelier with difficulty, for the capital of Aragon intoxicated him with its color. Saragossa is a proud town in a vast undulous plain. Near the mouth of the Ebro rise the domes of its cathedrals.

No doubt the Ebro is a less precious, less gilded-over stream than the Arno at Florence, but it is larger, and it is filled with a more savage, more unrestrained passion. You breathe an odor of old leather in the little streets where its artisans live, and you feel here the last breath of Islam. Goya, with his athletic body, ran all over town, and one evening after a procession it is said that he engaged in a fight between the inhabitants of two different parishes.

Three men were stretched out on the ground, and when it was suggested that Goya be arrested he fled to Madrid, where he admired the canvases of Velásquez and Titian and the more recent frescoes of the Venetian Tiepolo, true marvels of airy magic. In many other adventures he showed the same impetuous spirit with which he invested his etchings in his extreme old age.

There is a furtive bond between his character and his work, both painted and engraved. On everything he touches he projects a flame that astonishes the beholder and seizes his admiration. This explains why he enjoyed absolute popularity. He always was, and always will be, the familiar demon of Spain. He descends to the sunny arena; he frequents taverns; he carries his guitar and his foils with him; and he receives princes.

If anything is remembered of his visit to Italy, it is the fact that he used to amuse himself by running like a wild cat along the ledges of the tomb of Cecilia Metella. On other occasions he would be seized with a fantastic desire to climb the capitals and cornices of St. Peter, either to engrave his name there or to admire some fresco from closer range. The Russian ambassador at the Holy See wanted to introduce him to the Court at St. Petersburg, but Goya's father, who had just sold two houses at Fuendetodos to provide for his son's needs, advised him to leave Russia to its snows and sledges — Spain was a sufficient theatre for his exploits.

He was destined to cause an eruption in Spanish art, to lead it back to its tradition of realism and humor, to the

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kind of sobriety that reduces useless details to a minimum, and to inject into it a fervor that overleaps all boundaries. Spanish painting seemed to have fallen into an irremediable state of decadence. Charles II preferred the clever Italian, Luca Giordano, to Coello. Philip V, the grandson of Louis XIV, had summoned Louis Michel Vanloo to the post of first painter to the King. Charles III honored himself by having old Tiepolo paint the ceilings of the royal palace. But he made a less happy choice when he selected the German, Raphael Mengs, to whom he threw open the Court and the academies. This German spread naïve bad taste everywhere in heavy quantities. His theories led to a mythological, abstract kind of art that may well be opposed to the vividness of Goya, who spoke frankly with an open heart.

In 1780 Goya returned to Saragossa, where he was begged to finish the frescoes in the vault of the Pilar. He asked his friend Zapater to prepare lodgings for him as follows: 'For my house I don't need many furnishings, for I believe that with an engraving of "Our Saviour of Pilar," a table, five chairs, a stove, a barrel, a guitar, a skewer, and a lamp, more would be superfluous.'

Here is the *aqua fortis* style already. The sobriety of Spanish furnishing is really touching, and at once we think of the house of the Toledo hidalgo, or of poor Lazarillo who could only contemplate bare walls and a crock of clear water in a corner. We think of the hotel garret that Don Quixote transformed into a château, and of the good mistress with her oil lamp, and of the great Monipodio's Sevillian hall whose uneven bricks glittered like rubies.

Consider Goya's ideas on the art of painting. See how far they are from the doctrines of Winckelmann, or even from Diderot's résumés. He wanted to paint truthfully, and he declared that he had only three masters — Nature, Velásquez, and Rembrandt. He despised application and the vigorousness of the academic method, a superstition that insists on reproducing every hair in the beard of the model. He only saw 'illuminated bodies, and bodies that are not illuminated; elements that thrust themselves forward, and elements that recoil; reliefs and backgrounds.'

'Neither color nor line exists; there is only sun and shadow. I should like to make a picture with a piece of charcoal. Painting is entirely a matter of making sacrifices and taking a point of view.'

Nearly always his palette only contained black, white, vermilion, and ochre. It was like his house at Saragossa — 'a guitar, a skewer, and a lamp; more would be superfluous.' Goya's naturalism is incisive and profound because he could not refuse to give the invisible its due, and for that reason he remains one of the great masters of his race.

But these masters had the religious spirit. They believed that the only purpose of the painter's colors was to retrace holy images with a brilliant splendor that both dominates and subjugates. 'Jacob's Ladder,' 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' and 'The Descent from the Cross' typify this kind of thing. In Spanish eyes religious images were more true than any other. El Greco had made supernatural countrysides seem alive, and Saint Teresa suggests Zurbarán when she describes Fray Pedro de Alcantara in these words: 'He was so weak that he seemed to be made of tree roots.' Mystic authors and Spanish painters inhabit the same world.

Goya was to paint religious subjects until the last years of his life. But his ideal was overthrown, and the end of

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the eighteenth century opened up a new path.

What can we say of the frescoes in San Antonio de la Florida? It is a poor chapel on the outskirts of Madrid, gray as evening. Once upon a time it dwelt in an atmosphere of garlands and festivity. The frescoes on its cupola, painted by Goya when he was fifty-two years old, represent Saint Anthony questioning a dead man. Yet the atmosphere contains nothing but freshness, ease, and voluptuousness. The wings of the angels cast heavy shadows on the blue and white carpets; boys sit astride the balustrade, and the springtime of the earth rises heavenward.

Goya also painted religious pictures of a more sombre spirit. His 'St. Francis of Borja' adjures a dying man to repent his sins. In his extreme old age he painted 'The Communion of St. Joseph de Calansanz,' a strange picture where the values of the light contrast strongly with the shadows. These masterpieces are distinguished by a different technique and a new visionary energy. They betray the anxiety of a mind obsessed by the invisible — a thought that Goya expressed independently of religion. He superimposed it on the real quality, and it is here that he is most truly himself.

No doubt you remember the frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli in the Campo Santo at Pisa. Goya's San Antonio frescoes are similar, and just as naïve. He painted them during the happiest period of his life, which was while he was doing his 'Romeria de San Isidro.' The next year, 1800, he painted his portrait of the family of Charles IV. The tapestry cartoons that preceded these works seem to have been done on the side, and led nowhere.

These cartoons lay forgotten in a garret of the royal palace, but most of them are now in the Prado. Goya composed them for the Santa Barbara factory that he and his brother directed. These cartoons are really painted cloth, and their clear execution and the perfection of their figures are restful to the eye. Shadows are all conveyed in one medium, while the colors are audacious, with vermilion predominating. The subjects depicted include eighteenth-century games and pastoral dances on the banks of the Manzanares. Erect, fresh young girls carry stone crocks on their heads, and a marriage procession is just approaching the arch of a bridge. It is all done in a fine, firm, popular vein.

Goya lived in the world of elegance like a prince. He received fifty thousand reals to spend on entertainment. His two-wheeled cabriolet, or *birlocho*, and his gypsy horse had long since been succeeded by a four-wheeled coach and two Saragossa mules. He was the friend of the King, with whom he went hunting, and the idol of the people. And above all he was the friend of Maria Teresa de Silva, Duchess of Alba. His own wife, Josefa Bayeu, a native of Aragon, bore him twenty children, only one of whom, Don Javier, survived him. The portrait he has left us reveals a modest, persistent, thin-faced woman with will-power slumbering in the depths of her eyes.

Goya painted a prodigious number of pictures, whose quality is even more extraordinary than their quantity. He took up the royal tradition of Velásquez, but he made his models speak a new language. His 'Infantes,' his portrait of Philip in schoolboy clothes, his 'Infante Don Balthazar,' his philosophers, and even his fools, have an air of grandeur and majesty. This atmosphere is encountered only in Spain, where it prevails in both opulent and poverty-stricken circles. Goya's portraits have a unique effect upon us. From no matter how far away one looks at them in the Prado

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they make unexpected appeals. We approach, and as one charm vanishes some new seductiveness makes itself felt. The effects of silver gray or rose become fainter, appropriately fading away, until suddenly the likeness strikes us with cruel penetration and we almost begin talking to the masterpiece before us. Even the humblest visitors are caught in this artistic snare, and although Marie Louise, the wife of Charles IV, was the least magical person one can imagine, there is no more vivid creature than Goya's portrait of her in the Prado museum.

Look at her in her black silk dress. See her bare brown arms. The bent right arm holds a fan. This is said to be a familiar attitude. The bow of rose-colored satin fastened to her black hair under its lace mantilla gives just the proper effect. Another portrait shows us the Queen sitting on a bulky horse whose mane is braided. She wears the uniform of a colonel of the guard, and her foot beneath her heavy skirt barely touches the stirrup. Compared to his wife, Charles IV looks like a puppet. Goya painted him in hunting costume, his left hand resting on a long gun. His three-cornered hat is set sideways on his wig, and his head looks heavy. Nothing here recalls Velásquez or his sober, remote figure of Philip IV.

Whether Goya is depicting statesmen, nobles, or young girls, whether he is painting café singers or toreadors, he tries to catch their expression in the breadth and liveliness of his medium. Certain parts of his pictures are intentionally left unfinished to bring out character value, and since his conception is tense and vibrating he allows himself negligences that turn out to be discoveries. The intensity of a situation was his only guide, and since he always served nature he automatically created the most durable style there is.

But Maria Teresa de Silva, Duchess of Alba, is different from all the rest. Goya depicted her in a rather gauche but highly distinguished portrait. She is clad in a white dress, with a red ribbon wound around her thin waist. She wears a coral necklace. On her head is a red star-shaped covering that crowns the blackest, heaviest hair imaginable. The Duchess of Alba served as the model for the 'Maja Vestida' and the 'Maja Desnuda.' 'Spaniards are naturally lazy,' said the Duchess d'Aulnoy. That, no doubt, is why the Maja Vestida is reclining on green cushions with her hands linked above her head. In another picture she is naked, and her sensual naïveté makes her even lovelier, and she looks at you with the eyes of a startled wolf.

Charles Baudelaire wrote this quatrain for Lola de Valence and her blue neckerchief: —

Entre tant de beautés que partout on peut voir,
Je comprends bien, amis, que le désir balance.
Mais on voit scintiller dans Lola de Valence
Le charme inattendu d'un bijou rose et noir.

But Goya's Maja is the real jewel of Spain — rose and black.

I shall pass over the most vexing part of Goya's work — his Caprices, his Proverbs, his Tauromachy, and his etchings of war disasters. It is in these places that he reveals to us what he really thinks and exercises his unrivaled gift at capturing the movement of life. What a complex genius his was. One feels that he led Spanish painting back to the tradition of realism, and we recognize that he came closer than any other painter to the nervous vigor and satire of the picaresque novel and to the legends of apparitions that dominate the popular *romancero*, although all the while he had the feeling and sense of modernity.

Old Spain is reflected in his canvases, and his lithographs and memories of Velásquez always are present. Yet in rediscovering the qualities of the old

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school he gave birth to a new one at the same time. This duality is the most surprising element in his work. Manet must have remembered Goya's lesson in his transposed versions of Paris, but he was less happy when he tried to preserve Spanish costumes. True enough, Manet's 'Olympia' recalls Titian's 'Venus,' especially when we consider the decorative arrangement; but how much nearer it is to Goya's 'Maja.' Titian's Venus and the Venus of Tintoretto are gilded over with a grave languorousness. They are charged with the magnificence of Venice. The Maja is a more nervous figure. The torso of Velásquez's Venus with the Mirror is in some respects her forerunner. The Maja is like a berry in a thicket. She is no Venus, but simply a girl, and the finest modern nude there is.

It was her figure that always occupied Goya's mind. We saw her in one of his tapestry cartoons wearing a red scarf and leaning against a balcony. Then she insinuates herself undulously in most of his engravings on the Caprices — those rapid masterpieces where Goya captured his models in motion and gave us the young Spanish girl in her modern aspect. The opposition of black and white values conveys the savor of these encounters marvelously. Here again — and there is no doubt about it — Goya returns to the traditional Spanish figures. His types of young girls and procuresses we have met before in the prodigious tragic comedy *Celestina*, and elsewhere.

Here is the way an old comic poet, Lope de Rueda, made a begging gypsy girl speak: 'May peace be in thy house, may peace be in thy house. May God guard thee, honest lady, may God guard thee. A little alms. O golden-faced lady, O lady with the face of the eternal fiancée!' (*Cara de siempre novia!*)

These lines may well be compared to etching Number 16 of the Caprices, The legend is not the same, but the subject is identical. Goya is the most literary Spanish painter in that he reveals most skillfully the bitterness and falseness of his country's customs, and in the way he preserves its incisive picaresque traits. For all his modern accent, he leads us back along the most remote pathways of ancient Spain. And who can flatter themselves on having painted more harshly than the Spaniards?

Just take two canvases, 'The House of Fools' and 'The Garrote.' 'The House of Fools' has long amazed us with its heaped bodies in the dim light of a cave and its ghosts moving derisively through an imaginary world. But Cervantes had already taken us into this subterranean lair of humanity in his strange dialogue in the Seville prison. And nothing fills us with more sorrow than 'The Garrote,' where a condemned man expires on the gallows platform in the middle of a square. The stormy sky above makes the white façades of the houses stand out brilliantly. It is a tragic subject that produces an entirely different impression from that of the tormented martyrs of Ribera. It seems to justify Vergil's catchword — *Hórrida Hispania!*

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CHARLES CHAPLIN AT HOME[1]

BY ARNOLD HÖLLRIEGEL

LET me reveal a dark secret. When I was organizing my automobile trip through California I decided to visit Hollywood once again, but I made a firm resolve that I would not attempt to write a single Hollywood article.

I stuck to my guns. Before venturing into the Colorado Desert I visited Conrad Veidt at Universal City and saw his new unfinished film, 'The Man Who Laughs,' which Paul Leni directed. I paid Conrad Veidt handsome compliments, but wrote nothing. Returning from the desert, I saw a tremendous Paramount production, 'The Patriot,' directed by Lubitsch, with Emil Jannings as Tsar Paul. In this film five hundred Cossacks stormed the Winter Palace at night, crossing a pulverized marble square in Petersburg to do so. But I wrote nothing, even though the five hundred horses almost tore me to pieces with excitement.

But finally I received a telegram from Charles Chaplin inviting me to lunch at Beverly Hills. I went hot and cold all over. During the entire winter of the previous year that I had spent in Hollywood I had never made Charlie Chaplin's acquaintance. Here was something I simply had to write about.

The day before this invitation arrived I happened to visit Henry's famous restaurant. Henry Bergmann was born in Vienna. He grew up in Hanover, where he used to be an opera singer and an actor. To-day he is Charlie Chaplin's oldest friend, one of the few people who really understand this great solitary figure. He has acted in most of the Chaplin films. In 'The Circus' he played the part of a kindly fat old clown. He has also built a restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard, where all the tourists come to see Charlie, and it was for that reason that I too entered its doors.

Charlie Chaplin was sitting in a corner with Otto H. Kahn, the New York banker who also undertakes financial work in Hollywood. Mr. Kahn was good enough to take me to Charlie's table, and at last my opportunity to speak to him had arrived. I was so overwhelmed that I do not know what I said.

The next day my traveling companion and I rode in our automobile up the steep winding drive that scales the heights of Beverly Hills. The villas kept growing more beautiful the farther we went, and the gardens more charming. In a princely park stood a snow-white horse that looked just like Tom Mix's famous animal, and as we drew nearer I saw the name 'Tom Mix' on the gateway. Chaplin's house was next, and then came Pickfair, the home of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, with which I had long been familiar. These three houses are situated on the top of the hill, just like the dwellings of the most divinely favored inhabitants of Dante's Paradise.

Chaplin's house contains a lovely bright hall with really marvelous carpets and any quantity of excellent books. One of Chaplin's young assistants apologized for the Master, saying

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily)

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that he would appear presently, since he had just returned from riding horseback. My unconscious mind recoiled sharply, and I could not adjust myself to the idea of Charlie out riding. How could this tramp ever come by a horse? All the time I found myself confusing Mr. Chaplin the private millionaire with the melancholy vagabond of his films.

But here he is. What a tramp, what a millionaire, and, above all, what a man! At once I felt that we had always known each other. As I told him with embarrassment how long I had admired and loved him, it all seemed to be quite understood; he knew it beforehand. Yet it struck him as a great joke, and he laughed, showing his big teeth that you do not see in his films because they are concealed by his little false moustache.

Charles Chaplin is small, slender, and graceful. His rather long curly hair has suddenly turned gray. His beautiful grayish-blue eyes move incessantly, and he often squints humorously. His mouth is almost always smiling. But the noblest and finest things about him are his two hands. They look like the hands of a young man except for the fact that heavy veins have traced mysterious patterns upon them. He wore a discreet grayish suit of the pepper-and-salt variety, and his collar had black lines stitched in it.

A world that is used to seeing Charlie Chaplin hungry or stealing hot-dogs from little children would naturally be interested to know what he eats in real life. My companion, a Viennese epicure, assured me that he had never sat down to a better table anywhere in America. For my part I do not know, but the chicken pie we were served seemed just like Vienna, and he gave us wonderful tea in cups of extraordinary beauty. All his china was expensive and tasteful. A pot of red and dark violet tulips stood in the middle of the table on a plate with a delicate pattern along its edge.

During the meal Charlie Chaplin and I conducted a long and intense conversation, which rapidly grew warmer and more unreserved. He came out of his shell, and I came out of mine, and it lasted for three full hours. If I were to tell half of what Charlie Chaplin said to me I believe I could create a tremendous sensation, but I shall naturally repeat nothing that was spoken in privacy. However, everyone knows without my saying so that Charlie Chaplin has nothing to do with the normal film folk of Hollywood, and that he cherishes many harsh opinions of men and human institutions.

In my mind's eye I can still see him talking. Even when angry he seems to laugh, and his handsome, spiritual face always maintains the poise appropriate to such a great mimic. Sometimes he radiates a noble and beautiful peacefulness, but more often storm and tempest prevail, with dark obscure depths in the background. Charlie Chaplin speaks the good English of an educated Britisher, with a very slight touch of the London cockney. He knows no German, in spite of reports to the contrary.

When I remember everything he said I feel that I should write a book instead of an article. He spoke quickly, and his facial expressions were so vivid that he gave the impression of having said everything twice. He fired short words like machine-gun bullets, and kept hammering his opinions home by saying 'Yes-yes-yes' and 'No-no-no.' Never have I seen or heard a more intensive conversationalist. He kept laughing and moving about gracefully, and all his words were charming to hear. His manners were princely, but behind them I was always aware of Charlie the eternal tramp.

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Finally I took it upon myself to remark that, although I had enjoyed 'The Circus' tremendously, I wished that he would attempt another artistic film. I said that after 'The Gold Rush' there was nothing else he could do in that direction, that there were no heights he had not scaled. 'Yes-yes-yes,' he repeated several times over. 'That is true. But everyone has said I must make these films.' He made a gesture of resignation to indicate his disgust at 'everybody,' and I felt that he was referring to Hollywood. I then went on to say in a more gentle tone: 'Why don't you just make one film in Europe? Your classic character of Charlie is not an American tramp at all; he is a European vagabond with social resentment in his soul.'

Charlie entirely agreed with me. I pointed out that he had never yet tried to play the American hobo, the Jack London hobo who blindly rides the freights.

'Why don't you come back to Europe once again? You belong to us.'

His answer was rather surprising. He said that he could not go to Europe because popular curiosity would tear him to pieces. 'It is no joke to have a crowd of people await you wherever you go. I was in Berlin once, and no one recognized me. It was lovely, but it did n't last long, and I cannot find peace anywhere. Here in Hollywood people are at least accustomed to seeing us movie actors.'

We were standing near the glass door that opens on Charlie's wonderful garden, and we looked out on the big field where Charlie has to run around in circles. Below us lay the lovely gardens and villas of Beverly Hills, and in the distance the blue sun-kissed surface of the Pacific Ocean. Charlie sighed gently. I realized that he did not really enjoy the sweet atmosphere very much. He is imprisoned in this charmed paradise by his own unprecedented fame.

Suddenly he stopped in the middle of a sentence and announced to me, as if I were the only person who knew it: 'I am a very good actor, but I am no comedian. As a director I can of course create comic situations in which I place myself and thus create comic effects. But as an actor I am not comical.'

Perhaps in order to convince me of this fact, he told me about two new films that he is contemplating now. One of them is rather vague, and has something to do with a tramp who is always dreaming things. His other project has already taken a certain amount of shape. Charlie as a tramp is kind to a little blind girl, and to her he is a hero and Adonis. Suddenly he has to spend a year in prison — perhaps because he wanted to make money to meet the cost of an operation for her. When he returns, all the children in the town assail poor Charlie and jeer at this tattered scarecrow. The little girl, who has recovered her sight, is among them, but she does not recognize him.

'Wonderful!' I remarked. 'But did n't you want to make a Napoleon film?'

I shall never forget the next hour, during which we discussed Napoleon. When he discovered that I knew a few anecdotes about Napoleon that were not in any books, he showed feverish interest, and pumped me dry. We engaged in a kind of duet. First I would describe a scene that would have to be put into the film, and then he would describe one. We understood each other wonderfully. We avoided anything pathetic, anything suggesting the chained eagle. Each of us took for granted the other's knowledge of this superb historic episode, and we only talked about certain pregnant episodes, milestones in the great man's tragedy.

Even when I myself was talking I

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studied his face. Is it possible, I reflected, that he can seriously dare to play Napoleon, great actor though he be — Charlie, with his big shoes and his little cane? But he had no idea of making it a parody. It was simply to be Charles Chaplin as Napoleon, played in deep earnest.

And I assert that he can do it — particularly the young Bonaparte of Lodi and Arcole. That character he can portray better than any living actor. I believe this because I can still visualize him as he spoke of Napoleon, and I observed how his face grew haggard and glowed with energy.

We talked on and on until both of us were exhausted. 'You have completely demoralized me,' he said. 'I wish I could begin that film to-morrow. But I should need two million dollars to make it. If my divorce had not cost me so much I should have been able to provide the money myself.'

This was the only time that he mentioned the ugly affair that had turned the hair about his temples white.

I do not believe that he will really act Napoleon. People will dissuade him, and his fancy will take a new turn. I said this to him. And I also said that I could not understand why such a successful man should not take just one chance, or why he should always have to continue along the same lines, going from one grand piece of clowning to another similar effort. But it is a matter of indifference to me, since I have already seen the Napoleon film. For a whole hour I watched Charlie Chaplin play Napoleon and saw him animated by his spirit. I saw his face become Napoleon's mask. What a memorable conversation this was. I could write a book about it.

When our talk was over he took us to the garden. My traveling companion, Max Goldschmidt, begged to be allowed to take photographs, and Chaplin allowed him to take several dozen yards of film. And I was the director of this latest film — I myself. 'Now, please, in the hall where you wrote the story of "The Gold Rush!" Now with your parrot!' Holding the parrot on his arm, he said to him: 'Be a good parrot, now. Come to Papa.'

Then I said to Max Goldschmidt: 'Take Charlie's feet to show how they look in ordinary life.' For Charlie Chaplin's feet are small and graceful.

Finally he stood on a little bridge in his garden. Supporting himself on the two handrails, he swung himself up in the air like an acrobat on the parallel bars. Laughing like a boy, he waved his feet in the air at the camera, and for just a flash the proprietor of the villa disappeared and Charlie the lusty vagabond emerged.

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THE RUSSIAN THEATRE[1]

BY ERNST LOTHAR

[THE following article is based on a new book, *Das Russische Theater*, by Josef Gregor and Rene Fülöp-Miller, author of *Lenin and Ghandi* and *The Mind and Face of Bolshevism*. Gregor has provided the critical material, and Fülöp-Miller the actual background, based on his own extensive experiences in Russia.]

THE three hours that a certain factory owner and his son, Constantin Sergeyevitch Alexeyev, grandson of a French soubrette, spent in a Petersburg theatre in 1885 proved the historic turning point in modern theatrical art, for in that space of time these two men realized the necessity of a new dramatic style. Incidentally, the younger one later changed his name to Stanislavskii.

Two things emerged during these three hours. It was clear, in the first place, that the method of the Court theatre had seen its day, and in the second place it was evident that the theatre would have to refresh itself from real life. Stanislavskii recognized that life must lie behind all art, and that truth is the aim of art. There he sat in the orchestra of the Petersburg Court Theatre, a dramatic enthusiast dressed in a frock coat, and, in spite of his enthusiasm, looking no different from the other members of the audience. His mind was engrossed with the possibilities that spread out before him, for in no country in the world could a theatrical reformer get more results than in Russia, since Russia was the cradle of theatrical enthusiasm.

This was even true in 1671, when the Tsars established their first theatre. And it was also true when the nobles had theatrical performances in their houses and organized the Slave Theatre. This institution was barbaric in fact as well as in name, for the actors were all serfs, and were whipped mercilessly. There is reason to believe that a certain Prince Yasenskii beat one of his actresses to death; and it is also said that one of the slave authors killed himself because he could not stand his master's infamous treatment. Yet in spite of the barbaric treatment accorded these helpless slaves, who would act in feudal palaces during periods of fast, when other amusement was lacking, their low position and lack of rights kindled their theatrical passion.

There was nothing unique about a certain Count Skavronskii whose servants had to declaim to each other and whose valet made every remark in a singsong voice. The country was inflamed with passion for the theatre, and great importance was attached to the stage.

Similar importance was later attached to the actors, who were transformed from slaves into popular idols after Pushkin, Lermontov, and Griboyedov had made their literary attacks on feudalism. Not only did the realistic stage exist at this time, but the middle-class theatre was also de-

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna National Liberal daily)

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veloping. First the Tsars' Theatre, then the Theatre of Slaves, then the middle-class theatre. For three centuries theatrical enthusiasm had been developing along one line. Ostrovskii's *Thunderstorm* played to ninety-six crowded houses in 1858. Nowhere else in the world was there such enthusiasm, and it was only possible in Holy Russia, where writers, actors, and the public were all imbued with a feeling for the theatre.

Similar enthusiasm animated the son of the factory owner who was later to be known as Stanislavskii, for it had been his background, the soil in which he grew. His activity was the result of an unbroken conversation of seventeen hours which began one evening in a private room of the Slavanskii Basar Restaurant, lasted there through half the night, moved to Stanislavskii's house, and continued there until late the next morning. It was this conference between Stanislavskii and the dramatist Nemirovitch-Dantchenko that led to the Moscow Art Theatre.

What a fulfillment! Art as existence, art as ecstasy, art as happiness! The rehearsals of a single play directed by Stanislavskii lasted half a year. After the performance he had seen in Petersburg he realized that life itself must be placed upon the stage, and organic unity was his fundamental law. He went in for endless thoroughness, infinite study of gesture, word, pose, and tone, and especially devoted himself to bringing out the deep ring of the melodious Russian language. The star of the performance was the ensemble, and the title was Russia. The Court Theatre, to be sure, had already acquired some such atmosphere, but what Stanislavskii imparted was life; what he took away was the theatre.

Never in the history of dramatic art had such thorough rehearsals been conducted. Everything was done with monastic seriousness. In order to prepare his actors spiritually and get them in the proper mood, this great director resorted to unprecedented methods. When he wanted to impart an atmosphere of twilight solitude to some play, he would take his performers to a lonely spot and have them cut off entirely from the world until they learned the meaning of loneliness and how to portray it. In this way the performances became a genuine experience to the audience, because the actors had really become the people they were representing. It was neither naturalistic nor realistic, and it was so lifelike that photography seemed pitiful in comparison. The illusion of human types was preserved. Stanislavskii's achievement consisted in freeing the Court stage from pathos and freeing the naturalistic stage from photography. He created the symbolism of reality. His productions imparted to the life of the individual type an air of destiny, an appreciable atmosphere. For all time the true theatre will remain what he made it — reality symbolized.

Nowhere else in the world could a theatrical reformer have carried through his measures to the accompaniment of such general jubilation. Stanislavskii offered two or three plays a year. Most of them were by Chekhov, and *The Cherry Orchard* and *Uncle Vanya* were played a thousand times. He also gave Hauptmann, Shakespeare, and Gor'kii, and though he fed the popular appetite for the theatre he could not satiate it.

Stanislavskii's attitude naturally called forth a movement in the opposite direction, and a stylistic theatre developed. A Moscow industrialist named Mamontov, whose name is associated with this reaction, rediscovered decoration and made it the cardinal point of his theatrical policy.

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In 1882 he gave Ostrovskii's *Snow White and Rose Red* in his private house, with gorgeous decorations by a young painter called Vassnetzov. He also published a magazine called *Mir Iskustwo* (The World of Art), edited by Dyagilev, and containing contributions from Benois and Leon Bakst.

This date marked the beginning of the second great phase in Russian theatrical art — the Russian ballet. Stanislavskii had based his performance on the illusion of life. Dyagilev and his collaborators based their ballet on the life of illusion. Although decoration had played so small a part in the conventional theatre, since it was impossible to reconcile the three-dimensional stage with the flatness of painted decorations, the elaborate ballet and pantomime created an extraordinarily vivid effect. The absurdly stiff tradition of the old-fashioned toe dancer had to be shattered, and Dyagilev had the courage to do it. In 1907 he gave his first performance in the Châtelet Theatre in Paris, and when the Parisians saw the beautifully modulated decorations and the inspired physical eloquence of the dancers the Russian ballet was recognized as the best in the world, and the names of Fokin, Njinskii, Pavlowa, Karsavina, and Rubinstein became famous. Stanislavskii and the Russian Ballet — here was the culmination of the Russian theatre.

A period of quiescence followed this superb outburst, and then revolts began. In 1912 three theatrical revolutionists made themselves heard — Evreinov, Mardchanov, and Tairov. Evreinov, the author of *The Theatre in Life*, pleaded for fantasy instead of naturalism. He wanted a stylized baroque form. Mardchanov boosted the 'synthetic theatre,' and his ideal was an operatic actor — a combination of dancer, singer, and tragedian in one person. He also wanted to conventionalize motor effects. Tairov, who opened the Moscow Chamber Theatre in 1914, protested against naturalism as well as against the ultra-stylized stage. In fact, he protested against everything, his whole attitude consisting simply of protest for its own sake. This corresponded to the radical spirit of the times, which opposed thorough artistic methods and the established order. It was the epoch of futurism, Dadaism, and expressionism. Tairov coined the phrase 'synthetic theatre,' and advanced the theory that the theatre was not supposed to copy real life, but to create an imaginary life of its own, free from the chains of reality. The one creative thought that emerged from all his catchwords and protests was his desire to achieve symbolism in terms of space.

Just as Stanislavskii had discovered the theatrical value of symbolizing reality, Tairov hit upon the idea of symbolizing space. He went on the theory that the actor should not have his field of action limited, but that he should take advantage of all the room that the stage provided. Until his time the stage consisted of an unresisting little flat surface. Tairov cut it into strips horizontally or obliquely. He inserted a number of different levels, and with the assistance of the painter Anna Exter discovered the full extent of territory that the actor could occupy. It was all done in terms of space. He strove to give effects of depth and to provide 'plastic' interpretations that followed certain simple fundamental shapes animated by the play of many colors. With Tairov's space-symbolistic chamber theatre the middle-class Russian stage came to an end. A growing tendency toward a fixed technique had tended to sacrifice the spiritual element and to develop the merely visual. And

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it was this tendency that finally led to destruction.

When the Bolshevist era began the Russian theatre was most important as an instrument of political agitation. Vsevolod Mayerhold, who had been a devotee of the decorative stage, now emerged as the man who was to lead the theatre into the field of political activity. He made the actors as uniform as the soldiers in the Red Army, and the Mayerhold laboratories became a body of stage soldiers known as the theatrical storm troops who were sent into the political arena to engage in agitation.

In the railway stations of little provincial towns Mayerhold's traveling theatres presented their entertainments with a view to teaching the illiterate peasant the fundamentals of Bolshevism. A grateful Soviet Government gave Mayerhold the title of People's Artist, for he had recognized the theatre's potentialities and had degraded it to the level of a political soap box. Nevertheless, he suffered certain injustices, and his political activities have caused his artistic contributions to be ignored.

The political effort of Mayerhold's theatre was to glorify Bolshevism, while in the artistic field he served just one strange æsthetic idea — the notion of motor symbolism. Tairov had gone back to the baroque theatre, while Mayerhold, more alive to his times, linked the present to the ancient classic theatre of pantomime, going in for theatrical mass effects and mass displays. One performance called for twenty-three hundred soldiers of infantry, two hundred soldiers of cavalry, sixteen cannons, five airplanes, and any number of tanks, ambulances, military bands, and choruses. The whole show was entitled *Fight and Victory of the Soviet.*

Another production depicting the revolution makes the mass the hero. Here is the way he describes this incredibly naïve and slapdash affair. 'The whole world is drowned in the blood of revolution, and the North Pole is the only dry spot. But even here there is a hole through which the flood of revolution penetrates. An Eskimo tries to stop this hole with his finger. The remnants of humanity are huddled together about the pole, and they include seven pairs of bourgeois, seven pairs of proletarians, a few compromisers, and others. Since there is no room, these newcomers murder the Eskimo, who has stopped up the hole until that moment. At this point the hole opens and the fiery flood of revolution pours through. They all try to quench the flame, and somehow they finally succeed in closing the aperture once more.'

It is obvious that such childish methods of agitation leave small room for any work of artistic value, although Mayerhold's mass effects are not to be ignored. Besides the revolutionary theatre of propaganda there is also the revolutionary propaganda film. The young director Eisenstein, using Mayerhold's motor symbolism, has been responsible for two world-wide successes of real artistic merit — 'The Armed Cruiser Potemkin' and 'Bloody Sunday.' In these productions he has created a new kind of chronicle film by avoiding the story-telling method that all West European and American films go in for, and has confined himself to portraying the fate of the impersonal mass.

These films are artistic creations of the first importance, and represent a distinct artistic advance for the motion picture. Mayerhold and his followers possess no dramatic importance except as fruitless experimenters typical of the present time. For his collective theatre primarily involves the death

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of that tradition of acting in which the individual and the group work together definitely. It also eliminates the poetic element in drama. Based on merely physical skill, it demands of the actors that widely advertised quality of biomechanism which tends to make all men exactly alike and reduces them to a standardized physical manner. This theory arises from the dogma of collectivism, which uses the crowd instead of the single person to portray the piece.

As a result the player who represents the collective soul must exclude everything that individualizes a man, and must concentrate entirely on matters that are independent of the inner personality — that is to say, on walking, running, moving, and jumping. The Mayerhold actor is no longer an operatic actor such as Mardchanov desired, but merely a gymnast. In order to eliminate all external symbols of individuality, he wears blue overalls instead of a distinctive costume. He also plays in a curtainless theatre where the audience and stage are blended together and all theatrical illusion has been dispelled.

Biomechanics and motor symbolism find their wildest expression in the comedy entitled *The Generous Cuckold*. The actors move about as if they were describing geometric figures, surrounded by flywheels that produce calculated effects from time to time. When jealousy seizes the deceived husband his flywheel rotates at terrific speed, and when he calms down his flywheel stands still. Even in the plays themselves, collectivism has triumphed over individuality. Dramas are no longer written by a single author, but by a group of authors who work together like so many bricklayers.

Their extravagances are unparalleled. The Foregger laboratories, the Proletcult stage, and the Projection theatre all try to outdo each other. Foregger was of the opinion that the best way to cast aspersions upon the past was to ridicule it, and his theatre has therefore been given over to clowning and eccentricity. Music is provided by an orchestra devoted entirely to making noise, dancing becomes a mechanical performance, and the stage is reduced to a circus ring. The Projection theatre renounced the stage entirely, and the actors circulated all through the house, going in for juggling, tight-rope dancing, and singing.

Chaos resulted. Acting had apparently perished, and fanatical theorists were seriously demanding that all of the old theatres be closed. At this point the People's Commissar, Lunacharskii, wrote a noteworthy letter of dismissal to Mayerhold, saying: 'Perhaps the destruction of theatrical tradition may be the gravest accusation that the proletariat will level against us in time to come.' He opposed the fanatics at just the right moment, and by letting the old academic stage remain he saved Russia's superb theatre from devoting itself entirely to sentiment or clowning instead of to art. Stanislavskii and his innumerable studios, to say nothing of the remarkable young Vachtangov, who died at an early age, and the Habima Theatre have in their hands the present and future of Russian dramatic art. Mayerhold's theatre, which represents the theatre of the Soviet, has nothing whatever to offer the future. As a form of reaction it is understandable and perhaps necessary, but it only possesses local significance. As long as the theatre remains an art it will be enriched by Stanislavskii and ruined by Mayerhold.

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ROSSETTI[1]

BY SIR EDMUND GOSSE

[THIS critical appreciation of Rossetti is one of the last articles published by Sir Edmund Gosse before his death. It is a worthy valediction of a brilliant and erudite writer whose passing has been mourned by lovers of English literature throughout the world.]

AT the beginning of the present year our leading daily newspaper published an article on the centenaries of the birth and death of celebrated persons which would fall due in 1928. The list was full, and included distinguished men and women of all nations and callings. But there was one remarkable omission: the name of Dante Gabriel Rossetti did not occur in it. Whether this exclusion was accidental or intentional I have no means of knowing, but it was painfully significant to one who was old enough to remember the time when that name secured more suffrages and awakened more enthusiasm than any other in the English Parnassus. Can we in less than half a century have entirely forgotten the existence of a writer who, for twenty years before his death, was the object of almost idolatrous adulation? In 1870 one of the most gifted of Rossetti's contemporaries wrote of the sonnets in 'The House of Life' that, 'mailed in gold as of the morning and girdled with gems of strange water, the beautiful body of a carven goddess gleams through them tangible and taintless, without spot or default.' In 1928 the author of those spotless sonnets is not found worthy of a place among even the small fry of eminence who were born in 1828. I am afraid that the exclusion, accidental or not, points to a very general indifference. Why is Rossetti, once so preposterously cultivated, now so unjustly neglected?

One chief reason, I think, of a neglect which I am certain can only be temporary resides in what may be called a series of personal incidents. It has been the fate of this interesting man to be in succession the most mysteriously concealed and the most vulgarly exposed of human beings, and through no fault of his own. As a youth he shrank from all companionship except that of a few artists and writers whom he generously admired. This tendency to seclusion was deepened by the ridicule to which his earliest pictures and poems were exposed. Soon after 1850 we find him writing such admirable things as 'Dante at Verona' and 'The Burden of Nineveh,' but rewarded by no public encouragement, and in 1852 he says: 'I have abandoned poetry.' He had not done so, but he had withdrawn from every thought of publicity. Very slowly a legend crystallized around the name of this cryptic painter who never exhibited and poet who never printed. He was invisible, almost Rosicrucian; his existence was a myth, his work a mystery. Cultivated curiosity became excited in the very highest degree. At last John Morley satisfied it, or rather blew it into fiercer flame, by publishing, with a prominence never given in those

[1] From the *Sunday Times* (London Independent Conservative weekly)

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days to verse, a whole batch of Rossetti's sonnets in the *Fortnightly Review*. The excitement caused by this publication in March 1869 is fresh in my own memory. The curtain was pulled away at last, or a corner of it lifted, from the visage of the Veiled Prophet of Cheyne Walk, and the result was in no sense disappointment, but a ravenous craving for more.

More was duly supplied by the momentous volume of 1870, and Rossetti was accepted by almost the entire literary press as one of the leaders of contemporary poetry. No praise was too violent for his deserts. Yet in spite of his celebrity the prophet continued to be veiled. He persisted in the same obstinacy of seclusion tempered by the visits of a few friends, and he took no part whatever in public life, political, academic, or literary. Indeed, if possible, the isolation became deeper. Rossetti, who had never been social, grew to be anchorite; the fact was concealed that he had become an invalid. No particulars might be gleaned from a jealous bodyguard as to his habits, movements, or tastes. There were no 'interviewers' in those days; but if there had been, they must have dressed up to look like wombats to penetrate the garden at Cheyne Walk. Meanwhile, he went on working; and in 1881 he published a thick new volume of verse. The word went round that these poems were even better than those of 1870, and that he was painting more divinely than ever. But it was not true, and in 1882 he died at the age of fifty-four, worn out, a very old man. The mystery was unabated. I remember that the fact of his death was not made known in London until nearly a week after the event.

Then the colors began to be rubbed off the wings of the splendid solitary moth. Trivial gossip about his tricks and his frailties began to be circulated, but all this would have been unimportant had it not been for the amazing indiscretion, to describe it mildly, of those into whose hands the heritage of his relics had descended. Too much was written about D. G. Rossetti, but no very serious harm was done till, in 1895, the deaths of his mother and of his illustrious sister Christina had left one brother the sole guardian of his memory. Then publications, revelations, sales of objects, followed in a terrible succession. It is difficult to speak with reserve of the memoirs, the recapitulations, the apologies, which culminated in the extinction of all public interest by the dreadful *Complete Works* of 1911, in which every fatuous scrap of verse, every rejected fragment and scurrilous impromptu of doggerel verse, was solemnly printed and annotated. Rossetti was one of those unlucky authors who never destroy their workaday scribblings. The poet who had maintained a proud isolation, and had been content to show nothing but his best, was now drowned in his worst, and was delivered bound into the hands of the Philistines. At length, not a shilling more could be drained out of the body of the unhappy man, and public curiosity was definitely sated. There is no recent author who guarded his own dignity so jealously and has since his death been so cruelly betrayed as Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

A future generation of readers will forget the indecorous babbling and the treason of 'friends,' and will return to a study of the celebrated volume of 1870. There they will find all they need to know. There, in ample extent, is the quintessence of this great poet. He was a skillful translator; he was the author of some fine later things, such as the poem about the Beryl-stone and the romance about Kate Barlass, but these added nothing to the impression that we get from the first *Poems*. If we try

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to throw off the satiety which has been caused by the excess of praise and then the riot of indiscretion, if we concentrate our thoughts on the essential merits of Gabriel Rossetti, we begin to perceive again what they were. High among them I place his lucidity, what Pater excellently described as his 'transparency in language.' He had strength to sustain his fancy; flexibility to pursue and extend it; a curious combination of fullness and intensity. In early years he possessed an extraordinary purity of style; in 'The Blessed Damozel' and in his dramatic masterpiece, 'Sister Helen,' he was essentially English, without admixture of the Latin elements which invaded him later on.

A close study of the beginnings of Italian poetry, and particularly of the *Vita Nuova*, modified his outlook upon literature. He began to cultivate a Latin opulence, and above all to affect the artificial metaphysic of the Italians. Meanwhile, 'Eden Bower' and 'Troy Town' had shown what he was capable of in an elaborate lyric based upon the Border Ballads, but Latinizing them. The study of Dante did not induce a severer mode of expression, but seemed to encourage a greater profusion of ornament. What Rossetti lost in naïveté, however, he recovered in form. No poet is more remarkable for shapeliness and gravity. The consummate workmanship of one of his less-known poems. 'Love's Nocturn,' is worthy of close attention: —

> Poets' fancies all are there:
> There the elf-girls flood with wings
> Valleys full of plaintive air;
> There breathe perfumes; there in rings
> Whirl the foam-bewildered springs;
> Siren there
> Winds her dizzy hair and sings.

But Rossetti cannot be approached without an inspection of the sonnets which he himself regarded as his principal contribution. These obscure and harmonious poems used to be admired with the utmost extravagance. I suppose that they find but few to enjoy them to-day. They have, from the first, been a stumblingblock in the path of those who, while admiring Rossetti, have found that Italian personification of love which he celebrated — and for a while made fashionable — tiresome and vague. What is this allegorical figure of Love so casuistically analyzed in a hundred sonnets? What experience does it conceal or expound? What did Rossetti intend to convey by the elaborate conception of 'The House of Life,' a house too crowded with bibelots, too thick with perfumes, too resonant with the music of lutes and clavichords, to be a comfortable residence for the spirit of man? Individually, the sonnets are often amazingly beautiful, dignified and vehement. But although the modern poet may study the series called 'Willowood' with admiration and despair, he will yet hardly wish to emulate it The recondite sensuousness of the whole is tainted by monotony. There is too much about 'Love's exuberant hotbed,' and we suddenly grow bored.

Here, then, we approach another source of recent indifference. There is no lack of technical perfection, of sumptuous beauty, of firmly based ingenuity, in the verse of Rossetti. To elected spirits in the generation immediately succeeding his it appealed with the attractiveness of work carried out as well as it could be carried by a master craftsman. It offered a species of passive emancipation from Calvinism which was irresistible. But to young readers of to-day the charm seems to be broken, and why? If we could be sure of the reason many doubts with regard to the relation between art and morals would be solved. Partly, of course, the indiffer-

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ence of readers to-day is a result of that weariness which always follows admiration carried to excess, a weariness which beauty itself cannot fight against when familiarity has taken the place of wonder. But there is more than this in the case of Rossetti. To read his poetry now is a little like picking up nectarines which lie overripe on the grass and trying to recover the delicious freshness of fruit that we plucked from the tree. There is still the sweetness and the perfume, but satiety has stepped in, and as the juice oozes out we turn from it and crave a crust of bread and a draught of pure water.

Not many persons survive who can remember Rossetti before chloral and his delusions had destroyed the equilibrium of his character. The few whose memory does reach back so far recall the dignity and suavity of his manners and the deep music of his voice. The legend which surrounded him and the prestige of his double talent made it a little alarming to approach him, since there was something regal in his presence. It used to be reported that he did not bear contradiction philosophically; but who could dream of contradicting Rossetti? The visitor, it may easily be conceived, did not find himself in that 'house of clear colors and stories' without being properly initiated. He was bound to arrive, frankly, as an acolyte. Then the welcome from the burly and bearded hierophant, as he walked from easel to easel, was gracious in the extreme. Rossetti had a most winning mode of address, with a curious touch of the irresolute, giving an impression of a shyness (which seemed incredible) together with a wish, even a determination, to put the young visitor, himself plainly shy, at his ease; and when the first slight embarrassment was broken down, an exercise of sympathy, of surprising eager kindness and encouragement, enveloped the newcomer. We lads were the creatures of enthusiasm sixty years ago, and it used to seem as though it would be much easier to lay down one's life in the service of Rossetti than to perish on a barricade for Swinburne's intangible Republic.

Very old-fashioned and insupportable all this will sound to the youthful iconoclasts of 1928. No doubt there was an element of illusion in the enthusiasm of those boyish days, when the Philistine was in our midst, and both art and literature seemed to be enslaved — in what George Meredith called 'the æra of the Tame Ox.' Rossetti stood for adventure, for romance, for mystery and passion, and the house in Cheyne Walk, with its rambling garden and its unexplored recesses, seemed the absolute last refuge of the persecuted Muses. I cannot transmit that hallucination to my readers, so I plunge once more into the *Poems* of 1870.

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WISDOM AND CIVILIZATION[1]

A Frenchman on Keyserling

BY ÉMILE BOUVIER

TIME was when the 'Oriental question' meant who would control Constantinople, but its scope has increased enormously of late. Diplomats, sociologists, and thinkers are studying the immense spaces of the Asiatic Continent from closer and closer range. Disturbing shadows are rising on these new horizons; India, Japan, China, Tibet, solicit our anxious curiosity. All eyes are turned eastward, and scour the sky for prodigious cloud-bursts or inevitable dawns.

Innumerable observers have succumbed to this curiosity, and they all group themselves around a certain body of essential ideas. First of all is the fear of the Yellow Peril. The fecundity of the Oriental races has long terrified our statesmen with the vision of a mass invasion, a submersion of the white race by a swarm of Asiatics. During the Russo-Japanese War the Yellow Peril assumed a military shape that William II symbolized in a celebrated picture. In the United States and the British Dominions it takes an economic form, and it has reappeared in both aspects during the recent Chinese uprisings. The Pan-Asiatic Congress at Nagasaki in 1926 declared war on us and demanded the liberation of the Orient by force of arms.

The prospect of a conquest of Europe by yellow armies is still a remote danger. If the only question were the emancipation of colonies that white nations officially or virtually maintain in Asia, many of us could resign ourselves to their loss. The Yellow Peril only haunts diplomats, soldiers, and administrators.

Let us admit that we have no natural right to exploit the Asiatics — only that, and nothing more; for when this is granted, the one remaining question is who has the most machine guns. Therefore let us proceed.

To the philosopher the Asiatic danger consists of an intellectual invasion, a struggle of ideas, a battle between two conceptions of the world. Enlightened Europeans have given up the old habit of dividing the universe into two categories, civilized people and barbarians. Greece, Rome, mediæval Christianity, the great classic and rationalist century, lived on this simplified notion. It was merely a question of conquering, converting, and policing confused hordes of inferior races beyond the seas. In the eighteenth century a few doubts concerning European superiority began to arise, but the artificial lustre of our great scientific discoveries blinded the following generations and prevented them from clearly seeing the dark mysteries of Asia. The dogma of white intellectual supremacy was strengthened by all the miracles of science, and Occidental sociologists saw themselves triumphing when Japan began building armed cruisers and India took up the cotton mill.

[1] From *Le Progrès Civique* (Paris Radical weekly)

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What an ephemeral triumph! The pupil thought he had changed places with the master.

A new generation of Asiatics now refuses to bend the knee to the idols of industrial civilization, offering instead its own secular ideal for us to adore. Sun Yat-sen, Rabindranath Tagore, and Gandhi have broken the tables of Occidental law, and Occidentals have even emerged in their behalf. In Germany, in Russia (under the influence of post-war depression), in the Anglo-Saxon countries (bewitched by moral scruples and mystic aspirations), even in France (animated by a vague anxiety), men of superior intelligence have directed our attention toward the 'message' that comes from the Orient.

The subject is widely discussed, and we are unconsciously beginning to contrast these two terms Orient and Occident. Shall we have Buddhist wisdom or scientific civilization?

During the last year innumerable magazine articles on the subject have appeared, as well as the following books: *La Tentation de l'occident*, by André Malraux; *Vers un nouveau moyen âge*, by Berdiaeff; *Défense de l'occident*, by Henri Massis; *Bouddha vivant*, by Paul Morand; and last but not least, a volume that puts in our hands a satisfying solution, *La Philosophie d'Hermann Keyserling*, by Maurice Boucher. Count Hermann Keyserling is a German who first published a number of metaphysical essays and then in 1912 began devoting himself to the study of Hindu philosophy, visiting Asia to pursue this subject. After the war he and Oswald Spengler became the chief prophets of a return to Oriental wisdom. His *Travel Diary of a Philosopher*, published in 1919, won a prodigious success. Since that time Keyserling has expounded an entire philosophy based on a profound analysis of the two civilizations into which the world is divided. According to M. Maurice Boucher, it leaves us with several practical suggestions.

The first is that Keyserling wishes to resolve the antinomy between East and West. He is not like the Latins on the *Revue Universelle* and the *Action Française;* nor does he resemble certain Roman Catholics who want to divert the waters of the Orontes into the Tiber, and crush Oriental fatalism with Occidental logic. Keyserling is not a destructive nihilist, as some people pretend he is. He has stated his case to our present twentieth-century civilization, but in doing so he has turned his back on the ancient school of quietism. He has sown the germs of a really universal society of culture and morals under which the Orient and Occident can both live in peace.

His work is therefore a work of peace. It is a new society whose attraction can group together the most diverse national spirits. It also includes a method of interior pacification that leads one to wisdom. His own so-called School of Wisdom at Darmstadt exemplifies this fact.

One cannot help wishing that this utopia — for it probably is a utopia, since metaphysics do not rule the world — would pass insensibly into the sad reality of everyday life. Only a little of this hope is needed to take the edge off the bitterness that certain critics of Keyserling have shown.

He begins with an implacable accusation of so-called European civilization as it now exists in most parts of both hemispheres, for the oil spot of industrialism spreads from London and Paris to Chicago, Bombay, and Honolulu. Must we wish to have it cover the entire world? Is it necessary for us to desire that the distant Zulus live, think, and feel exactly like the near-by inhabitants of Berlin? Has not this been the ideal of the so-called civilized

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races until just recently? Keyserling affirms that its pursuance will involve the ultimate collapse of humanity.

The supreme end of Western civilization is progress. Every human being is impelled by progress to exalt its power more and more, and to develop his own potentialities. But these potentialities only include those that tend to increase our efficiency in acting upon exterior surroundings. The value of an individual is, therefore, measured by how skillfully he can command his various spheres of action — physical force, beauty, technical skill, acquired capital, influence. Our schools teach us that knowledge of the world consists in discovering recipes that give the most prompt and efficient results. Moral virtues are only valued in so far as they lead to social superiority or prove that one has mastered one's self well enough to be able to conduct successful enterprises.

In short, everything converges on the act, and the succession of acts into which we are led keeps calling upon us to conserve our resources, to increase our gains, to progress. Thus modern man lives in a state of perpetual motion, a fatal and continual draining process broken only by death, his one means of repose. On these principles rests a social system that is dominated by results. All industrial society is organized to exploit amorphous matter to the maximum. Man is merely an instrument of labor or combat, and in this limited field he has undoubtedly made admirable progress.

But the development of these capacities has not given the modern man a better fate. Whether he is a machine or a piece of merchandise, he is only judged by his productive capacity or his mercantile value. Having specialized in one line, he is no more free than one of his own cogwheels is. Tagore has rightly said: 'Never has human flesh and spirit been at a lower price than in the Occidental world.' At no period have we had less regard for creatures and creation. If no force were to oppose our present tendency, the reign of utility would follow its logical evolution and the development of intelligence would rob the human race of whatever soul it had left.

But if bondage is the fate of the modern worker just as much as it was of the ancient slave, perhaps the privileged people supported by the laws of labor are able to raise themselves to the level of supermen and to live a free life on that plane.

Such exceptions are infinitely rare, for masters are no more successful than slaves in escaping the restraints of their education and the ideas it has given them. Thus they too are led to throw themselves completely into some form of activity. It may be essential or futile, but in any case it must be some service in which they immerse themselves. Nothing is more empty or more busy than worldly existence to-day. The richest men are also the most powerful, and the powerful man is merely a perfected instrument.

Such religions as have survived are tainted with either intellectualism or utilitarianism. Once upon a time religious dogmas represented various approaches to some internal reality of a spiritual order, but ever since the Middle Ages Christianity has been transformed into a balance of interests in which 'everyone has been forced to reach the kingdom of Heaven by a strict system of bookkeeping.' Oriental cults like theosophy have become impregnated with totally egotistical preoccupations as soon as they have penetrated the Occident.

Science itself, the new idol, is gradually losing all its spiritual dignity. Our educational system ingeniously provides the maximum of mechanically

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useful results from the minimum amount of work. 'From primary school to university people devote all their efforts to discouraging individual effort and increasing the quantity of knowledge actually acquired. The child becomes a warehouse of facts, all of which have been prepared, arranged, and wrapped up in advance, and the pupil's only activity consists in arranging and preserving intact whatever comes from without.'

This form of culture is simply 'a polished way of denying mentality itself, for mentality only grows by creative effort. If the *Critique of Pure Reason* is to have spiritual value, I must have thought it over again and re-created it myself, and not have learned it by heart; whereas all discipline, all modern art, tends toward reducing such effort to the minimum. The cinema is the most recent and the most passive medium of all, and it is also the most popular.'

There is, to be sure, no lack of moral preaching in Europe, but 'all too often morality is merely a parasitical obligation, obedience to an outer command. The centre of our moral culture is not within ourselves. We feel constrained to perform good deeds, but our soul does not speak a spontaneous language. Thus morality subsists independently of ourselves. It is not astonishing that it deteriorates and finally seems foreign to us, eventually dying as a result of the feeling we have about its arbitrary value.'

The same thing is true in sociology and politics. 'All exterior reforms are merely useless artifices and optical illusions. Even coercive organizations like the League of Nations as we know it to-day cannot achieve any durable end. Socialism will signify nothing as long as no real Socialists exist — in other words, men whose feeling for the community is stronger than their egotistical instincts. As long as our souls retain their individual armor it makes little difference what is done to disarm nations.'

Thus 'nothing decisive will be accomplished until some moral reform has been achieved.' This means that if Western civilization continues to turn its back on spiritual values, continues to neglect the quality of the human being, and only attaches importance to the quantity of material power accumulated in its cities, we are heading toward a frightful state of barbarism.

If the preponderance we give economics is not accompanied by a profound change in the mentality of the masters of the world, it will lead us to a materialist plutocracy which will come to grief sooner or later in a pitiless, brutal revolution compared to which Bolshevism will have seemed like child's play.

On the other hand, even if the catastrophe can be retarded, the reign of the machine will lead to such a tyranny that life will not be worth living. 'We have created machines which we can no longer control, and which will perhaps annihilate us after having made us their servants.' Already they are constructing above our heads a 'network of inaccessible, rigid determinations that weigh on us as fate weighed on the ancients.'

We can still save ourselves from this despotism, but in order to do so we must shatter with a single blow all the bonds that tie us to matter. The human spirit must become aware of its sovereignty and lift itself above things instead of entangling itself in them. We must remember that the world is merely what we make it, and in consequence we must know ourselves first of all, and act on ourselves, before hoping to change anything in the universe. In short, we must become wise before trying to become powerful. It is in

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this way that the example of the Orient can aid us.

Oriental thought, which lies behind the Hindu, Buddhist, and Chinese mentality, presents to the philosophic eye the most striking contrast with that Occidental civilization whose faults we have enumerated. Like ourselves, the Oriental admits the necessity of progress, and his religions point out to him the path of a progressive system of amelioration.

But while progress to us means the development of our means of action, the Oriental has no use for such endeavors, since they add in no way to his interior perfection. A man of letters, an athlete, or a dictator is often as far from achieving this ideal as an ignorant beggar. The development of human personality may even become an obstacle that prevents spiritual virtues from flourishing. The real heroes of the Orient are men who renounce all exterior grandeur in order to consecrate themselves to the pursuit of what is really good.

These various elements of goodness are within us and not outside us. The road to perfection is meditation, the yoga. By intense concentration of his thought man attains a level superior to that reached by the scholar or the politician. Perceiving realities, he does not permit himself to be taken in by appearances, for only spiritual things are real.

Of course, our Occidental philosophers have also affirmed that the universe is merely a mass of representations, and that we cannot escape from idealism. However, they have almost always found some hidden door, for they are well aware that no one would listen to them if they would not respond to that desire for exterior action that constitutes the genius of the white race.

Oriental civilizations, on the other hand, gently model themselves on a philosophy that denies the reality of the exterior world and emphasizes knowledge, not action, thought, not matter. Thus the yellow races have arrived at a number of social, pedagogic, and moral results of considerable significance.

Facts have no value in themselves, but are merely symbols of a spiritual significance. Why, then, endeavor to influence the chain of events? Is it not better to bring to perfection the spiritual sense of the universe — in other words, our real selves — by working directly on the spirit?

Furthermore, 'ambition is usually regarded as unworthy,' and we do not even except the noblest ambitions, such as the desire to improve the well-being, the culture, and the morality of our fellow man by material efforts. 'Hindus believe that neither wisdom nor real philanthropy belongs to that domain known as activity.' Happiness and misfortune depend on each man's natural disposition. Doing good consists of working for one's self, for doing good is one of the paths to interior perfection, and does not involve helping others in any way.

For the best of reasons, they deride the hypothesis of collective progress based on the development of material comfort. The Hindu sage 'despises action, since it creates mere quantity and utility.' His life is useless, inactive, and often mute; yet he enjoys an infinitely higher repute in the Orient than the warrior, the technical expert, or the lawmaker.

Wisdom does not come to us through the ordinary channels. 'Study has nothing to do with intelligibility. It is progress into the depths. The European moves from notion to notion; he induces, deduces, distinguishes, and integrates. The Hindu advances from one state to another.'

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Teaching is therefore reduced to giving an example that will stimulate others to meditate. 'When a disciple asks a question of his master the latter gives no direct reply. He will merely say, "Come and live with me for ten years."' This means that critical intelligence is merely an inferior faculty. Dialectic discussion only exists on the surface of Hindu philosophy, and consists of a few unimportant motions. Contradictions offer no obstacle, and lack of system is considered a positive merit. Scientific strictness is just a Western importation.

'The spirit of depth' is the really Asiatic spirit. The Hindu sage is convinced that a kind of intuitive form of knowledge exists, and that this knowledge puts man into direct contact with the essence of things. It is the knowledge of Being, Brahma Vidya, opposed to the knowledge of appearances — experience, science, logic, and so forth. The existence of this other level of consciousness is as evident to the Hindu as the existence of the external world is to us. It is not attained by a continued succession of intellectual acquisitions, but by a burst of all one's psychic forces released to the very limit.

Discursive thought that only moves in its own sphere cannot transpose our consciousness to this level. Meditation alone can overleap the limits of experience and transform the organism of our thought. The Occidental is like an inventor of lenses who uses telescopes and microscopes to see better. The Oriental prefers to act directly on the eye. The one extracts all he can from our means of knowledge, while the other wishes to perfect the very organism in which our knowledge is lodged.

Any man who has been able to raise himself and maintain himself on this level overleaps all physical laws, all logical categories, all moral convictions. The cult of the fakir and all its disturbing phenomena raise in a new way the problem of the mechanical relations between the different parts of the universe. Intuition proclaims itself as swifter and surer than methodical research. Finally the disappearance of the ego which is the unavoidable result of superior knowledge places the initiate beyond good and evil.

Such, according to Keyserling, is the essence of the Asiatic mentality. We know that ours is the complete opposite. But we also know that we must reform our conception of the world or perish. Shall we adopt the belief of Buddha's disciples, or shall we link arms with the defenders of the West surrounded by the ruins of European civilization?

'Neither,' declares the German philosopher. The dilemma of East and West does not arise, and there is no need of sacrificing either.

The Orient has its weaknesses. Paying too much attention to spiritual realities, it has ended up by attaching no importance to their material manifestations. Yet it is not indifferent to the fact that the universe reflects more or less adequately the order, harmony, and perfection that reign in the spiritual world.

This disdain of facts, praiseworthy in itself, has led to a state of political apathy that checks the development of national life. From a moral point of view it has created an attitude of indifference toward physical suffering that takes the shape of vast and unnecessary catastrophes, famines, epidemics, poverty, and so forth. Oriental hostility toward activity leaves the field open to blind or brutal forces, and its defiance of reason and its indifferent tolerance of inferior intelligence encourage the growth of the most absurd superstitions.

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Moreover, the criticisms that we have launched against Western civilization do not give us the right to suppress it. 'We are not fighting with reality by blaming it, and it is vain to condemn reality merely on account of some personal preference. The course of the world is not altered by the opinion of a chagrined spirit.' It is far better to attempt to understand what necessity our civilization represents, and then to see if we cannot adapt it to some larger system.

It is impossible to sweep the board clean and to rebuild the world in accordance with our own desires. The return to wisdom 'could not fail to be a regression pure and simple to a state that we have passed.' Modern society must be integrated in the philosophy of to-morrow, and particular attention must be paid to such recent acquisitions as reason, science, and technique.

Such a philosophy would therefore endeavor to synthesize Oriental wisdom with European logic. 'All conquests of the critical spirit will be used as foundations, and through them we shall force ourselves to attain a higher level of consciousness. The feeling for existence is perhaps the secret of the East, and the Occident cannot define the form of this existence. We shall therefore define wisdom as a way of existence in which knowledge and life will arise from the fruitful coöperation of desire and ability.'

In this way we shall preserve everything, but we shall make it serve ends that are worthy of us. And first of all let us proclaim the primary importance of spiritual matters and the inferiority of material things, which are only as important as the soul chooses to make them.

Historic events merely translate the vicissitudes and fluctuations of the collective soul. They are governed by spiritual energy, not by material hazard. 'As soon as a political reform begins to lack spiritual substance it falls into decay.' This is the way all collapses have occurred, in spite of the formidable material support that they developed. Imperial Germany was a system devoid of life-giving spirit, and Bolshevism, the latest symbol of this type, will collapse as soon as it has been devoured by its spirit. To understand the present and to anticipate the future by preserving the spiritual forces that model them both is the wise man's first step toward independence.

In short, we must admit and establish a hierarchy of social, intellectual, and moral values based on quality and significance. This involves doing away with worthless, meaningless things. It involves a real mental revolution. Then a long spiritual application must follow before a superior significance emerges and this new truth gradually unfolds before us.

Keyserling has not only given us general rules to be used in the search of happiness, but he himself directs a kind of normal School of Wisdom at Darmstadt. He can thus easily perceive the practical consequences of this new gospel.

First of all, every attempt at universal perfection will be accomplished in the spiritual world and in the domain of the individual conscience. Keyserling's attitude in the presence of reformers, religious men, scientists, or politicians is that of Socrates before the Sophists. He prefers to teach us to look within ourselves and to encourage the development of a few elect intelligences rather than to turn out a large-scale-production type of morality, a collective system of progress like Lenin's. At Darmstadt he receives a small number of disciples, who in their turn will educate a number of initiates. He gathers them together not so that

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they will applaud him, but in order that they may rally their own resources. He does not demand that they adhere to any special formulas, but only to their own intimate beliefs.

The school possesses no programme and no conditions of admittance. The nature of our activity in the world has no importance; nor does the amount of knowledge that we possess. It is therefore possible to attain wisdom no matter what profession one follows, and no matter how much or how little culture one has acquired. The disciples of Keyserling are invited by their master to continue their usual occupations. All doctrines and all beliefs are admitted. But the most absolute tolerance is insisted upon, and even a certain intellectual meekness in the face of outside influences. Proselytism is forbidden. One must listen, tolerate, and assimilate all kinds of thought, even when it is clearly erroneous. Even moral evil must not be repulsed with horror. Courage and sincerity in error are often the surest indications of a coming spiritual metamorphosis.

Nonsense is the only evil. Meditation about ourselves will teach us to know ourselves, and thus to realize ourselves harmoniously. Meditation concerning the people and things that surround us teaches us to grasp their spiritual significance.

Three lines of activity are followed — concentrated reflection, silence, and mutual suggestion. All three agree upon a common hatred of knowledge and criticism. 'The purpose of the School of Wisdom is not to act on the understanding or the discursive intelligence, but on the being of its adepts. It will create among them a new synthesis of the soul and mind, a metamorphosis of the personality determined by deep-seated impulses.' And it is here that Oriental methods can give us considerable aid.

But the School of Wisdom goes against the Oriental attitude when these new 'sages' have rediscovered their feeling for liberty, penetrated the meaning of events that used to be crushing them to earth, and reënter the domain of 'expression.' They may be diplomats, statesmen, priests, or artisans, but the important thing is for them to be aware of the universal character of their acts and to accentuate the real values. Then they will be able to work out a universe based on enlightened human desires. They will know how to 'insinuate into material necessities the intelligence that conditions these necessities.'

Such in broad outline is the system that is attracting growing interest in Europe. We in France are chiefly familiar with Keyserling's political ideas, which often have been badly interpreted by nationalist criticism. M. Boucher's book and the translation of Keyserling's chief philosophic work, *The World in the Making*, are helping us to understand the moral value of his teaching. This teaching deserves something more than the hasty and utterly superficial study we have given it. I believe that behind too many abstract metaphysics and a typically German abuse of the intuitive faculty it conceals an exact picture of the evils from which our civilization is suffering. The borrowings that this system has made from Oriental wisdom may not be sovereign remedies, but they are at any rate useful. In short, it constitutes an excellent form of mental hygiene, a régime which exhausted, neurasthenic Europe — I mean the Europe that thinks — would do well to essay.

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PATHS AND PLACES

News from the World's Wide Lanes of Travel — Ships and Sailings — Facilities Ashore — The Student Abroad

Random Travel Notes

CZECHOSLOVAKIA is proving to be the ideal country for tourists who like something different, and who are interested in following the progress of the new nations created since the World War. Those who visit the sturdy Central-European republic this summer and fall will find her celebrating her tenth birthday in a manner that will make their stay unusually worth while.

Although colorful festivals are taking place from time to time throughout the republic, the main attraction is at Brno (Brünn), capital of Moravia. Here, in a group of decorated pavilions covering an area of seventy-five acres, is housed the great Exhibition of Czechoslovak Contemporary Culture, which opened last May and will continue until October 28, the tenth anniversary of Czechoslovak independence. There are displays of renowned Bohemian glass, of Czech laces and embroideries, Czech painting and sculpture. There are stirring concerts by the splendid Czech orchestras and male choirs, rendering compositions of Smetana, Dvořák, and other Czech composers. And there are special restaurant accommodations where visitors may sample the delicacies of the Czech table — spicy little sausages; succulent potroasts; the famous *knedlík* (a sort of meat and vegetable dumpling which constitutes a national dish); and beer from the great Czechoslovak breweries of Pilsen, Budweis, and Protivin.

Brno is easily and quickly reached by rail from either Prague or Vienna. Those who come through England by way of Rotterdam may take advantage of the newly inaugurated air service, which whisks them from the Dutch city to Prague in seven hours and costs but thirty dollars. A knowledge of the Czech language is not necessary; nor is it advisable when one considers a town whose name, let us say, is Vrbno, and is assured that it is pronounced exactly as spelled. English is widely spoken; and in any case a little traveler's German goes a long way.

* * *

THE French Government is at last taking steps to prevent the complete filling-in by sand of the shallow waters which surround the island abbey of Mont-Saint-Michel.

Rising to towering heights from a conical rock which juts out of the sea a scant mile off the north coast of Brittany, the abbey has been a place of pilgrimage for ten centuries. In other days pious penitents came to it from all Christendom in search of salvation. Now come students and pleasure-seekers, attracted by the glory of its architecture or the reputation of Mme. Poularde's savory omelets.

Once the Mont was a true island, completely cut off from the mainland save at low tide, when the waters withdrew somewhat and the stretch

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of sandy bottom between the abbey and the shore could be traversed on foot or in carriages. Terrifying tales were told of travelers caught by the returning tide as they were making the crossing; and seventy years ago the island was connected permanently with the shore by a long stone causeway. Dikes, too, were built along the shore by Bretons with an eye to grazing their salt-meadow sheep on the land thus reclaimed. But the combination of causeway and dikes caused sand deposited by the tides to build up farther and farther from the shore, until recently this filling-in process has threatened to leave the Mont itself high, dry, and unbeautiful. Urgent protests from the Société des Amis du Mont-Saint-Michel, however, have persuaded the Government to devote six million francs to modifying the dikes which are causing the trouble, and thus to assure the island abbey its natural setting of clear blue water.

* * *

SWEDEN boasts of three famous open-air theatres, and if outdoor drama is to your liking it might be worth your while this summer to visit Djurgården Park at Skansen, Tanto Park at Haga, or Vanad's Park just outside of Stockholm. *No, No, Nanette*, which has been playing to crowded houses throughout Europe for several years, will be produced in the Swedish capital this month, but the veteran traveler will be found at Josephine Baker's revue, which will also come to Stockholm.

* * *

GUIDES and interpreters in Constantinople — as in most Eastern and some Western cities — have been the bane of a traveler's peaceful stroll through the town. Particularly troublesome are those who offer to show unsavory pleasure resorts to visitors. But now, having simplified passport regulations and having begun to teach the Constantinople police to speak English, French, and German, Turkey's strong government under Dictator Mustapha Kemal is turning its attention to these importunate birds of prey. A police campaign has been started against them; and a fine of fifty Turkish pounds, or two hundred and twenty dollars, will be imposed upon any guide engaging in pornographic or otherwise forbidden side lines. Constantinople under this new régime should make an even more pleasant item on an itinerary than in the past.

* * *

THE old wooden amphitheatre at Oberammergau, from which so many Americans watched the Passion Play on Sundays during the summers of 1910 and 1920, is to be torn down. In its place will rise a more durable structure built entirely of stone, and containing a building to house the stage properties and the costumes for the seven hundred actors who take part in this great religious festival. To be completed in time for the presentation of 1930, the new amphitheatre will cost the village of only fourteen hundred inhabitants a sum of $72,000; but it is expected to pay for itself quickly out of the pockets of devout pilgrims and curious tourists.

* * *

SHEIKS in Cairo are not as romantic as some of our novelists would have us believe. If you happen to be taking the long trolley ride out to the Pyramids, don't be surprised if some venerable old man who looks as though he might have stepped from the pages of the Old Testament comes into the car and sits beside you. These patriarchs usually announce — and truthfully — that they are sheiks. Should they become too annoying, it is best to tell

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them that you are not going to see the Pyramids, that you have lived in Egypt all your life, that you know more about the Pyramids than the Pharaohs ever did, and in any case and above all that your pockets are innocent of piastres. With the last remark they usually leave the car.

* * *

CASABLANCA, Morocco's chief port, will henceforth be called either Lyautey or Lyauteyville, after the military hero Lyautey. The French Government's choice is Lyauteyville. But the *Journal des Débats* makes sarcastic comment: 'Our geographical nomenclature becomes banal and tiresome by perpetual addition of the final "ville" to the name of the godfather.' As well say Washington City, Romeville, or Athenopolis.

* * *

BEFORE long the United States may expect to be flooded with striking posters of Rio Janeiro's famous crag, Sugar Loaf; of Buenos Aires's Avenida de Mayo glittering with festoons of electric lights strung up to celebrate a *fiesta;* or of the sun setting over Valparaiso's Punta Angeles and the blue Pacific Ocean. For South America is organizing to capture more tourist trade.

A Tourist Congress was recently held in Buenos Aires, with representatives from Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, Ecuador, Paraguay, and Uruguay attending. Sensibly, they decided not to confine themselves to advertising and propagandizing. They will prepare maps and guide books, endeavor to simplify passport and visa requirements, and study possible tourist routes by automobile, railroad, boat, and airplane.

But let not North Americans consider themselves the sole objects of this action. It is not only 'In God We Trust' dollars which are sought. South Americans are rich, and travel far. They too are proverbial as spenders in Paris. South America wants them to travel on their own great continent. 'See South America First' might be the slogan.

Ships and Sailings

NEW shipbuilding for North Atlantic passenger traffic assumes the proportions of an epidemic. Besides the five palatial steamers noted here last month, two thousand-footers are definitely announced, one each for the Cunard and White Star lines. Construction begins in the fall, in Great Britain. Each ship will have a cruising speed of 26 knots, evenly matching the almost completed German steamers Bremen and Europa, and a tonnage of about 55,000. Apparently the White Star owners want the largest-liner championship. They already claim it with the Majestic, which is eight feet longer though some three thousand tons lighter than the American-owned Leviathan. Then comes the French Line (Compagnie Générale Transatlantique), granting size and speed to others, content with the luxury medal. In 1932 an as yet unnamed vessel as big as the Majestic will supersede the Île de France as flagship, and surpass her in magnificence of appointments.

* * *

THIS season has seen the North German Lloyd introduce several pioneer devices. The S. S. Columbus, first to carry a seaplane on her cruise trips, now has an inhaler for the seasick. Mothersill's, champagne, and thinking-of-something-else are sorry cures beside this new contraption. On the theory that the pneumogastric nerve in the head is responsible for that fatal quaking, Dr. Wilhelm Demmert of Munich has formulated a

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compound of oxygen, menthol, and certain other chemicals, which is guaranteed effective seventy-five per cent of the time. The inhaler itself looks like a cross between a hose cart, a dentist's gas apparatus, and a tea wagon. A steward trundles it to the side of your deck chair, and in five minutes you can safely risk another long look at the frantic Atlantic.

Another innovation of interest to passengers, though in a different way, is the fathometer. This is an electrical sounding device which times the echo of a sound directed from the ship to the ocean floor. A constant record of the depth of water beneath the ship is automatically traced on a moving slip of paper. In storms, darkness, or fog, especially entering or leaving port, the fathometer has already proved its worth.

* * *

TOURIST third-class passengers on either the United States or the Canadian Pacific line may use ships of the other line without new tickets or extra payments. The interchange is made possible because the Canadian Pacific operates only from Montreal and Quebec, the United States Lines only from New York. The combined fleet numbers thirty steamships.

Facilities Ashore

AIR taxis now meet certain fast steamers of the Lloyd Sabaudo and North German Lloyd companies upon arrival in Europe, speeding impatient passengers direct to the nearest large cities, where connections are made with regular continental air services. If you are on the Conte Biancamano or Conte Grande, you may notify the purser a day or two before reaching Gibraltar. He will radio the hangar at Algeciras, where you take the plane after a short steamer run across the bay from Gibraltar. Rail connections from Southern Spain are very bad. Hence the value of the air taxi, and the justification of the fare of a hundred dollars to Madrid. Fast and regular planes are then available for Paris, Genoa, and Rome. Tourists going to Italy may thus sleep in Rome on the seventh night after leaving New York.

The S.S. Columbus is similarly served from Bremerhaven (the port, five miles distant, for Bremen). Planes fly direct to Berlin ($25), Frankfort ($27.50), Munich ($52.50), Leipzig ($26.25), Dresden ($32.50), and Prague ($43.75). Hand baggage may be taken in the plane. Trunks and boxes reach you by train a day later.

* * *

HARSH words are heard of France and Italy from tourists who find new taxes in force and prices ever higher. You pay a four-dollar French port tax this year, both to land and to embark. Railway rates are a little greater; hotel rates likewise. Only one concession appears. France will give you a transit visa, good for ten days, for twenty cents, upon presentation of a railway ticket to a point beyond the border. Italy remains adamant on the visa question. Take it or leave it; it costs ten dollars.

* * *

ENGLAND'S Twentieth Century Limited, the Flying Scotsman, has just begun making the longest nonstop run in the world — the 392 miles between London and Edinburgh. Comfort, not speed, is the object, for the time remains at eight and a quarter hours. Heretofore there has been no way of changing engine crews without stopping the train, since it was held dangerous for two crews to occupy the cab at the same time. Special locomotive tenders solve the problem. At the

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end of two hundred miles a fresh driver and fireman emerge from the first coach, go through a covered corridor or gangway along the right side of the tender, and take over the engine. The men relieved go back the same way and finish the trip as passengers.

* * *

RAILWAY travel in Germany is improved by a number of new sleeping cars operated by the 'Mitropa.' They are eight feet longer than ordinary coaches, allowing the beds, which in Europe are placed across the car, more width. Each car comprises eleven compartments, which may be either first or second class, depending upon whether one or two people occupy a compartment. Among silky Gobelin-like draperies, soft carpets, birch and maple woodwork, and other new gadgets, is a novel door lock. From the outside the compartment door can be opened only by the company's attendants, and then but a few inches.

The Student Abroad

WILL both the round-the-world universities sail in September? But you may not know there are two. In the fall of 1926 the S.S. Ryndam sailed with some three hundred young men and women and a sprinkling of older persons. The history of that 'University Afloat' is sufficiently well known. Before the cruise was over the original promoters had split on the issue of coeducation. One group retained the Ryndam, formed the University Travel Association, Inc., and announced a 'College Cruise' for men only. The other camp took the Cunard liner Aurania, incorporated the International University Cruise, and announced a 'Floating University' for both young men and young women, and older people whose interests were serious. Last fall neither ship sailed, the two enterprises having cut each other's throats by competition.

All this year the battle has gone on. Curricula are almost identical, faculties number the same, advertising looks alike; but one is coeducational and the other is not. The men-only 'College Cruise' has for president John Carleton Jones, Ph.D., LL.D., president-emeritus of the University of Missouri. Its board of governors is headed by Dr. Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve University. The coeducational 'Floating University' is under the presidency of Thomas W. Butcher, LL.D., head of the Kansas State Teachers' College. Both are scheduled to sail toward the end of September.

From New York the path of each lies through the Panama Canal to Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan, China, Siam, Java, Sumatra, Ceylon, India, Arabia, Egypt, the Mediterranean, and Western Europe. Shore excursions, never longer than a few days, are made from the ship. Eight months sees the globe-girdlers again entering New York harbor.

* * *

'To Unmask Civilized Savagery' is the purpose of a World Youth Peace Congress at Eerde, Holland, during August. Five hundred student delegates will attend — three hundred and fifty from Europe, one hundred from the Americas, fifty from Asia, Africa, and Australia. Lectures, round-table discussions, and informal talk make up the programme.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

More Maurois

SEVERAL communications to the *Mercure de France* in regard to the alleged plagiarisms of André Maurois have kept the controversy alive and interesting, although it seemed that Maurois's letter, summarized in these columns a month ago, should have concluded the dispute. Auriant again comes forward with a mass of quotations showing that the paper on Walpole in *Études Anglaises* could not have been written without the assistance of Sainte-Beuve, that the piece on Goethe that appeared in book form in *Mape* after having been featured in the August *Atlantic Monthly* was cribbed from Lewes's *Life of Goethe,* and that a fantastic novel called *Voyage au Pays des Articoles* included extensive borrowings from the journal of the intrepid Alain Gerbault who traveled alone from France to America in a tiny sailboat.

We shall spare our readers the documents assembled by Auriant and shall confine ourselves to pointing out that there seems to be no evidence whatever of actual copying. Auriant begins his rebuttal by pointing out that the disputed passage about the beautiful evening and slowly receding sands which both Dowden and Maurois took from Shelley appeared in quotations in the Englishman's biography but not in the Frenchman's. It is only fair to point out, however, that Maurois admits that *Ariel* was almost entirely drawn from the writings of Shelley, and that quotation marks would therefore have hardly been in order. In short, the whole thing boils down to how freely a writer should be allowed to quote from others and retell old stories without making the proper acknowledgment on each occasion.

Auriant has distinct views on this subject, and he quotes long definitions of *plagiaire* (plagiarist) and *plagiat* (plagiarism) from Larousse and Littré, showing that a plagiarist is 'one who takes remarkable expressions or whole passages from a work that he does not cite.' What really animates the whole controversy is the growth of a jealous — and perhaps somewhat justified — fear that Émile Herzog, who writes under the name of André Maurois, will crash the exclusive portals of the French Academy. Hence, no doubt, this delicious passage.

'Others besides myself,' asserts Auriant, 'will certainly be distinguishing themselves ere long by making astonishing — and easy — discoveries. The field is large. M. Maurois does not do things by halves. Already certain people who knew what was going on but said nothing are beginning to talk, and are pointing out here, there, and everywhere in their works such and such a morsel appropriated by somebody else. I predict that during the coming season a new social game will be all the rage in the various fashionable casinos, bathing beaches, and watering places — a little game quite different from crossword puzzles, but just as amusing. As the bathers — both men and women — lie sunning themselves on the sand, one of them, holding a book by M. André Maurois in his or her hands, will pick out any chance passage, read it aloud, and then ask who wrote it. What a fine cento to

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finish off the day! It will be almost as good as a course in literature.'

In the same issue of the *Mercure de France*, Frank Harris adds his shy voice to the tumult of protest, pointing out that he too has been a victim of Maurois's activities. The *Études Anglaises* contains incidents about Pater, Whistler, and Wilde which were alleged to be drawn, without acknowledgment, from Mr. Harris's biography of the ineffable Oscar. The papers that go to make up Maurois's book were delivered in a series of *conférences* which were supposedly 'improvised' by the speaker as he went along. Mr. Harris comments, with some surprise, on the fact that 'M. Maurois, by a curious chance, followed my book step by step, and "indited" phrases that are *word for word* identical with mine.' The letter closes with this passage: 'I have been told that a witty academician who had been told about M. Maurois's misadventure proffered this laconic comment: "*Il a pris, il est pris, tant pis pour lui.*" (He has taken by storm, he is taken by storm, so much the worse for him.) That is the moral of all history.'

But in the following issue of the *Mercure de France* M. Maurois again succeeds in patching up any cracks which may have been made in his pedestal. His refutation is filled with scholarship, irony, ridicule, and sarcasm. As for stealing the *Voyage au Pays des Articoles* from Gerbault, Maurois points to page 12 of his book, where he refers to the modern French adventurer by name. Auriant's parallel passages are greater contrasts than comparisons; they invite laughter rather than scholarly attention. Auriant, moreover, should reread *Robinson Crusoe*. M. Maurois assures us that the story which he is supposed to have taken from Lewes's *Life of Goethe* may also be found in other lives of that great German poet, and that his real sources happened to be Bilchowskii and Loiseau.

M. Maurois himself, moreover, has written us to refute the article which we translated for our April 15 issue. We have no desire to be drawn into this controversy as a partisan, but merely prefer to stand aside as an unbiased observer. We are publishing below a letter from Sir Edmund Gosse which M. Maurois has sent us: —

DEAR MONSIEUR MAUROIS, —

May I take the liberty of telling you that your English readers view with indignation the perfidious attacks which are made upon you.

The causes and sources of these attacks are unknown to me, but may be conjectured.

I hope you will rest assured that those in England who are best fitted to form a judgment regard your treatment of English themes with admiration. Your *Disraeli* has been read in this country by no readers so enthusiastically as by those most deeply versed in the history and literature of the time.

The *originality* of your critical position in every case — Shelley, Disraeli, Walpole, Goethe — is what particularly strikes a candid reader.

As you have introduced my name in your defense, I feel that the least I can do is to assure you of my approval.

Pray believe me to be

Yours sincerely,

EDMUND GOSSE

With this honest statement we feel that we may fittingly close our columns to further comment on this controversy.

Alien Actors

ST. JOHN ERVINE has protested, and perhaps with some reason, against the rather harsh regulations passed by our Actors' Equity Association against immigrant English actors. The entire

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squabble smacks of petty recriminations, typically British blundering, and typically American trade-union severity.

It seems that Miss Alden Gay, a young and pretty American actress, went to England to try her luck on the British stage. Some time after her arrival she was engaged to play for one week at the Kew Theatre. At this point the British Ministry of Labor stepped in and prevented her from taking the job, for a rule exists which forbids a manager to employ an alien player for a part until he has failed to find a native player who can perform it. This regulation, which seems rather silly, does not prevent an English manager from importing an entire company of American actors and actresses to perform a play, nor does it prevent American performers from working in England after they have come into the country under a contract which later expires. At any rate, the ruling prevented Miss Gay from appearing at the 'Q' Theatre, as this small playhouse is intimately called by London theatregoers.

The Actors' Equity, which has brought many a manager to his knees in short order, consequently passed by a substantial majority eight retaliatory measures directed primarily against English actors and actresses in America. The Equity will not interfere with the importation of complete companies so long as it receives a list of the plays to be presented. Alien actors may enter under contract for a particular part in a specified play, but at the end of the play's run the player must either return to England or remain idle for six months. The other measures define alien and resident actor.

The whole affair strikes Mr. Ervine as endangering the livelihood of many English actors and actresses in America. He regrets a situation in which 'the scowls and bans of a passport officer or an immigration agent are substituted for the comradeship of artists.'

Since the treatment of American actors and actresses in England is at the bottom of the whole affair, let us see how solid the ground may be upon which the Equity stands. In the first place, Mr. John Emerson himself, the president of the Actors' Equity Association, and incidentally the husband of Anita Loos of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* fame, cabled from England when he heard of the proposed regulations that the reported restrictions on American actors in London were absurdly exaggerated. More than two hundred American actors played in England last season, and on the whole they have received the utmost consideration and courtesy from both stage and public. There is but one restriction — namely, that foreigners cannot enter England looking for work. If they enter under contract, well and good; they may then remain and take other parts. Among Americans who have been particularly successful in England are Miss Tallulah Bankhead, one of the greatest stars on the British stage, Miss Edith Day, leading lady at the Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr. Ernest Truex.

Like many international quarrels, it would appear that a mountain was being made out of a molehill. None the less, it is regrettable that England and America cannot modify their regulations so as to permit freer intercourse in the art of the theatre, rather than to foster spurious patriotism by restrictive measures.

The Royal Academy

ATTENDING the Royal Academy exhibition in England is like going to the opera — both are social institutions

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which may be utterly divorced from æsthetic appreciation. Visitors usually go to be seen and not to see, but in order to create the best impression one should know enough about the pictures to discuss them intelligently. The art critic of the London *Times* publishes some knowing comment, which we have summarized for those of our readers who have not had an opportunity to attend the one-hundred-and-sixtieth Academy exhibition — or for those who did attend but did not see the pictures.

It is a middling Academy, the first impression being one of disappointment, although more detailed examination yields a fair proportion of good work. The picture of the year is Mr. Algernon Newton's 'A Dorset Landscape,' which is elaborately composed on a large scale. Under a very luminous sky is a lake with a road in the foreground and cattle on the nearer brink, while in the distance is an island and a castled hill. The three-dimensional effect is the best that has been seen at the Academy. The natural features may be too small for the scale of the design, and the general treatment may be calculated rather than inspired, but the exalted mood, the pleasing though sober color, and the classical composition on purely English lines make 'A Dorset Landscape' the artistic success of the year.

More discussion has centred around the six paintings by Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., which have been described as jagged openings in space, agitating in color, and occupied by symbolical figures. In style they must be placed between El Greco and the Buddhist art of India. Mr. Sims does not seem to have entirely succeeded in expressing himself, but the pictures which are the most moving and are being most widely discussed are 'Here Am I,' 'My Pain Beneath Your Sheltering Hand,' and 'Man's Last Pretense of Consummation in Indifference.'

More consistent with the Academy's social rank are the portraits, and those by Sir William Orpen, R.A., and Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, R.A., stand at the head of the list. Sir William's mechanically brilliant art finds excellent expression in the portrait of 'Dame Madge Kendal,' for his astonishing technical powers have full sweep, and he has evidently been thoroughly interested in portraying the strong personality of the sitter. Although he lacks searching insight into character, Sir William is perhaps the most accomplished craftsman in the Academy. Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen is less realistic, and more interested in decorative pattern. Sir William Orpen is to Hals what Mr. Greiffenhagen is to Holbein.

The royal portraits are disappointing, to say the least. Sir Arthur S. Cope, R.A., has dutifully presented 'His Majesty the King.' Photographically the head is not bad, but the most that can be said for the rest of the picture is that it fills the canvas. Largeness of line is vainly attempted by ballooning the Garter cloak, and on the whole the clothes seem to lack a body. Nor is Mr. Arthur T. Nowell's 'Her Majesty the Queen' at all complimentary, for it combines an unpleasing likeness with insipid prettiness in the treatment of costume and surroundings. Royal portraiture presents its difficulties, of course, particularly with the strong tradition against any 'swagger,' but something better than a colored photograph should be provided.

'The Brothers,' by Miss Joan Manning-Sanders, who is only fourteen years old, has received considerable publicity, although the painting itself, which represents two Cornish fishermen playing checkers while a third looks on, promises little more than

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imitative talent. There is some skill in composition, and an appreciation of character.

Mass Education in Mexico

WHEN the Governor of the State of Tabasco, which lies flat and well watered in the southernmost part of Mexico, was informed that ninety per cent of his citizens were illiterate, he forthwith published an edict unparalleled in the annals of education. Every school under his jurisdiction, commanded the Governor, must stay open night and day for six months. In this period *every* Tabasco citizen must learn to read and write; and all who fail or refuse will be subject to a sentence in jail.

This extraordinary pronunciamento is new evidence of the passion for education that has gripped the Government of Mexico, centring in President Calles himself, and making its influence felt in the farthest corners of his country.

That grand old man of peace, Porfirio Diaz, who ruled Mexico for thirty-five years, had behind him the *hacendados*, owners of vast agricultural estates. He secured prosperity to the rich. He preserved peonage for the poor. When he left the Mexican scene in 1911, eighty per cent of all Mexicans, and a still higher percentage in some outlying states like Tabasco, could neither read nor write. In the seventeen years since that date, three million Mexicans have been shown the meaning of pothook and printed word. To-day, the proportion of illiterates stands at an average of sixty per cent for the country as a whole, though the outlying states still lag far behind.

Those seventeen years began inauspiciously. Rapidly after 1911 a dizzying succession of figures crossed the Mexican stage, each stopping only long enough to brandish a revolver and invoke Heaven's wrath upon his adversaries. Pancho Villa of the charmed life, weak but cultured Francisco Madero, Victoriano Huerta, bewhiskered Carranza, flitted in and out of the news. Men's minds were fixed more on sabres than on schools.

Then one-armed General Obregón seized the Presidency and obtained recognition from the United States. Because the Mexican Constitution does not permit a president to serve two successive terms, at the end of 1924 Obregón passed on the Presidency to his ally, Plutarco Elias Calles.

Calles, swarthy, serious, continued firm-handed pacification. When he began to enforce the Constitution of 1917, one clause of which disestablished the Catholic Church and deprived it of its title to lands and buildings, he opened a struggle which is not yet at an end. Calles is convinced that democracy's gravest danger lies in the control of the Mexican masses by the priesthood. He aims to break that control by attacking the physical organization of the Church, and combating its influence with a vigorous programme of secular education.

Hence, throughout the length and breadth of Mexico, carpenters and masons are at work on new schoolhouses to add to the number already formed by converting churches and religious institutions into schools. As in other countries, the highest percentage of illiteracy is in the rural districts. There were at the end of last year 3433 country schools under Federal jurisdiction, of which four hundred had been in use less than twelve months. This year, though Mexico is a poor country, heavily in debt, struggling to make income meet necessary expenditure, President Calles and his Minister of Education plan to found 1384 additional country schools — a forty-

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per-cent increase in a single year. Mexico is often envisaged as a land of bandits, oil wells, and streets lined with gambling houses and brothels. Calles has been called Bolshevik, Antichrist, impostor. Yet the country south of the Rio Grande may yet be known as the scene of an unparalleled educational experiment, and Calles become famed to posterity as the educator of the Mexican masses.

Saffron Walden's Mazer

THE dollars which American collectors are anxious to exchange for European art treasures have proved so tempting to the trustees of King Edward VI Almshouses at Saffron Walden that their famous silver mazer bowl may soon be put up at auction in London. Pepys, who knew a good thing when he saw one, described the famous relic in his diary for February 27, 1660, as follows: 'In our going my landlord carried us through a very old hospital, or almshouse, where forty old people were maintained; a very old foundation. They brought me a draught of their drink in a brown bowl, tipt with silver, which I drank off, and at the bottom was a picture of the Virgin with the Child in her arms, done in silver.'

This treasured possession had been in the town's keeping since 1400. It survived the Reformation, and came through the Civil War unscathed, although Fairfax and Oliver Cromwell had their headquarters for a time at the old Sun Inn at Saffron Walden. Several months ago another mazer bowl sold for fifty thousand dollars in a London auction room, and the trustees of the Kind Edward VI Almshouses became so violently infected with the sale virus that they suggested selling the Pepys mazer and using the money to establish a permanent nurse for the inmates of the institution.

The *Morning Post*, that staunch defender of Britain's past, feels that if they carry out their intention it 'may be the source of a lasting disgrace to the people of Saffron Walden.' Nevertheless, the bowl has been deposited in the local bank, and an auctioneer has estimated its value at twenty-five thousand dollars. Negotiations for its sale are already under way.

About a year ago the Waterbeach Cup was sold at auction for about ten thousand dollars, with the stipulation that when the purchaser died the cup should go to either the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, or Ely Cathedral. Stuart G. H. Ayscough feels that this is a good idea, and suggests that if the Almshouse trustees sell the mazer it should be returned to its present owners upon the death of the purchaser. And somehow it seems sinful to deprive the honest people who dwell in a town with such a charming name as Saffron Walden of any historic relic, particularly of a 'brown bowl tipt with silver.'

The fever to sell, however, has spread through Saffron Walden like an epidemic, and many of the residents have been having their heirlooms and libraries appraised. The Literary and Scientific Institute owns a large number of precious first editions and manuscripts, including autograph letters of Napoleon, Marie Antoinette, and Napoleon's mother, not to mention Southey's *Common-Place Book*, a first edition of Charles I's *Ikon Basilica*, a copy of Josephus Flavius's *Antiquities of the Jews* which once belonged to Martin Luther and which contains his own marginal notes, an edition of Bacon's *Essays* dated 1601, and several Bibles and missals dating from the Middle Ages. Whether any or all of these will be offered for sale will depend upon the strength of the Institute's courage and the length of American

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pockets. The usual cry of treason may be raised when the objects are offered to collectors, but, as in the sale of the manuscript of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, comment sounding suspiciously like 'sour grapes' may be expected to provide the epilogue to the auction.

Moscow's Sartor Resartus

UNDER the Soviet régime dress is not a reliable indicator of social status. The man with a collarless Russian shirt whom one may see any night at the Moscow Opera may be a high State official setting an example in democratic dress, or a rich trader, or perhaps a respected proletarian who has taken advantage of his trade-union membership to purchase tickets at a reduced rate. It is at the Opera that one finds the most evidence of the sartorial revolution that has taken place in Russia.

At the special performance given in honor of the Afghan King, President Kalinin and his royal guest wore plain business suits. There were plenty of military uniforms in the orchestra, for admission was by invitation only, but the general tone was one of Spartan simplicity. The boxes presented a different picture, however, for the foreign legations at Moscow still adhere to the strictest formalities in dress and etiquette. The members of the Diplomatic Corps were garbed in frock coats, which looked as inappropriate at this formal function as they would have looked appropriate in America.

The Control Committee of the Communist Party, and not the foreign embassies, enjoys the honor of being the *arbiter elegantiarium* of the Soviets. The true Communist disdains a dress suit, and wears instead a simple shirt without a collar, both comfortable and fashionable.

The Art of Kodo

WITH the Europeanization of Japan the fine art of *kodo* is rapidly falling into neglect and decay. *Ko* is the Japanese word for aromatic plants, and *kodo* is the art of smelling various incenses.

Kodo requires many delicate instruments, none of which are more than four inches long, and which are usually made of silver, gold, red sandalwood, or ebony. These sets or *kodogu* are very expensive, and are usually made to order by Kyoto artisans. At a kodo party the guests sit in a circle on the floor, while in the centre is a bowl in which rests a glowing piece of charcoal. The host covers this with a *gimba*, upon which he places a small piece of ko. The more fastidious followers of the art use incense prepared from such tropical plants as rakoku, manaka, sumotara, sasora, and kyara. The party may be enlivened by the introduction of *ganko*, or artificial flowers, dolls, curtains, or musical instruments. Sometimes an umpire is provided to test the olfactory sense of the various guests, although in the smaller family parties, or *soradakimono*, incense is burned in a corner of the room and all the family sit around and enjoy the odor together.

As a matter of fact, some of the early devotees of kodo developed a very keen sense of smell. In *Zokunihonki* we may read the story of a man whose sense of smell closely approached that of a traditionally terrible but actually peaceable canine. It appears that one of the disciples of Shuinhoshi, a priest of the Genkoji temple, one day stole the dinner of the holy man. The priest detected a faint body odor in the room, and apprehended the thief among the thousands of his disciples who came to worship at the temple.

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But kodo, the Tory Japanese lament, is fast passing into oblivion, for the Land of the Rising Sun is becoming Europeanized. Perhaps the cigar, cigarette, and pipe will become modern substitutes.

Gypsy Music

GYPSY music is in danger of succumbing to American jazz, according to reports submitted at the International Congress of Gypsy Musicians recently held in Budapest. Before the war gypsy music held a prominent place throughout Europe, but irresistible jazz either annihilated or metamorphosed the famous Blue Hungarian bands, with their gay, picturesque uniforms. Finally these gypsy orchestras were ousted from the cafés and cabarets of their own Hungarian capital. No longer is the Budapest public clamorous for the lush sentimentality or the wild vigor of Hungarian tunes and csárdás dances. The president of the Gypsy Musicians' Association pointed out that only ten per cent of the four thousand gypsy musicians can find employment at home, and that a few orchestras have even stooped to playing American jazz in order to hold their audiences.

Anton Berkes, a famous gypsy band-conductor, sighed despairingly, saying: 'And yet fifteen years ago we played before emperors and kings! To-day even the most famous bands can hardly get contracts, and most of us are starving.' Classical musicians in Budapest are alarmed by this tendency in musical taste, and Jeno Hubay, who is internationally recognized as a composer and violin virtuoso, and who rejoices in the directorship of the Hungarian Academy of Music, declared in a Hungarian newspaper: 'I cannot believe that the Magyar gypsies will go over to jazz. Some time ago I lectured at the Academy of Sciences in Budapest, and I pointed out then that the Hungarian gypsies fulfill an important function by preserving the traditional Hungarian folk-tunes. If the gypsies want to go over to jazz, they can hardly be prevented from doing so. But it is the duty of Magyar society to act as the patrons of the gypsy musicians.' He suggested that the gypsies should bring their complaints before the Royal Academy of Music in Budapest, in order that this institution might take action on their behalf, although he is not at all clear as to precisely what action or aid the Royal Academy may be able to render.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

American Policies, Politics, and People in the Searchlight of Foreign Criticism

The American Superiority Complex
A French View

A FRENCHMAN who has been gloating at his leisure over American newspaper clippings reporting the Havana Conference, and now writes about it in *Le Correspondant* (Paris Conservative clerical biweekly), finds that the United States is a busybody with a superiority complex.

'It would be easy,' he says, 'to show and to trace the development of this belief in one's own infallibility and of this need for interfering in the affairs of others — "for their greatest good and for the advantage of all concerned" — in the relations of the United States with its near neighbors, Mexico, Nicaragua, Guatemala, San Salvador, the Dominican Republic, Colombia. We have seen the Americans offer their services for arbitration in Chile. It would be a curious enterprise to show the various efforts made as regards Europe. And who, living in the United States, or visiting there, has not realized the conviction held everywhere, — even though not clearly expressed, — by the man in the street as well as the official, that from the moment America was left free to take in hand the affairs of France, of Germany, of Great Britain, order would be restored, prosperity would be on the march, and peace would be established once and for all over the whole surface of Europe by a turn of the wrist?'

The American Inferiority Complex
A British View

ON the other hand, a distinguished British commentator, 'Augur,' writing in the *Fortnightly Review* (London), finds that, despite the fact that 'the United States has caught up with Great Britain,' Americans still feel a sense of inferiority, which explains what friction now exists between the two nations. 'The Naval Conference at Geneva and later developments,' says Augur, 'prove that people in responsible positions in the United States have a deep distrust of the intentions of Great Britain, and are inclined to see hidden plans of aggression in all proposals made by the British. It is clear that the complex of political inferiority which existed among Americans before the war has not vanished completely even now, when really there is no cause for it. The fear of Great Britain has disappeared, but, instead, the inferiority complex breeds a suspicion which must be destroyed before the two countries can come together.'

The Law of Gravity in International Relations

A SPANISH book called *The Agony of the Antilles: Yankee Imperialism in the Caribbean Sea*, circulated in Cuba until banned by the authorities there, attracted much attention. To judge by the reviews of the book appearing in the Spanish press, it lives up to

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its title, but contains some hopeful views. 'By an historical law of gravity,' says one reviewer in *El Sol* (Madrid Independent Liberal daily), 'the small states and the surviving European colonies in the insular and coastal region of America are entering the planetary system, economic and political, of the United States. In the present state of world affairs there is no material force, either in the Americas or outside the Americas, that can withstand the formidable expansion of the United States, which is like a force of nature. But above this dynamic force there are moral forces, and this is the note of hope which emerges from the author's observations. In that great social mass that constitutes the United States, equipped with powerful economic and political weapons, at the side of the dollar chaser and the representatives of imperialistic rapacity stands the Puritan. There is the counterbalance. The United States is a great democracy, and democracies are the governments best able to right themselves. The solidarity of Spanish America can inspire in the colossus a respect for the rights and ideas of others; and it could oblige imperialism to reflect and to check its impetus of blind force. Nicaragua already is a factor in the United States elections.'

Spanish America versus Pan-America

THE idea of the solidarity of the Spanish-speaking countries in the Western Hemisphere, backed perhaps by Spain herself, however much it may be denounced as impracticable, has active support in the Spanish-language press. 'Whatever verdict time may pronounce upon the events of Nicaragua,' writes the Uruguayan Horacio Maldonado, Montevideo correspondent of *El Sol*, 'everything to-day points to the victory of Spanish Americanism over Pan-Americanism — that is to say, the tendency or hope that there will soon appear, as a magnificent reality, an association between the Spanish-speaking nations of the New World and the mother country who, like the Uruguayans and other Spanish-American nations, must have felt the wounds of Nicaragua as her own. A community of race, ideals, and language can do much more to assist the cause of justice and the freedom of nations than the most beautiful promises of the strong and powerful, who cannot comfortably remain quiet within their own boundaries.'

Editor Mussolini — Imperialism and Pacifism Mixed

LONG after the Sixth Pan-American Conference is over and the last delegate has boarded his ship for home, echoes of the proceedings are still rumbling through Europe. Some of these constitute sober second thoughts. Others are as hostile and critical as the earlier outbursts. *Il Popolo d'Italia* (Milan), edited by Benito Mussolini's brother Arnaldo, scoffs at what it considers the anomalous American position. 'The United States wanted both the bottle full and the wife drunk, both love and battles, both the romantic serenade for Juliet and the tragic serenade for Sandino. It tried to make the Latin delegation drunk with a cocktail concocted both of imperialism and of pacifism. There are some who drank because they did not taste the drug or because they came with orders to drink whatever was mixed for them. But Argentina declared, "I do not like the draught." Mexico must be abstemious. Ecuador sought more harmless beverages.

'Who conquered at the Sixth Conference? No one. Who lost? Pan-Americanism. But the ensign bearers

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of this Pan-Americanism were the North Americans who have adapted it to their use and consumption, and who sent Coolidge to Havana to wave the flag dedicated to politics, to bankers, and to the battleships of the United States as the instrument most in harmony with the immediate international future. Those who believe that the loser was the United States are not wrong.'

Big Business 'Pants' to Surpass Itself — A Reaction Predicted

AN anonymous writer in the Singapore *Straits Budget* pays his respects to American 'big business,' predicting dire disaster when the reaction comes. In the United States, he says, 'there is a half-crazy rushing after "big business," not in one direction only, but in many. Hire purchase (installment buying) is sound enough in itself, no doubt, but it may be overdone. Life insurance is one of the most gratifying and satisfactory forms of national saving, but when one hears that American offices are getting business at a cost of twenty-three per cent one wonders whether even that good thing is not being very seriously endangered. Policy pushers swarm all over the country. Men with an unholy gift of persuasion are paid almost as handsomely as film stars. In other lines of business, the same panting to pass all previous records goes on, and the man who has still a few remnants of caution in his soul begins to ask, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

'Is there not danger of a crash? I think there is very great danger, though it may be delayed two, three, or even ten years; and when it comes America will not be the only sufferer.'

The political effect of such a crash, according to the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Democratic daily), which in common with all the German press is following the events leading up to the American presidential elections closely, would be to help the Democrats immensely. 'They need the spectre of unemployment if they wish to oppose something positive to the Republican watchword of prosperity. They must prove that Coolidge's "prosperity" is empty and vain, or at most real only for a few privileged financial circles in Big Business, so that the hope may be aroused among the voters that under Democratic leadership something will be done for complete prosperity, for the prosperity of the small man.'

When Trade Does Not Follow the Flag

'THE early results of the adventures in the Caribbean Sea,' comments *La Prensa* (Buenos Aires Independent daily), in an unusually calm editorial on the disturbing subject of the economic imperialism of the United States, 'created the impression that to send military forces to a country was sufficient to decide its inhabitants to consume the products of the nation which sends the troops. But to-day products enter anywhere from anywhere; and so is destroyed the illusion that if the capital of Nicaragua, for example, were occupied the entire Nicaraguan demand would be satisfied with North American goods. The merchant knows that it is impossible to fight business battles except by business methods; and he understands the need of discussing with Latin America the problems of her industrial and commercial development instead of solving them with the flourish of a pen in the office that controls the troops.'

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WAR AND PEACE

Conflicting views on the one great question that vexes all the world, put forward by statesmen, bankers, educators, military men, in many countries. The quotations from foreign-language newspapers are selected from original sources, and are specially translated for the Living Age

If human civilization is to continue, there must be outlawry of war. — *United States Ambassador to Germany Jacob Gould Schurman*

In spite of all criticism, skepticism, and disappointment, I shall not relinquish hope that the vast idea of peace will be realized for the benefit of humanity. — *Gustav Stresemann, German Foreign Minister*

Nowhere in Europe is there more impressive evidence of desire for peace than in Germany. — *Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador to the United States*

Among those people [the Germans] who are called peaceful, and whom no one thinks of attacking, war is often talked about, possibly much too much. — *'Le Temps,' Paris Conservative daily*

No one will ever be able to reproach us for an act or a gesture or a word which might be lacking in peaceful intent. — *Raymond Poincaré, Prime Minister of France*

As then [during the war] all my efforts were exerted to obtain victory for France, now all my efforts are exerted for peace. — *Paul Painlevé, French Minister of War*

We consider it [a Franco-Italian entente] more than ever promotive of the interests of Italy, as it is of those of France, and we consider it the best method of strengthening European peace. — *André Chaumeix in 'Le Figaro,' French Conservative daily*

The plain truth is that a war between these two great industrial and financial countries [Great Britain and the United States] would . . . bring ruin and desolation and unemployment and starvation to millions of our workers in both countries. — *Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador to the United States*

Nobody yet has been able to draw a distinction between a war of aggression and a war of self-defense. . . . In the history of the world you will find no relation whatever between right and victory. — *Professor Jesse H. Holmes, of Swarthmore College, before the American Peace Society*

Women are no more peace-loving than men. Women will never accept the policy of 'peace at any price.' They will always cerebrate over national crises and do what seems best. Should the occasion arise, they would send their men off to fight again tomorrow. . . . They will have good influence — if they use their power intelligently. — *Field Marshal Sir Edmund Allenby, the conqueror of Jerusalem*

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BOOKS ABROAD

Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, by Salvador de Madariaga. London: Oxford University Press, 1928. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[Leonard Woolf in the *Nation and Athenæum*]

THERE are two kinds of books in which generally I expect to find, and find, ninety-nine per cent of nonsense to one per cent of sense, the books which generalize about the differences between men and women and the books which generalize about the differences between the people of different nations and races. When Dr. Johnson tells us that all foreigners are fools, I recognize a great truth which throws as much light upon the condition of my mind and the mind of the Doctor as upon that of the Frenchman and German, but when I find a man asserting that the Englishman is this, the German that, and the Frenchman the other, I respectfully close his book and return it to the bookshelf. The thin abstractions which he calls an Englishman, a German, or a Frenchman bear the same relation to reality as the old economic man did to the cotton-spinner who destroyed the machines and became a Chartist. When, however, I saw that Mr. Salvador de Madariaga had written a book called *Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards*, I hesitated. Mr. de Madariaga is an intelligent man and a good writer, and his birth and the circumstances of his life should have enabled him to know far more about Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards than most of us. The people who write about nationalities are usually either rather foolish patriots or very patriotic fools, so that it was tempting to see what a really intelligent man had to say on the subject, particularly one who knew for himself that patriotism is not enough. So in the end the lure of Mr. de Madariaga's intelligence led me to read his book.

It is an intelligent book, and Mr. Madariaga's considerable knowledge of Britain, France, and Spain enables him to say many interesting things about their inhabitants. Yet even he does not escape the snares and pitfalls of his subject. The snares are the half-truths and quarter-truths which impudently masquerade as the whole truth; the pitfalls are generalizations about Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards which, in fact, are only true of some Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards. Mr. Madariaga's book is based on a theory. He holds that the centre of psychological gravity in the Englishman is the will which leads to action; in the Frenchman the intellect which leads to thought; in the Spaniard the soul which leads to passion. This theory is worked out and applied to the facts in very great detail. The Englishman is shown to be dominated by his instinct for action and for communal coöperation even in the realms of thought or passion. The Frenchman in love is represented as still being an intellectual, and the French vocabulary and the French bureaucracy are both the products of intellect, while passion is responsible for Cervantes, El Greco, the erratic political history of Spain, and the Spaniard's attachment to lotteries.

There is, of course, some real foundation for this theoretical structure to rest upon. In English life — educational, political, social — action plays a large part; voluntary coöperation flourishes; the theorist is mistrusted, and the practical man who just knows where he wants to go and gets there somehow or other is frequently chosen to manage a business, a trade-union, or a government department; and the national game is cricket. In France the intellect does not hide its light under a bushel or in obscure garrets; every town has a bookshop, and the bookshop really sells books; people sit about in cafés and talk, and no man hesitates to use abstract words, define a term, or propound a theory; the politician stands upon the rostrum, his forefinger

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pointing to the ceiling, and pours forth a cascade of words and the beaded bubbles of abstractions, generalizations, theories, and principles; the Government is organized from the Centre with mathematical precision, and bureaucracy sits heavily upon the land. In Spain, constitutions are made to be ignored, governments rise, revolutions are made, empires are lost, but the Spaniard remains indifferent except in brief moments of excitement; he falls passionately in love, cultivates his garden or his vineyard, and rides a mule, while his national sport is the bullfight.

If Mr. de Madariaga had confined himself to tracing the effects and limitations of these tendencies in the national life of the three countries, his book would have been more valuable and more convincing. But his theory that the Englishman is a man of action, the Frenchman a man of thought, and the Spaniard a man of passion is much too simple and sweeping, and his effort to apply it as a universal application leads him often into absurdities. For instance, he ignores the fact that the Frenchwoman normally has nearly all the characteristics of the man of action and is certainly as practical and unhampered by theory as his typical Englishman. Again, it is true that the government of France is to-day based on *le droit* and a written constitution, worked out on principles of order, logic, and reason. But if this be the result of innate national psychology, and is the effect of the Frenchman being a man of thought and not a man of action or a man of passion, the fact that the whole system dates from the beginning of the nineteenth century surely requires some investigation and explanation. The political and social system of France before 1789 was just as irrational and hierarchical as the English system, described by Mr. de Madariaga, is to-day. Are we therefore to say that it was only in 1789 that 'the Frenchman' became a man of thought? Mr. de Madariaga's generalizations about 'the Englishman' rouse the same kinds of doubt and raise the same kinds of question. Superficially, it is true, the communal mould is stamped very heavily and effectively upon the young Englishman. But the 'eccentric Englishman' is also a reality, and he is as often eccentric in the world of thought as in the world of action. Berkeley and Newton, Donne and Peacock, were as good Englishmen as Lord Palmerston, Lord Cromer, Disraeli, or Mr. Lloyd George. An Englishman, on investigation, often turns out to be a Scotsman, and I deny that the average Scotsman is less a man of intellect than the average Frenchman. Again, Mr. de Madariaga's theory does not enable him to give anything but a lame and halting explanation of the violent eruptions of imagination that Englishmen have always been liable to. The galaxy of English poets requires a good deal of explaining away on Mr. de Madariaga's theory, and really his attempt to explain them as a paradox is altogether too lame to get him over this particular stile. 'The inartistic, unpoetic people of England,' he says, 'have produced the greatest poets in Europe,' because 'her poets are by definition men of passion . . . but, as men born of the people of action, endowed with a rich substratum of moral values. And it is obvious that such a combination is the ideal one for the creation of great art.'

Powers and Pillars, by Rudolf Kircher. Translated by Constance Vesey. London: Collins, 1928. 25*s*.

[*Sunday Times*]

In recent years there has been almost an epidemic of character sketches. . . . But *Powers and Pillars* seems to me in many ways the most interesting I have lately read. It has at least two great advantages. First, it has a distinct and definite point of view. Mr. Kircher has been for many years the London correspondent of a great German newspaper. He knows England so well that he writes of it with charming wit and sympathy, and his main object in this book — which made its first appearance in Germany some little while ago — was to elucidate for his fellow countrymen some of the phenomena and problems of English life.

For this reason he has stretched his net wide. His volume contains not only the stock political figures, — Lord Balfour and the late Lord Oxford, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd

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George, Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. J. H. Thomas, — though these are all extremely well done, and the portrait of Mr. J. H. Thomas, in particular, is a really skillful piece of work; but there are also sketches of other figures who are perhaps less prominent in the public eye — of Dean Inge and Bertrand Russell, of Lord Reading and Lord Bearsted, of Mr. McKenna and Mr. Montagu Norman, of Lady Astor and Jack Hobbs, who in their way are not less important to the subject. In a word, the author has attempted to describe English life in all its manifold departments, and to introduce typical figures from a nation which, even in these days, when the individual is threatened with absorption in the crowd, is still, as he says, so rich in personalities.

In the portrait, for instance, of Mr. Bertrand Russell the author gives an admirable account of both our national and international sympathies.

> It has taken a thousand years of hard fighting to produce the English nation. . . . The result is that the national idea has been cultivated to excess. . . . The British Empire itself is a creation of might. . . . Naval power is still its foundation.

But with all this, other forces are at work, and the author enumerates the various practical considerations which 'compel England to think internationally.' The Empire is itself becoming a League of Nations. May not India, too, with its tremendous problems, be the means of imbuing these nationalistic islanders with a new spirit?

> The English people have a strong sense of justice, and as a rule a horror of harsh oppression. This gives ground for assuming that an international conscience will be developed.

At the other end of the scale is the essay on Jack Hobbs and the influence of games on our national character.

> He looks just an ordinary nice young Englishman; and yet by a simple movement he is transformed as by a miracle. He grasps the narrow board with a thin handle that is called a cricket bat, walks on to the cricket ground arrayed in white shirt, white trousers, and white boots, and takes up a position in front of the little wooden sticks that are carefully arranged as a goal for a hard ball which another gladiator will hurl with fanatical force from a moderate distance.

To the author cricket seems a boring game, but he recognizes that it is a national institution, and that, whether in the form of cricket or in the form of football, tennis, golf, boxing, or racing, sport produces more heroes and hero worship in England than any other physical or mental pursuit. 'Sport,' he says, 'is an absolute obsession . . . the flying ball becomes the exciting cause of a psychological complex' . . . but he does not underrate its immense value to our physical and even our spiritual development.

This brings me at last to the second great advantage of this book. It is remarkable not only for what it says, — and it is very witty and amusing, — but for the friendly and appreciative tone in which it is written Who would have believed that within ten years of the Peace of Versailles such a fair and favorable account of the English national character — a character that is not always easily understood by foreigners — would have made its appearance? The author is never fulsome in his praise, but he is never bitter or cantankerous. If one does not always agree with his estimate of us, one can never fail to recognize the general fairness of his intention.

The Man Who Knew Coolidge, by Sinclair Lewis. London: Cape; New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1928. $2.00.

[Gerald Gould in the *Observer*]

DOUBLE one club . . . But what I mean to say is, I can't stand those sort of people who interrupt a good game just to ladle out their own talk. You know those sort of people, I mean. There's that feller Schmaltz, now, in a book my wife was reading the other day. Talk about talk! He's a feller in a book, if you see what I mean; and right bang in the middle of a game of cards — only it's poker, not bridge, him being an American, you see — well, upon my word, you'd scarcely believe it. There's a time for everything and everything in good time, as my dear old dad used to say. What I mean is, if you're playing a game, *play* it;

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and if you're holding a conversation, *hold* it. But this chap Schmaltz, this Yank, he's in a book by a feller called Lewis; and the whole book, believe me or believe me not, is just him talk, talk, talk, about something or other, same as it might be me. Only of course, *being* a Yank, he can't be expected to talk the King's English, like you or I would. If there's one thing I never could abide, it's slang; I suppose it's just the way I'm made, sort of; and my old dad was just the same. Well, between you and I, there's rather too much talk in this book I'm telling you about. It goes on and on, if you see what I mean; and sometimes the feller who's supposed to be talking uses the same words over and over again. Now, it's a funny thing, but that's a trick I never could stand. If I've said it once, I've said it a hundred times. Well, this chap goes on talking, right through the middle of that game — sometimes you'd think there's no nation, except we English, that's really got any idea of playing a game. They're not *sportsmen*, if you see what I mean — not really what you or me would call *sportsmen*. They've got no idea of being *sportsmen*, if you see what I mean. Well, as I was saying, this chap, Lewis, has written this book to show what a common, vulgar sort of chap this Schmaltz, this Yank I'm telling you about, was. The name of the book's called *The Man Who Knew Coolidge*, and of course that's a kind of a joke, because really he did n't know Coolidge at all — Coolidge is the President of America, you know: Cal, they call him: short for California, same as it might be 'Walker, London': of course that's a kind of a joke too. Well, this chap Schmaltz, he went to see Coolidge, and Coolidge pretended to be busy and would n't see him, but *he* thought it was all right, you know, this chap Schmaltz did. Because the point of this book is, sort of, that Schmaltz is supposed to be a perfect fool. And not quite what you'd call a gentleman, if you see what I mean. Well, it's difficult to say what *is* a gentleman, I always say, but you can jolly well tell at a glance what's *not*. If I've said it once, I've . . . See what I mean? Well, he's rude to his wife, for one thing, and then he keeps a piece of goods somewhere away from his own home, you'd scarcely believe: it's the sort of thing that could n't of happened in England, if you understand me. Dash it all, I don't set up to be a strait-laced man, but what I always say is, Brighton's one place and London's another, and when you're in Rome . . . You know the old saying. But dash it all, morality *is* morality, if you take my meaning. Now, if you'll just hold up your cards a moment, I'm going to read you a bit out of this book by Mr. Lewis. This chap Schmaltz, this business man, he's pretending he knows Coolidge, and was at the varsity with him — only they would n't have proper varsities, I suppose, in America, but you know what I mean: well, this is what he says: —

> I can remember just's well as if it was yesterday, Cal and me happened to come out of a class together, and I said, 'Well, it's going to be a cold winter,' and he came right back, 'Yep.'
>
> Did n't waste a lot of time arguing and discussing! He knew!

You see the point, don't you? Just hold your cards up, and I'll explain it. You see, the point is . . . well, anyhow, it's what these littery fellers call *subtle*. That's the word — *subtle*. The idea is, you see, to show up the American business man. Between you and I, it could n't of happened over here. You know what America is. . . . Yes, it was an informatory double. This feller Lewis, he's always banging America on the head with that one club. I just thought it ought to be doubled.

The Savour of Life, by Arnold Bennett. London: Cassell, 1928. 6*s*.

[*Spectator Literary Supplement*]

THESE 'essays in gusto' glitter like the author's many-faceted and brilliant personality. He goes into Westminster Cathedral and writes about it in his best Five Towns manner (such a stimulating shower after the lyricism of Mr. Belloc in Seville); or he will give the doctors a piece of his mind and grow slightly mystical, although in a guarded way. There is nothing, we must remember, that Mr. Bennett dislikes more than obscure writing; it is strange therefore that we should find him acclaiming Miss Sitwell as a major poetess. . . .

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There is a most amusing chapter on our distressing and absurd adherences to the weights of troy and avoirdupois, and another on European hotels, where the author observes that visitors who are senseless enough to bestow tips in a country where a percentage for service is added to the bill should be chained to the plinth of a statue in the Place de la Concorde. We heartily agree with him. In a chapter on films, Mr. Bennett tells us that the total of his earnings in the film rights of seven of his books and plays is sixty-four hundred pounds, and that on one occasion he worked for three months for the Famous Players Lasky Company for a thousand pounds — 'a sum which I could have earned in a month at my ordinary work.'

In a chapter reviewing three authors who have attempted to elucidate Einstein occurs a refrain, 'It is disfigured by misprints, which seems odd for a scientific work,' and we must echo this observation in applying it to Mr. Bennett, for an author who reckons his royalties by tens of thousands of pounds should have someone to see he did not write 'indignation' for indigestion and 'Imitations of Immortality' for intimations. Or is this a joke? One can be amusing without being inaccurate.

This is very good journalism — no more or less. As the basis of good conversation is the act of giving, so the foundation of good writing is to make the reader think, or anyway think he thinks. Mr. Bennett is an adept at that, and has given us a double cocktail of conceits and persiflage; its chief ingredient is wisdom, and it has a good taste.

Apes and Angels, by J. B. Priestley. London: Methuen and Company, 1928. 5*s*. net.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

Of Mr. Priestley's earlier essays we were inclined to say that they were too talented. In style even more than in substance they were too often tainted with self-consciousness. An essay must seem to be an impromptu, although in fact being delicately organized. Any suggestion of craft or astuteness is fatal to intimacy. And in this volume Mr. Priestley never causes constraint by being too expert or mannered. He admits in one place that there are times when he feels that 'the literary life is really and truly a dog's life, since it consists so largely in jumping about and barking and asking for a pat on the head.' But there are dogs that clamor incessantly for attention, though they are few, and dogs which enrich life by satisfying in a hundred whimsical and individual ways their and our need of companionship. Mr. Priestley is of the latter. He interests us in himself because he never exploits his personality, and because he makes us feel that our interests are his too. Above all, he has no axe to grind. He confesses that there are so many apparently insoluble puzzles which trap the mind into circular paths that he has ceased to have any opinions at all of any importance. This is, of course, an overstatement. He has many convinced opinions, but he sees things from so many sides that he never provokes antagonism. And his tastes are so nicely balanced — his love of solitude, for example, with his gregarious instinct — that his very failure to reconcile them in himself is a source of gratification equally to those who share his dilemma and to those who side with one tendency in his nature against the other. Occasionally, perhaps, we feel that his complaint that 'there seems to be no time' is reflected in his writing, that the exigencies of journalism prevent him from distilling as much of his personality as we could wish. But his good sense is always his own, and it is elastically and divertingly human.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Sir James A. H. Murray, Henry Bradley, W. A. Craigie, and C. T. Onions. Concluding Part, Wise-Wyzen. Oxford: Clarendon Press; London: Milford, 1928. 20*s*. net.

La Philosophie d' Hermann Keyserling, by Maurice Boucher. Paris: Rieder, 1928. 12 francs.

The Open Conspiracy. Blue Prints for a World Revolution. By H. G. Wells. London: Gollancz, 1928. 5*s*. net.

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VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Maximilian and Charlotte of Mexico, by Egon Caesar, Count Corti. New York: Alfred Knopf, 1928. 2 vols. $12.50.

COUNT CORTI has proved in these two delightful volumes that history in order to be readable does not have to be presented according to the new impressionistic formula adopted by imitators of Strachey or followers of Guedalla. Admirably translated from the German by Catherine Alison Phillips, this romantic and tragic history of the ill-starred Emperor and Empress of Mexico presents to the reader a straightforward and absorbingly interesting narrative, which deals not only with the two chief actors in the tragedy, but with many of the important European figures of the day. There are side lights which illumine the crowned heads of Napoleon III and Eugénie, Leopold of Belgium, Francis Joseph, and others. Count Corti is the first historian privileged to have access to the Mexican archives of the Emperor Maximilian. These were preserved in 1866, at the time when Maximilian had planned to leave the country of disillusion and to that end had placed all the secret State papers on board an Austrian warship and sent them back to Europe. Owing to this fortunate circumstance, and to Count Corti's recognized standing in Austria to-day, the reader is able to peruse for the first time many letters which throw important light on the events of the stirring days of the mid-nineteenth century, for the appendix contains an interesting correspondence between Empress Eugénie and Charlotte, as well as between their imperial husbands. Naturally these contemporary records help to make these volumes as valuable as they are readable.

In the Introduction the Mexican scene is set for the drama that is to be unfolded later, and the second chapter introduces us to the personnel of the European courts from 1840 to 1860. After that the story unfolds its dramatic sequences, the familiar tale freshened and made more poignant by the new material made available through Count Corti's fortunate researches.

The sumptuous volumes, with their interesting pictures and agreeable typography, provide a truly appropriate setting for the distinguished material they contain.

Lenin and Ghandi, by René Fülöp-Miller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.

It was Mr. Fülöp-Miller's idea in writing this book to present the two greatest and most significant men our century has yet produced, and thus to suggest the crossroads at which we are supposed to be standing to-day. Around both Lenin and Ghandi a considerable mythology has grown up, and it is in the mythological vein that both men are depicted here. The author's method is a cross between the new biography and the higher journalism. He makes no attempt to give an orderly account of either man's activities, but picks out certain episodes in their careers which he embellishes with enthusiastic comment of his own. The result is a readable and arresting book.

Lenin and Ghandi resemble each other in that both were dominated by a fixed idea and both possessed enough worldly wisdom to compromise in the right direction at the right moment. Both are utterly foreign to our experience. Ghandi's resemblance to Christ makes him appear superficially more familiar, and certainly more lovable, but Lenin's admiration of the machine, so remote from early Christianity and so close to ourselves, brings his practical activities well within our ken. Europe at the present time is vastly concerned with the cleavage between East and West, and in a way Lenin and Ghandi represent the two different conceptions of life. This antithesis, which Mr. Fülöp-Miller would exploit, is greatly weakened, however, by his own skill and honesty in presenting his two

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heroes as latter-day prophets with a decidedly Oriental fragrance clinging to their priestly vestments. Quite probably Europe will turn Socialist before the century has run its course, but Lenin's experience with an entirely different problem can hardly be expected to have much practical value. Ghandi, the more beautiful spirit, will always have individual admirers, but until the Mrs. Besants, the Maeterlincks, and the swamis of Hollywood become intellectually of age he will remain an esoteric cult.

The Last Bohemia, by Francis Carco. Translated by Madeleine Boyd. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1928. $3.50.

If there is little of the mellow lushness of the Bohemia of Murger or Du Maurier in this picture of Montmartre and the Latin Quarter before the war, no lack of sentiment is implied. On the contrary, M. Carco allows himself perhaps a trifle too often the luxury of a good meaningless cry over that 'death in life, the days that are no more.' Pierre MacOrlan, Benoit, Cocteau, Picasso, Utrillo, and Marie Laurencin are but a few of the better-known members of this group of latter-day Bohemians about whom the author spins a web of such pathetic charm.

The same aimless inconsequence marks the shift of scene from *bistro* to brothel and brothel to *bistro* that characterized the drift of these youthful enthusiasts about the Quarter. Drunk or sober, they were always hungry and always gay, with a gayety the more riotous for the undertone of stress and penury. The book affords a mine of pithy anecdote relating the follies of the Quarter, its burlesques and malicious practical jokes engendered by excess of animal spirits; here we find an account of the salon painting executed by Dorgelès's donkey, the story of the origin of cubism and of the adoption of negro art. It seems impossible that such historic facts should fail to impress the tender wits of the modern artistic public, or at least dam the spate of fatuous enthusiasm for cubism, vorticism, dotism, or what you will. Surely only the most strabismic will reject such authoritative evidence as profane babbling!

The Last Bohemia smells April and May — but the poignantly nostalgic, uneasy, passionately wasteful April of a youth scattered and wrecked by the war. To this assemblage of piquant characterizations, amusing mots, tag-ends of apt verse, and witty decoration there is a wistfulness, a freshness, inexpressibly touching and diverting.

Thérèse, by François Mauriac. Translated by Ireic Sutton. Boni and Liveright, 1928. $2.50.

This striking study of a morbid and passionate woman whose character might have risen to heights of unselfish devotion and real power under other circumstances puts François Mauriac in the front rank of modern psychological novelists.

The story opens with the dismissal of Thérèse from the court in which she has been tried for the attempted poisoning of her husband. In spite of her acquittal, we know at once that she was guilty, and the first three quarters of the book reveal to us, through the thoughts of Thérèse as she takes the long journey back to her waiting husband, all the events and conditions that led to the fateful act. Thérèse suggests a blend of Ibsen characters — a Hedda who might have been a Hilda had she met a Master-Builder instead of a small-souled egotist. Her passions are warped and twisted partly by her environment — by the dreary, lonely marshlands, by the sombre moods and desolate moors which compose the 'Landes' around Bordeaux, and partly by the restrictions and petty-bourgeois conventions of her husband and his 'Family,' expressive of a dominating force which has the power to crush life, love, and ambition out of a nature like that of Thérèse. The flame of her passion, awakened by contact with temperaments of a different type, suggests the heat that could have roused her energy to love, instead of hate.

Mauriac presents to us the picture of a cruelly thwarted life, of a temperament twisted by heredity and environment into a sinister shape of horror. But the author writes as one having authority, as a recorder of fact rather than fiction, and, though the character of Thérèse may be

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diagnosed as abnormal, it cannot be dismissed as unreal. If the book is disagreeable, so is life.

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism, by Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's, 1928. $3.00.

'I AM by way of being a professional thinker,' remarks our modest but misleading author on the third page of his 'last will and testament to humanity,' and thereupon plunges into the best tract he has ever written. We have, however, one large bone to pick with him. Even an amateur thinker would go to the trouble of defining his terms. On one page Socialism is referred to as 'a proposal to divide up the income of the country in a new way,' and later it is described as 'a means of equalizing incomes, and nothing else.' If Mr. Shaw could not formulate a definition of his own, at least he might have consulted the Oxford Dictionary and informed his intelligent readers that Socialism is the 'principle that individual freedom should be subordinated to the interests of the community.' But Mr. Shaw is so keen on equalizing incomes that he identifies his own pet means of attaining that goal with the goal itself. Surely this is no way for a professional thinker to behave.

The truth is that the pamphleteer wields considerably more influence nowadays than the thinker, and that the merit of a man like Shaw is not that he himself produces much original thought, but that he starts the minds of his readers working. Here, for instance, are nearly five hundred irresistible pages of solid text devoted to an incontrovertible attack on British capitalism — an institution that differs in some respects from our own, but not sufficiently to protect us from any of Mr. Shaw's well-aimed barbs. If there is one thing certain in the world to-day, it is that the British Government will have to take over the mines, the railways, and many other large industries, just as Mr. Shaw suggests. Our destiny will no doubt differ in detail, but our present tendency toward trustification and the entrance of men like Mellon and Morrow into public life indicate that we may well look forward to something similar.

What, then, is Mr. Shaw's thesis? 'Money can cure hunger: it cannot cure unhappiness. Food can satisfy the appetite, but not the soul.' And Bernard Shaw has a lot more in common with Dr. Frank Crane than many of us imagine. Understanding that the present distribution of wealth is the greatest source of evil in the world, Shaw suggests equality of income and compulsory labor as a utopian mark to shoot at. The millennium will not be brought about by sudden revolution or drastic overnight legislation, but merely by Sidney Webb's 'inevitability of gradualness.'

Human rapacity, which the capitalist system encourages, makes Shaw so indignant that he seriously proposes exterminating it as if it were the plague. He then points out that our next economic phase may just as well be ushered in by the forces of conservatism as by the radicals, and that the trade-unions, by meeting capitalism on its own ground, may perpetuate the present system to the advantage of labor and to the disadvantage of the present exploiting class. No great idea emerges at any point, but the book does help us to understand many of the puzzling surface manifestations of our time. There is nothing deep, difficult, or depressing in what the author has to say — nothing in the grand manner. At the most he raises the question of whether modern civilization will congeal and decay as other civilizations have done, or whether it can give birth to a finer world than we have ever seen before. The subject bristles with philosophic, historical, and sociological implications with which our professional thinker does not choose to grapple. We can only feel that if more people in high places possessed only a small part of Mr. Shaw's humanity and good sense, and could be persuaded to look at the world more or less as he does, it would be a place fit for heroes to live in.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

REFERRING to the poppy factory, of which she has been made patroness, Lady Haig said that what troubled her, and what had troubled her husband, was that so few people purchased their wreaths for Armistice Day from the factory. 'There are still numbers of German poppies being bought in this country,' she said, amid cries of 'Shame.' 'Last Armistice Day, more than one half of the wreaths on the Cenotaph were of fresh flowers, and at least one third of the remainder were of German manufacture.' Fresh flowers, she added, did not benefit disabled men.

— '*Daily Telegraph*,' *London*

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Gramophones and wireless have become habits instead of pleasures. — *Cyril Scott*

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Art, like morality, consists in drawing the line somewhere. — *G. K. Chesterton*

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What a marvelous country America would be if some fifteen million of her citizens had been of Scottish rather than Irish stock!

— *Stacy Aumonier*

* * *

I have never expected the millennium as a result of the women's vote.

— *Mrs. Philip Snowden*

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I have never yet seen a balance sheet with this item: 'Good relations between employer and employed, £5,000,000.' — *Sir Alfred Mond*

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A lot of nonsense is being talked about pacts against war. I should have thought it elementary that war is a breach of the peace, which, in other or diplomatic words, means a breach of a pact. How any pact can effectively provide against a breach of a pact passes human, though evidently it does not pass diplomatic, understanding. The limitations of the diplomatic intelligence are, however, poor compensation to the taxpayer for money misspent and misapplied. The simple truth is that war is an instrument of policy, and that no nation can abjure war unless it is prepared to sacrifice its ideals or its duty either to its convenience or to a mere desire for comfort. — *English Review*

* * *

The secret of Mr. Baldwin's popularity — for he is still very popular in the country — lies in what for want of a better word must be called his humanity. His remark to his Lancashire audience that for every shilling he had when he took office he has something under a penny to-day is an example; at once it translates him from a Prime Minister into an ordinary mortal, one whom the man in the street can understand and sympathize with.

— *Editor of the 'Saturday Review'*

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Boys suffer at times from enlarged hearts; girls are in danger of suffering from enlarged consciences. — *Dr. Cyril Norwood*

* * *

I do not very often find myself in sympathy with the Quai d'Orsay, but the French attitude toward the American proposal 'to outlaw war,' as defined in the recent note, does seem to me worthy of careful consideration. After all, if the United States does not propose to scrap the Monroe Doctrine I fail to see why France should sacrifice her system of alliances with the Little Entente: either there is to be a clean slate or there is not, and Washington cannot have it both ways. — *Editor of the 'Outlook'*

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I have always thought that Slav fiction was the perfect case for closing the Dardanelles.

— *Philip Guedalla*

* * *

The world is suffering from admirable people.

— *Prebendary Gough*

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Watch for the September Number

WHEN the next issue of *The Living Age* appears, at first glance it will seem markedly altered. There will be a new cover in colors, carrying an attractive mappemonde. The size of the magazine will have been increased somewhat, so that it will fit snugly into the pocket when folded once, rather than stretch the pocket when forced in without folding, as in the past. And there will be photographs, drawings, and maps designed better to interpret the subjects taken up in the text.

EXAMINATION of the magazine, however, will indicate that the change is rather in form than in substance, rather apparent than real. All the old departments are continued. *Metropolitana*, *Persons and Personages*, and the other new departments added in recent issues, are likewise included. There is the usual full and varied selection of translated or reprinted articles. And in addition we are presenting for the first time a number of original articles written expressly for *The Living Age*. Among these are a striking view of polar exploration by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, called *Both Ends of the Earth;* an unusual discussion of American politics and the coming campaign, *Europe Looks at Hoover;* an article entitled *Scratch the Russian*, by Upton Close, who is once more wandering in the Orient with his eyes wide open; and an illuminating character sketch of the poet and French Ambassador to Washington, Paul Claudel, by Drew Pearson, Foreign Editor of *The United States Daily*.

THE Editors of *The Living Age* wish to thank those who have been kind enough to express interest in the new features recently introduced in the magazine. We await with eagerness comment upon the forthcoming September number, which will mark the most noticeable step thus far in our program of enlargement and improvement.

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THE GUIDE POST

SISLEY HUDDLESTON, Paris correspondent of the *New Statesman*, gives us a more complete picture of the Third Republic than he is able to produce in his fortnightly articles. His views are those of a realistic Liberal.

❦ ❦ ❦

Percy Hurd, a member of the British Parliament, is just back from a tour of investigation in the West Indies. His report makes it abundantly clear that Downing Street is not going to let the Yankees or anybody else steal any marches on England in the Caribbean.

❦ ❦ ❦

Fascism and Bolshevism exercise the same fascination over European journalists that Prohibition and Farm Relief do in this country. Luigi Villari gives one of the first sensible explanations of the two great modern dictatorships that we have encountered in many moons.

❦ ❦ ❦

Greece has always occupied an important place in the game of British diplomacy, from the time of Byron down through the Great War, when that recalcitrant country was reduced by the Allied blockade to a diet of grass. Sir Herbert Samuel has been looking over the ground once more, and reports that everything is serene. We may assume, therefore, that any explosions that have taken place will not be permitted to wreak serious havoc in a country so heavily obligated to Lombard Street.

❦ ❦ ❦

The future of all Europe would appear to be in the air, if we may judge from the three articles on aviation that are assembled in this issue. The German outburst can best be explained as representing what Germany would do if she were in England's position. London, no doubt, has plans of her own, and the best that the rest of the world can do is guess at what they may be.

None of our three Asiatic wanderers needs any extensive introduction. Leopold Weiss is a close friend of the amazing Ibn Saud, and has traveled through many of the most unfrequented parts of the most mysterious country in the world. Sven Hedin is reported as setting out on a new trip through Central Asia, and Bernhard Kellermann is slowly making his way back to Germany via China and the Trans-Siberian.

❦ ❦ ❦

Bernard Faÿ has been teaching in the United States for years, and knows us better than many of us know ourselves. His study of Protestantism in America we were forced to condense at some points where he elaborated certain themes for the benefit of his French readers.

❦ ❦ ❦

The MM. H. and A. de Curzon have collaborated on a number of highly successful novels. Their present venture into imaginative fiction happily—or unhappily—avoids an aspect of life to which some of their compatriots devote almost all their heart, and all their mind, and all their strength.

❦ ❦ ❦

R. Ellis Roberts, one of the most prolific and provocative of modern English critics, gives us some really new slants on Rudyard Kipling, whose literary career remains unparalleled.

❦ ❦ ❦

J. C. Squire, editor of the *London Mercury* and regular contributor to the *Observer*, calls our attention to the poetic gifts of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, whose pamphleteering effusions have lately been distracting our attentions from his other merits.

❦ ❦ ❦

Some months ago we printed a group of tiger stories by the same Professor Schebesta who here regales us with some hair-raising accounts of the activities of lions, crocodiles, and leopards in Zambezi.

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